A. Ellen Stanton

MY LIFE IN PARIS FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the Journal of

A. ELLEN STANTON

PARIS, 1868-1869

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To

My Pupils

in

French

this book is affectionately
dedicated

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"NULLA DIES SINE LINEA"

1867

Wednesday, October 3

Left London this morning at 7.20 with Louis, Cecil, and Ellie for Paris. The boys are to remain in Paris until the Exposition closes, but Ellie and I during the winter.

After bidding good-by to No. 17, we started in a cab for The Ludgate Hill Station, Sam accompanying us. We had a carriage quite to ourselves and enjoyed the ride to Dover exceedingly, as the morning was bright and beautiful and the country lovely. We passed many country seats, and at Canterbury had a very good view of the Cathedral.

The train stopped a few minutes at Fair Oaks, and Cecil made use of his historical knowledge by reminding us that it was at this place that Jack Cade and nine of his followers were hung. We regaled ourselves on sandwiches which had been put up for us with cakes and fruit which we found very nice. Louis ate sparingly in anticipation of his voyage across the Channel.

Arrived at Dover, we left the train which took us to the pier and embarked for Calais. Our sail of just two hours was delightful and calm, and none of us were seasick except Louis, who was a victim during the last half hour. I fled from place to place on deck as travelling companions in my immediate vicinity threatened to disturb my equanimity and at last I became quite oblivious to the sights and sounds on deck and

"leaned over the vessel's side," to watch the beautiful colors in the water.

The chalk cliffs of Dover at last grew dim in the distance, and for a little time we were out of sight of land. Then the shores of *la belle France* came into view, and we had our first glimpse of the continent of Europe. I found Louis stretched out on a settee as white as a chalk cliff, with dark blue rings around his eyes. So Ellie and I strapped up our travelling wrappings to the best of our ability as the steamer arrived at Calais. Our baggage, which had been registered and therefore required no looking after from us, we saw promenading off on the shoulders of a porter. We soon followed and were seated on the train for Paris, where we arrived at about six o'clock. There was a young lady in the carriage with us who reminded me very much of Marianne Tasker. We found Mr. Griswold, as calm and collected as usual, awaiting us at the station. Our baggage passed lightly through the hands of the custom-house officials and was soon capping the climax of the cab in which we were seated. We first drove to the *Hotel de l'Athénée* to give two of our return excursion tickets into the hands of Mr. Rand, who, with his wife and sister, is soon to return to London. As we waited in the cab at the curbstone of the hotel while Mr. Gleason took up our tickets, one of the *garçons* came out to see if we wished to come in. I could not understand the gibberish, and responded to that effect in English, at which he went away smiling. From the *Hotel de l'Athénée* we drove to No. 35 *Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe,* our home for the next several months, passing on our way the new Opera House, the Grand Hotel and the *Arc de Triomphe.* We received a pleasant welcome from Monsieur and Madame Chevalier, as we were ushered into the salon. Dinner was waiting, and Mr. Griswold accepted Madame's invitation to

Madame Chevalier

Monsieur Jean Jacques Leopold
Chevalier
"Pol"

stop and dine with us. We were weary, and the clean sheets of the curtained bed looked very inviting. Our chamber is a prettily carpeted room, furnished with a plate-glass mirror door, a mahogany table, covered with green baize with a gilt-stamped border, two large stuffed easy-chairs and two small chairs covered with blue damask to match the bed and window curtains. The windows, which are surrounded by a balustrade, open in the middle like doors and extend from the ceiling nearly to the floor. These windows have white muslin curtains fastened to them. Over the low marble mantel is a handsome gilt mirror reaching to the ceiling and a little French clock, chariot-shaped, gilt, and under a glass case. A bronze man reclines on his elbow with a book at his feet. He has an absorbed expression of countenance as if he took no note of time and was quite unaware that the wheels had ceased turning at twenty minutes past four precisely. The usual toilet apparatus completes the *tout ensemble.* There are three doors, one a closet door which is papered like the walls and when closed is hardly perceptible. The opposite one leads into Madame Chevalier's chamber and is at present bolted; the other opens into the entry.

Friday, October 4

Rose this morning just in season to be ready for *café,* which is served at eight o'clock. Louis and Cecil went to the "Exposition," but Ellie and I remained to unpack, arrange our wardrobes, and get rested. There are two boarders here besides ourselves, both Americans, one a lawyer, the other a divinity student, though as yet, I do not know which is which, as neither of them looks especially "diabolique" or divine, probably not having been in their chosen professions long enough to have acquired the accompanying expression. Such

a jabbering of French is quite confusing to one whose only accomplishment in the language consists of *Je ne comprends pas,* but it is entertaining to watch the gestures, and hear them all laugh at something funny which has been said. M. Chevalier assigned our lessons this evening; the verb *avoir* and a fable from *La Fontaine, "La Cigale et la Fourni,"* which he wishes us to learn *mot pour mot.* As I sat writing in the *salle à manger,* whither I had removed from the *salon,* as Madame had callers, I felt an arm around my neck and a cold cheek against mine that proved to belong to Mrs. Gleason, who had kindly called. I was delighted to see her, and she remained till it began to grow dark.

Saturday, October 5

A new boarder to-day, Mrs. Hubbard from Chicago, U. S., a young lady who intends to remain some months to acquire the language. She is an acquaintance of Mr. Farnham's, the lawyer, who sits opposite me at table. Mr. Lampman, the divinity-student, Madame informed me, was the first scholar in his class at Yale College and is a friend of Mr. Farnham's. He amuses us all with his efforts to speak French. I can understand him better than I can the natives. He has been here only a fortnight, and Madame says the progress he has already made is truly remarkable. We have *café* at eight, *déjeuner* at half-past eleven, and *dîner* at half-past six o'clock. Madame sits at the head of the table with Mr. Lampman on her right and Mr. Farnham on her left hand. Monsieur Chevalier sits directly opposite her with Ellie and me on either side. Madame helps to the food, carves the meat, etc. The table, except at *café,* is always set with four large decanters, two containing water, and two wine, while our glasses are filled with enough of each to counteract the effect of the other. Monsieur

Master Robert Olyphant
and his
Tutor, Mr. Louis Lampman

cannot speak English, and it is funny to hear him attempt it. He calls Ellie *Mademoiselle Hellie,* but has not got the h-ang of the rest of our names, though he sometimes succeeds in saying "Ceeçul."

This P. M. we started for the Exposition but only reached *Rue Chaillot,* where the Griswolds reside, and concluded that it was too late to go farther. Mr. and Mrs. Griswold were out, but Mrs. Gleason was at home. Little Annie was just waking from her noonday nap, and is as pretty and sweet as ever. Mrs. Gleason showed us over their apartments, which are very elegant.

Sunday, October 6

Attended church to-day at the *Rue de Berri.* The services were conducted in English in the Episcopalian form. The text was the fifth commandment, and the sermon was especially for children. The minister impressed upon them the duty of honoring their parents and the reasons why they should do so. Told a story of a king who had died suddenly without making any disposition of his kingdom. His three sons wished to succeed him, and after much quarreling and disputing, it was decided to set the dead body of the father up as a target, and the one who succeeded in shooting him through the heart was to be his successor. A neighboring prince was invited to be umpire. The eldest aimed the first shot, but the arrow, glancing to one side, did not reach the heart. The second son shot with no better success. When it came to the turn of the youngest son, he refused to shoot his arrow, saying he would rather beg his bread in a strange land and die far from his home and kindred, than harm one hair on the head of his dead father. The prince exclaimed, "You alone have hit your father's heart! It beat with love for you when alive, and you

have honored him; the kingdom is yours!'' There is a Congregational service at the chapel in the afternoon, but it was rainy and cold, and I did not attend. Cecil went and walked home with Mr. Lampman, with whom he is delighted. Sunday is a high holiday in Paris. Madame Chevalier is a Catholic, attends Mass in the morning early and goes from there to the market. Had *bifteck de cheval* for one of the courses at dinner to-day, by special request.

Monday, October 7

Have another new boarder, ''an ancient maiden lady;'' I do not know her name but think she is Aunt Betsy Trotwood. She made her début at the second breakfast, evidently having just arrived. She talks a good deal, both in French and in English, gesticulating much in the meantime. She came to dinner in lavender-colored kids, which she removed when she began to eat, but immediately resumed after the ceremony, wearing them during the evening. She appears very intelligent and evidently has been quite a traveller. However, she was rather officious in assisting Monsieur Chevalier in giving our French lessons as if he were not quite competent. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Rand called while we were at dinner. I had never met them before, as I was in Ireland when they were in London. Mr. Rand is suffering very much from neuralgia. If he is able, they intend to leave Paris early to-morrow morning for London and soon will return to America. Enjoyed their call very much and am sorry they leave so soon. Mrs. Rand says Mrs. Lewis, whom I met in London, will call very soon. It rained so fast and so continuously that I did not go out to-day. Monsieur Chevalier said we did *très bien* in our recitation this morning. He has given us another fable and a review of the verb *avoir*. His attempts at English are very amusing; he says

we are "spoking" — but could get no farther, and we were left in suspense.

Tuesday, October 8

It has rained nearly all day. After *déjeuner* we took a carriage to the Exposition, which we entered at *Porte Rapp,* paying one franc each admittance. The price before ten o'clock A. M. is two francs, for the reason that if the Emperor has any friends whom he wishes to take in, he goes before that time, and the price is raised to prevent a crowd, so says Madame. We confined our observations principally to the picture department. I saw no landscapes that could compare with those of our own artists. Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains and Niagara Falls by Church are splendid pictures; the former I had seen in Boston. There are two pictures representing the fields of grain in autumn, which are beautiful. A face in another picture called "Sunday Morning" reminded me very much of Krissie Stratton's with her innocent, demure expression and downcast eyes, as she seemed to be listening to the reading of the Bible. "Queen Elizabeth's Toothache" represents Her Majesty holding her handkerchief to her face, surrounded by her courtiers, one of whom, an old man with no teeth to spare, has just undergone the operation of having one removed for the purpose of encouraging the Queen. "Both Puzzled": Two figures, a man and a boy, the former looking like a country farmer, the other a country urchin. The expressions are exceedingly natural. The man sits in a chair, evidently having been engaged in teaching the youngster's ideas how to shoot, and has thrust out a leg and leaned back in his chair with a look as if an idea had suddenly entered his own head, which was strikingly new to him. He is looking at the floor as if he did not see it, with a "That's so"

expression to his mouth. The boy stands near, scratching his round head, looking quite as puzzled but as if he were more used to it. The cause of their puzzled state is this: "If once nothing is nothing, twice nothing must be something more than once nothing, and what is it?" "The Sleeping Faun," a piece of sculpture by Miss Hosmer, is very fine. It was entertaining to see the representatives of so many nations walking about and talking in their own languages, French, English, Italians and Germans. Priests in their long black robes, or maybe monks, solemnly walked about. In the Italian picture-gallery were several beautiful Madonnas, the coloring being exquisite, so mellow and soft and so perfectly blended. Though the Italian masters excel in most instances the American artists, they cannot approach them in landscapes. Bierstadt and Church in this, stand unrivalled. We remained several hours until we were mentally as well as physically tired, and after a short stroll in the grounds, admiring a cascade that rushed from the foot of a ruined tower into a beautiful little lake below, we started for a cab. We were overtaken by a hail-storm and detained for some time in a small building in which we sought shelter, where were models of different cities. Were beset as we left the grounds and approached a cab-stand, by numerous individuals who chattered French, whom I could understand sufficiently to know they were proffering their services to obtain a cab for us expecting in return a *pour boire*. I shook my head and said, "Non, non," yet in spite of the negative, we were assisted into a cab, but when an open palm was extended I gave him to understand that I did not comprehend the motion, looking as puzzled as possible until it was good-naturedly withdrawn.

Spent the time until dinner, which is at half-past six, upon my French lesson. Monsieur Chevalier is usually here at

lunch and dinner but never at *café* excepting Saturdays and Sundays. We usually sit nearly two hours at the table. To-day we had the courses in this order: First and always, soup; second, a leg of mutton; third, a sort of mashed cabbage; fourth, potatoes mashed and fried in the shape of doughnuts; fifth, salad prepared in oil; sixth, and finally, grapes and pears. It has been cold and stormy. After dinner sat in the salon with the others for a little time, then recited my lesson and retired.

Wednesday, October 9

Mr. Griswold called just after *café* and invited us to dine with them. While I write, there is a man singing in the court. He has a fine voice, and I hear the clink of money upon the pavement, thrown from the window of some appreciative auditor. Went to No. 94 *Rue Chaillot* directly after *déjeuner* and had a pleasant time at Mr. Griswold's. While there a Mr. and Mrs. Valentine called. Little Annie is bewitching and says a number of French words, making herself generally interesting.

Studied all the morning upon my lesson of "the frog who wished to become as large as the ox." The children all went to the Exposition, but I remained indoors. Mrs. Sears called in the afternoon. She has been in Paris for the last six months, but soon returns to America. She goes to London in about a week. Recited my lesson this evening and Monsieur said, *"Très bien."*

Friday, October 11

This morning was awakened by a street-crier: *"Mourons pour les petits oiseaux!"* Studied until breakfast, after which we walked down the *Champs Elysées* to the *Rue de Berri,*

where we took an omnibus to the Exposition. Went into the American School-House which looks like those little edifices seen back in the country. Went through a western farmhouse which, with the schoolhouse, is a representation of the buildings in the vicinity of Chicago. Saw the elegant Gobelin tapestries, which look something like paintings in oil, only far more beautiful. They are manufactured only for kings' houses and cannot be purchased at any price. Saw several of Æsop's fables illustrated in tapestry. The most elegant piece was "Guido's Morning." Another, very beautiful, represented a Fortune Teller. In the foreground was a little lake, and the reflections in the water were most perfectly represented; the shadow of a crow standing on the margin, and a rose which had evidently been carelessly thrown down by one of the young people seemed to be floating on the surface, its petals shattered by the fall. Called at the office of the "Red, White, and Blue," or, as it is called here, the *"Rouge, Blanc, et Bleu,"* to see Capt. Hudson. He was not there, but the young man in attendance went to look for him and was successful in finding him. Saw some of the natives weave India matting, a very interesting sight. In a jewelry department was a tiny box, out of which a brilliant bird flew, sang a sweet song, and then disappeared.

Saturday, October 12

Rainy and cold. Went to the Grand Hotel, Ellie and I, to call upon Mrs. Lewis, Madame Chevalier very kindly going with us to the *Arc de Triomphe* to see us safely seated in an omnibus which passes the hotel. It was raining fast when we arrived there. Found No. 466, Mrs. Lewis's room, without much difficulty. Mr. Lewis was just opening the door, hat in hand. Mrs. Lewis had almost ceased to expect us, and it was raining

The Louvre

so fast that we were quite undecided whether to go to the Louvre, as we had planned, or not. After sitting awhile we finally started with the intention of procuring a cab if it continued to rain. On our way out we looked into the reading-room and the dining-salon; the latter is a most magnificent room, said to be the finest of the kind on the continent. We stood upon the platform for some time hoping to secure a close cab, but all of those which drove up had been previously engaged. We sent one of the several little *garçons* in bright brass buttons who stood about as appendages to the hotel, to secure one for us, but he was unsuccessful; said there were two-seated cabs and open carriages but none with four seats. We gave him a few sous for his trouble and started off under our umbrellas for No. 40, *Rue Godot de Mauroi,* where the buckwheat cakes, pumpkin pies, and gingerbread are manufactured in real American style. Dined on broiled steak and buckwheat cakes and then started for the Louvre. Looked into the shop windows as we passed along the *Rue de Rivoli.* The dolls made a grand display. One window is fitted up as a salon where the dolls are having a reception, and their *toilettes* are in the extreme height of the Paris fashions. Another window represents the interior of a church where the people are assembled to witness a marriage ceremony. The bride and bridegroom are kneeling before the altar, while a priest is performing the rite. A strip of silk drapery is held over their heads by two of the party mounted on chairs on either side. The bride is in the full glory of satin, lace and orange blossoms, and wears exactly the right expression.

Arrived at the Louvre and left our umbrellas in charge of a man who wore a "*Napoleon chapeau* and stood near a little office at the entrance. Went up the stairs, which were waxed, as well as the floors, which is the fashion here. Saw

more of the Gobelin tapestries. We were too tired after our long walk to enjoy the pictures very much. A Madonna by Murillo was inexpressibly beautiful. She stands upon a crescent surrounded by little angel-faces which peer from the clouds. We spent about three hours in looking at the works of the old masters, Michel Angelo, Raphael, Guido, and others too numerous to mention. An Italian Beggar Boy by Murillo was too true to life to be beautiful, as he sits ragged and dirty in the light of a window picking off lice. We arrived home in season to rest awhile before dinner. There is a new boarder, a young gentleman who looks very much as Colie Blodgett used to. Mademoiselle Barrett, the ancient maiden lady, who has not joined the rest of the family for several days, takes her meals in her room; remains in bed for the most part of the time, but is afflicted with an excellent appetite. After tea we went into the salon where I became interested in the puzzle of "the nine rings." Monsieur Chevalier attempted to initiate me into its mysteries, but got quite puzzled himself. He suggested that we have a game of "whisk" as Mr. Lampman, and soon after Mrs. Hubbard, came in. I was busy on the puzzle when Mr. Lampman said he would show me how it was done, which he did, although that puzzled me more than ever. Monsieur arranged our places for the "whisk"; Mrs. Hubbard and himself vis-à-vis, and Mr. Lampman and myself. Our side beat every time with one exception. We talked entirely in French, that is, the others did.

Sunday, October 13

Accompanied Mrs. Gleason and Mrs. Griswold to the Congregational chapel, 23 *Rue Royale,* near the Madeleine. Rev. Mr. Hart, an Englishman, was the officiating clergyman, and his discourse was very interesting and his prayers earnest, and

I enjoyed the services very much. We stepped into the interior of the beautiful Madeleine and remained for about half an hour to look upon the worshippers. A *sergeant de ville* stood within the entrance to preserve order and to keep the aisle clear. In the vicinity of a cross painted upon the floor in the center of the aisle sat a man holding a small brush wet with holy water, which was extended for the accommodation of all who wished to moisten their fingers and cross themselves as they passed. Many fine looking men and women, as well as tiny children, went through this ceremony. Some of them had a devotional air as they slowly touched their forehead, breast, left and right sides, at the same time moving their lips as if saying a prayer, while others dashed hastily through, looking about them most undevotionally.

Dine at Mr. Griswold's and attended a Sunday School concert at the *Rue de Berri.* It was conducted in the American style and looked more homelike than anything I had seen before. The children sang the little hymns from the "Golden Chain" to its own golden music. "I'll rise up early in the morning," "Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound," "There is no name so sweet on earth," "Saviour like a shepherd lead us," "Dear Saviour ever at my side," and "Nearer My God to Thee." There were short addresses by several American gentlemen. One tried to impress upon the minds of the children the important fact that they would live forever. His language was somewhat metaphorical and too lofty for the children to comprehend for the most part. The remarks of Rev. Mr. King, missionary to Greece, were very interesting. He alluded to his travels in the Holy Land in a manner so vivid that you were carried along with him. He has been a missionary for forty-five years. As I sat there I thought of the dear children so far away at home who were accustomed to assemble in the

vestry to listen to kind and instructive words from our own beloved pastor, and to sing these very hymns. A few minutes' walk from the chapel brought us to the *Champs Élysées,* which presented a gay scene, quite unlike one of our quiet home-Sundays. People in holiday attire were out for a promenade, and the continual stream of carriages rendered it difficult to cross the broad avenue. Had dinner a half-hour earlier than usual, after which went into the salon for a few minutes and listened to the fairy tones of a musical cigar-holder.

Monday, October 14

Went with Madame directly after *déjeuner* to witness a grand funeral at *Père la Chaise.* Achilles Fould, one of the great Parisian bankers and a former Minister of Finance, was interred at this celebrated place with great pomp and ceremony. We took a cab which we engaged by the hour, and after a long drive, reached the spot where thousands of people had assembled. We rode up as far as possible, then left the cab and joined the crowd. Although every one was eager to see all that was to be seen, there was no rude pushing as there is in an English or even an American crowd. Each seemed to have a regard for his neighbor. I was never more impressed with French politeness. Madame called my attention to Gen. Canrobert, one of the French Marshals who was so active at Sebastopol. We were too late to see the funeral cortége enter the grounds, but we had a good view of the exit. Some of the Paris *gamins* had climbed into the trees for the view, though such a proceeding was quite contrary to the rules. They were at last spied by a *sergeant de ville,* and it was amusing to see the rapidity with which they descended and scampered away when they saw him coming. "One more unfortunate" being obliged to wait till his predecessors had

made their descent, was received into the arms of the official gentleman in waiting, who, after administering a few admonitory pinches and tweaks to the ear of the culprit, released him, evidently to the satisfaction of both parties, who dispersed from the scene of action in opposite directions, the *sergeant de ville* grinning expressively and the urchin rubbing his ear to restore the interrupted circulation. After the crowd had dispersed we went into the enclosure by a side entrance. As we wandered about the streets of this silent city of the dead, I was reminded of a dream which seemed to be realized here. *Père la Chaise* was the very facsimile of the silent city of my dream. From a rise in the ground we had a fine view. The atmosphere was a little misty and the city was before us like the New Jerusalem in the picture of Bunyan's Pilgrim. It was a wonderful mirage; the Panthéon appeared like a temple in the air, and the whole city seemed to be falling from the clouds. We visited the tomb of Béranger, the Poet Laureate of France. Not far from his is the tomb of the lady he loved, Lisette, who died three months before himself. He wrote the inscription which graces her tombstone. We gathered a few ivy leaves from the tomb of Marshal Ney. There is no monument erected to his memory. He lies within a small enclosure which is ornamented only with beautiful shrubs and flowers. Madame mourned that so brave a hero should be so neglected by the French people, but said his family would not permit a monument to be erected, as they preferred it as it was. It did not seem to me neglected but more fresh and beautiful than cold marble or granite. We secured some green leaves and flowers from the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse. The tomb is said to be built from the stones of the monastery where Abélard dwelt as a monk and Héloïse lived as a nun. We saw the tomb of McDonald as well as of several other of

Napoleon's Marshals. The avenues of trees are beautiful, their branches interlacing overhead and forming a perfect arbor for a long distance. It is quite unique, this *Père la Chaise.* It lies near a little valley at the feet of this most beautiful Paris. These two cities, so near and yet so far apart, suggest the thought, Paris as it is, Paris as it will be, Paris present, Paris future, the one gay, full of life, its joys, its sorrows, its turmoils and cares, the other at rest, silent, its streets deserted by its inhabitants, who have gone to their long homes. The pattering raindrops startled us from our reverie, and we hastened back to our cab, and in good time were set down at 35 *Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe.* We encountered Mr. and Mrs. Griswold and little Annie on the stairs on their way home. They had come soon after we went away, to spend the afternoon.

Tuesday, October 15

A beautiful day. A great many people were at the Exposition. We visited the garden and the various caves, sat under an ivy tree, the top of which was trained to form a most beautiful and symmetrical arbor. Saw some remarkable specimens of fruit; apples as large as a small-sized pumpkin, monstrous pears, melons, quinces, and crab-apples. It is wonderful that all this lovely garden, with its caves, waterfalls, and grassy lawns, was, a few months ago, a flat parade ground! A little stream runs through it, spanned here and there by picturesque bridges. We mounted a flight of rocky steps to the top of a small cave and sat down in a comfortable seat, formed of the rocks as if by Nature, and listened to a band playing at a little distance. We visited the Imperial Pavilion in the Exposition grounds. It is not open to the public, but through the large windows of plate-glass the magnificent in-

terior was plainly visible. We started for home at about 5 o'clock. Our *numéro* for the omnibus was 17, and after waiting for a place at least an hour, we were at last seated and arrived home just in season for dinner.

Wednesday, October 16

Madame gave me some cotton in which to press the flowers and leaves that I had gathered at *Père la Chaise.* At *déjeuner* Mrs. Hubbard and I arranged to go to the Exposition together. She went to the *Champs Élysées* to call upon some friends, and they prevailed upon her to accept an invitation she had previously received to a party; so she did not go to the Exposition. Ellie and I went, however, and saw many new, curious, and wonderful things. In the department of the Italian paintings saw some mosaics from the Vatican: The "Annunciation" and "Raphael's Madonna of the Chair;" the latter especially was exquisite, the fringe of the chair being composed of mosaics no larger than a small pin-head. We looked through the "Belgaic Fine Arts" and found some paintings exceedingly beautiful. Saw a curious clock, under the glass case of which was a mimic waterfall, and above, some green foliage, amongst which a tiny bird hopped about and twittered and fluttered its wings while its mate upon the ground seemed to be picking at a flower. In a beautiful cage beside the clock was a stuffed canary bird that sat upon a perch and sang as sweetly and as naturally as if alive, its tail and throat trembling with the vibrations. In another department were some handsome dolls in most elegantly furnished drawing-rooms. I am more and more impressed with the magnitude of the Exposition each time I visit it, and it would take years to see everything there. Mr. Farnham has left to-day for Brussels to finish his studies.

Thursday, October 17

Ill to-day with sore throat and headache. Madame came in and thought a cup of "feeble tea" would be good for me. Mrs. Hubbard gave me chlorate of potassium to gargle.

Friday, October 18

Convalescent. Remained indoors. Spent a pleasant half-hour with Mrs. Hubbard. Madame came in to inquire how to make pumpkin pies. The children went to the Exposition and came home dripping wet, as they could not find a carriage. Monsieur and Madame did not eat meat at dinner as it was Friday. Madame's pumpkin pie was not a perfect success although very good. Madame is a pattern housekeeper.

Saturday, October 19

Took a cab to the Grand Hotel to call on Mrs. Lewis. Found her in, but just listening to the adieus of some visitors. She leaves Paris early Monday morning. While I was there, a daughter of Mrs. Lloyd Garrison called to see her. She is bright, talkative and interesting. She was wondering how her father, who sails for America next week in the Java, would succeed in getting through the custom-house with all the booty with which he was laden. After taking our leave of Mrs. Lewis, drove to 49 *Boulevard de la Tour Mainbourg* to call on the Griswolds who have gone to housekeeping. Found them in quite an unsettled state but very pleasantly located. They showed me the rooms which are cozy, and prettily furnished. They have not yet purchased all their furniture. Mrs. Gleason gave me some ink powder and Madame Chevalier an inkstand after I returned home.

Such a depressing influence as the sale of *bifteck de cheval* has upon the surviving friends and relatives of the deceased is pitiful to behold! One hardly knows when riding in a cab whether the poor beasts are dead or alive. I thought the London cab-horses were slow enough, but they go like steam-engines compared with the French steeds. Paris is a wonderful place! Even the little children in the streets speak French, and the horses understand it when it is addressed to them!

Sunday, October 20

Did not go to church to-day.

Monday, October 21

Magnificent day!

Tuesday, October 22

Monsieur Chevalier has learned to say "Just right," and he sported it in great glee at the dinner-table, much to the amusement of all present. He attempted to say "Peter Piper," and I repeated to his extreme edification "Theophilus Thistle." He expressed his delight by saying, "Justt rright, justt rright!"

We had for first course soup, for second, macaroni cooked with cheese for flavoring, very delicious; third, veal; fourth, a kind of mush called chicory; fifth, a potato pudding, and sixth, fruit.

Wednesday, October 23

The Emperor of Austria arrived in town to-day, and the children went to witness the reception. After dinner Madame Chevalier showed us some new clocks she had purchased at an

auction, also some *mousseline* curtains. A clock seems to be an indispensable article of furniture, there being one in every room excepting the kitchen.

Thursday, October 24

Went after *déjeuner* to the top of the *Arc de Triomphe.* The day was bright but not very clear; so our view was rather limited, though we could see nearly half the circle of the horizon. Paris is indeed a most beautiful city. The *Arc de Triomphe,* which is 152 feet high, 137 feet wide, and 68 feet deep, is the nucleus of a star from which radiate twelve avenues. Beginning at the *Champs Élysées* and walking to the right, we come to them in the following order: *Avenue Joséphine, D'Iena, du Roi de Rome, D'Eylau, de L'Impératrice, de la Grande Armée, d'Essling, Prince Jerome, Wagram, de la Reine Hortense, Friedland.* There are 275 steps to the top of the Arc. This Arc, which is the largest in the world, was erected in honor of the armies of the Empire. The first stone was laid on the anniversary of the birthday of Napoleon I., Aug. 15, 1806. It was a fine sight, the gay equipages that passed along the *Champs Élysées;* beautifully dressed ladies in carriages, on horseback; ladies *à la promenade,* soldiers on foot, and soldiers *à cheval.* The Avenue de la Grande Armée is composed of seven divisions, the central one being for carriages, three on either side for promenade, and those on either side again like the usual sidewalks. We spent nearly two hours in watching the people, who looked like pygmies from our elevated position.

Friday, October 25

Monsieur Chevalier very kindly offered to escort us to witness the review of 50,000 soldiers which took place to-day at

Longchamps in the *Bois de Boulogne,* in honor of the visit of the Austrian Emperor. We armed ourselves with two dictionaries in order to be able to converse, and started immediately after Monsieur had given Mrs. Hubbard her French lesson, about two o'clock. We found on arriving at the *Av de l'Impératrice,* that the royal carriage had already passed. Walked rapidly to the railway station, where we arrived just in season to see the train leave, which, however, proved to be going in the opposite direction from that we wish to take. We walked across the *chemin de fer* contrary to rule, and found ourselves on the wrong platform, and as the guard would not allow us to retrace our steps, we were obliged to ascend the stairs and begin again by descending on the other side, as at first, much to our amusement. While waiting for the train we promenaded back and forth, Monsieur talking French, which he explained in very broken English, to which I responded, *"Je ne comprends pas, Monsieur,"* a phrase which frequent use has enabled me to render quite with the Paris accent. After a ride of about ten minutes, we arrived on the spot. It was a most charming place. The troops were already on parade in the field. The French Emperor and his royal guest stood upon the balcony of a little château in the background, while the soldiers marched to and fro, their steel helmets and arms flashing in the sunshine, and their gay uniforms presenting one of the most brilliant scenes I ever witnessed. After the review was over, the troops passed from the field and Monsieur pointed out to us the distinguished personages as they rode by on horseback; one of whom was Gen. Canrobert whom I had seen before at Père la Chaise. The royal carriages passed while the people shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" Monsieur Chevalier did not shout with the others, and on being asked the

reason for his silence answered that the others spoke for him while he thought.

As we were walking along one of the lovely avenues of the Bois de Boulogne, there was a flourish from a small detachment of infantry, and we stepped aside, while the carriage in which were seated the Prince Napoleon, the cousin of the Emperor, his wife and the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the King of Italy, passed by. The soldiers were the bodyguard of the Prince. Gen. Murat passed immediately behind on horseback. From the Bois de Boulogne at the end of the Av. de la Grande Armée, the Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe viâ Rue des Acacias is only a twelve-minute walk. Monsieur left us at the foot of the Rue and proceeded on his way to the house of one of his pupils, and we were very glad to avail ourselves of the hour and a half before dinner in resting. As we entered the court, the *concierge,* who, by the way, is a necessary appendage to every house, tending the door, waxing the floors, transporting luggage, etc., met us and inquired if we had seen the Austrian Emperor. By means of the dictionary I succeeded in making her understand that we had had a good time. At dinner we learned a few forms of table etiquette. Always grasp the decanter firmly with the right hand in pouring out the wine or water. Never raise your glass to your lips with your left hand. The French are very particular in the observance of these rules.

Saturday, October 26

Mr. d'Amour called to-day with a package from London.

Sunday, October 27

Attended service in the morning at the Rue de Berri, where Rev. Dr. Eldridge preached from the text, "Thou shalt

not steal.'' Spoke of Frederick the Great as a thief, for having taken the lands of Maria Theresa, as one of the examples among many. Seems to consider the right of conquest in the same light as petty larceny. The singing was fine.

Monday, October 28

Mr. Lampman had his ''skull-and-bones'' pin in still a different location. It has been traveling over the broad expanse of his shirt-bosom for several days and has at last located itself in the angle of his vest. He is usually late at *café,* but for a wonder was in his place when I arrived, and took the opportunity, which he seemed much to enjoy, of informing me that I was late. Had for *déjeuner* different kinds of meat arranged upon a platter: chicken, ham, veal, sausage, hare, tongue, with pickles and a sort of meat jelly. Spent the afternoon at the Exposition.

Tuesday, October 29

Went to the Exposition accompanied by Louis. Heard Boscovitz play on the American pianos. He is a perfect genius. His very motions are musical; has a ''sweet foot.'' I was much interested in a chocolate folding-machine, which seemed really intelligent, the different sections coming upon the stage and performing their parts, then retiring to give place to others. Visited the bakery *français* and regaled ourselves upon some excellent hot rolls which almost melted in one's mouth. Drank a glass of soda-water, walked to Mr. Griswold's, as it was impossible to obtain a carriage at the Exposition. Met Mr. Lewis, the ''cousin John'' Mrs. Gleason had so often mentioned, a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman who has traveled over the world and for the last

few years has resided in Paris. Mr. Lewis will see the boys safely started for London.

Just after *café* this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Gross of Newton Center called with a package from London. They were in Paris at the opening of the Exposition and have since been travelling over Europe. They are to be in Paris for a few weeks and hoped to be able to obtain board at Monsieur Chevalier's, but on making inquiries, concluded that the hours at which we have our meals would be inconvenient for their sight-seeing and decided to go elsewhere, as they did not wish particularly to acquire the language. Went after *déjeuner* to the Exposition with Mrs. Hubbard. We talked French "mostly." Visited the beautiful bronzes and afterwards walked in the grounds where I met Mr. Griswold, who said the rest of the family were there, and I agreed to meet them in the inner court at three o'clock. Purchased a Testament for Mrs. Mason. Found the Griswolds and "Cousin John" at the time appointed, sat down in one of the chairs by the round building, and while recruiting our energies, watched the thousand and one people as they passed, of all nations and tongues.

We went to see the manufacture of felt hats; very interesting. The felt dust is blown from a sort of machine with much force upon a perforated brass or copper form, for which it seemed to have a mysterious attraction as every particle of dust was drawn towards it, the air from within the form being exhausted by means of an air pump. After the revolving form was completely covered, it was thrust into a cauldron of boiling water, after which it was pressed etc. Saw also the manufacture of French flowers and glass bouquets, both processes being very interesting. Saw a most exquisite statue of a sleeping lady in Parian marble. Spent a few moments in the picture department and again admired

Rosa Bonheur's Cattle of Brittany. By the way, Madame Chevalier says she has often met her; she lives not far from Paris, and is about fifty years old. Monsieur says she is considered the first among the French artists, especially in animal painting. Waited with Mrs. Gleason and Mrs. Griswold near the entrance of Porte Rapp nearly an hour while Mr. Griswold went in search of a cab. He was finally successful in obtaining one and we arrived home in time for dinner. The conversation at the table to-day was a droll mixture of French and English. A discussion upon Italian affairs was carried on between Monsieur Chevalier and Mr. Lampman, the latter being rather at a disadvantage owing to his limited command of the language. He would begin a sentence very bravely, but after a few words would almost unconsciously glide into his native tongue, when Monsieur Chevalier would exclaim. *"Parlez français! parlez français! Je ne comprends pas l'anglais!"* And then Madame Chevalier would have to come in as an interpreter. The discussion was given up at last, as Mr. Lampman's feelings became too deep for utterance. Monsieur Chevalier pronounces Garbaldi a *fou*. We sat at the table nearly two hours and a half and Monsieur suggested to Madame the propriety of rising before we all became tired. She appealed to me if it was not a good way, as the more we talked, the more French we should acquire. In the course of the conversation I said, "All the better," which seemed to strike Monsieur, and he repeated "All the butter," and appealed to Louis with "N'est-ce pas?" and Louis replied, "Oui, Monsieur, all the butter," and Monsieur echoed, "All the butter" until we were all laughing, and Madame said, "better, not butter." But he seemed to think Louis the better authority persisted in saying "All the butter," as Louis wickedly

repeated it, until in a few French words Madame told him what he was saying, whereat Monsieur looked quite sold and regarded deprecatingly his false teacher.

October 31

Called for Mrs. Gleason according to agreement, to visit the tomb of Napoleon which is only a short distance from the Boulevard de le Tour Mainbourg. It is grand, simple, and beautiful. The sarcophagus is of porphyry, plain and elegant. The day was lovely, bright, warm and sunshiny. Was again impressed with the beauty of this most beautiful city, and the taste displayed on every side. Even the butchers stalls are arranged with an eye to beauty. The most common and ugly things are made to contribute to the general effect, and I am convinced that the French taste is unrivalled. An enormous pile of wood advertised for sale was piled in such a way as to assume an aspect of architectural grandeur quite in harmony with its surroundings. Anywhere else, I fancy, the same materials would have been a blot upon the landscape.

We went into one of the pretty public gardens which stood invitingly open, and after walking about awhile, stopped to watch some busy little seamstresses plying their needles as they sat beside their grandmothers, for aught I know, on one of the rustic settees, who set them an example of industry. They looked shyly up as we passed, their black eyes laughing at us from under their brows. We sent the boys for a cab and went home with Mrs. Gleason to wait for it. They were unsuccessful in obtaining an open one, but the *cocher* was very accommodating and could speak a little English, and drove his horses in a civilized manner so that in two hours we did considerable sight-seeing. Drove first to

the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The priests in robes of crimson velvet were performing their duties, and the choir was chanting the services. We did not patronize the holy water which was extended to us on the bristles of a small long-handled brush by an old man who sat in a stall near the door, but passed along the aisles uncrossed. A richly-toned organ was sending its notes through the arches. On either side of the church was a figure of the Virgin before which was burning a small candelabrum of wax tapers which were every now and then renewed as they became too brief, by the women who tended them. We passed many persons who were kneeling at their prayers before some saint who looked down upon them from its niche with anything but a saintly expression of countenance. Louis and Cecil went up into the tower to see the big bell, while Ellie and I occupied the time in looking at the beautiful arches and the stained glass windows through which the sun poured in many colored lights. It was here that Napoleon I. was married to Josephine by Pope Pius VI. Notre Dame is built on the site of an ancient Roman temple.

From this place we were driven to the Morgue near by, at which we made a hasty call. All the bodies found in the Seine, or within the jurisdiction of the Prefecture of Police, that are unrecognized are brought here, where they remain three days if not claimed sooner by their friends. There were two bodies in waiting. The room is hung with clothing which has been taken from time to time from the bodies brought there. We took a hasty glance at the sickening sight and then hurried back to the cab, which we had scarcely left. Our *cocher* asked, "N'est-ce pas joli?" comprehending our expeditious return. We drove to the Place de la Bastille, passed the Louvre, the palace and garden of the

Tuileries, and the Place de la Concorde, in the center of which is the Obelisk of Luxor brought from the ruins of Thebes; it is covered with hieroglyphics. Here the unfortunate Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were guillotined. Drove up the *Champs Elysées* just after the lamps were lighted and in good time to meet the gay equipages returning from the Bois. After dinner did the packing, as the boys leave early in the morning for London.

November 1

The cab did not come in season to drive around for Mr. Griswold, as arranged, so Monsieur Chevalier kindly offered to accompany us to the station and see them safely started on their way. After we had bade them good-bye, Monsieur proposed that, as he had a holiday, we should go on a *bonne promenade.* Accordingly we first proceeded to Montmarte, and although the atmosphere was not clear, we felt well repaid for our labor of climbing up the hill which is 110 yards above the level of the Seine. The view from here in a clear day must be almost unlimited. We saw in the distance the blue train of smoke and steam which proceeded from the locomotive that was carrying Louis and Cecil along the *Chemin de Fer du Nord.* We next proceeded to the cemetery of Montmartre, one of the three large burying-grounds of Paris. It is like *Père la Chaise,* a city of the dead, though not quite so large. This is *La Toussaint* or All Saints Day and a preparation for the morrow, which is the *Fete des Morts* or All Soul's Day, when prayers are offered for the dead. The street leading to the principal entrance was lined on both sides with stalls on which were displayed all sorts of mourning wreaths, many of yellow immortelles upon which were embroidered in black the word "Souvenir," also

wreaths of beads black and white, or both combined. Many of the friends of the departed were hurrying to their tombs with these tokens of remembrance. After entering the grounds, we came to a large cross at the foot of which many persons were kneeling. As we passed, Monsieur devoutly raised his hat. We spent more than an hour wandering along the streets and avenues, some of which are lined with trees, their branches interlacing overhead. A few faded leaves, with now and then a bright one interspersed, lingered behind their companions which lay scattered upon the ground. There was one beautiful avenue of some kind of evergreen tree, I do not know whether of cedar or spruce, if either. Several funeral trains wound their way slowly by us. The carriages are open so as to expose the bodies, which are covered with black or white palls as the deceased are married or single. A wreath of immortelles is usually placed at the head. Some of the tombs are decorated with flowers, fragrant and beautiful roses, fuchsias and heartsease. Many of them are built like little Gothic chapels, with windows of stained glass whose colored lights fall upon the images of saints placed there doubtless for the spiritual benefit of the departed. We visited the tombs of several persons of distinction: Marshal Lannes, the Cavaignac family, and the poet Legouvé. The Jewish burying-ground is separated from the other by a fence. In this was a handsome marble statue of Halévy, the musician. I noticed upon the tombs in this place many stones of different sizes, and asked of Monsieur the significance, but could only understand from what he said that it was a Jewish custom. I asked Madame after we returned and she said she believed it had some significance relative to the stoning of Christ by the Jews. We came home by the *Parc de Monçeau,* through which we walked, a most

charming place, and arrived at 35 Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe with excellent appetites for breakfast, which we found nearly ready.

November 2

Was awakened this morning by the bells ringing a call to prayers for the dead. A lovely day only rather cold. Did not go out, having sprained my ankle yesterday, I am too lame. The Exposition which was extended for three days closes to-morrow. Mademoiselle Barret's maid arrived to-day to take charge of her mistress to London. Madame Chevalier will not be sorry when they are gone. This evening, while reciting my lesson to Monsieur Chevalier, we were interrupted by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Griswold. They had been sitting in the salon a few minutes when Madame, unconscious of their arrival, entered with a leg of mutton which she came in to exhibit to "Leopold" that had just been brought by her butcher who lives sixty miles from Paris. It was droll to witness her astonishment as she spied them, and we had a good laugh at her expense, in which she joined, and, gracefully begging pardon for the remarkable display, left the room to lay aside her prize. After their departure I finished my lesson and then, Mrs. Hubbard and Mr. Lampman coming in, Monsieur proposed a game of "whisk," Monsieur and Mrs. Hubbard playing for France; Mr. Lampman and I for Prussia. Prussia came off victorious in the first battle, but was defeated in the second, France winning with flying colors. We concluded to postpone the rubber, as it was getting too late to decide the contest that evening.

Sunday, November 3

Did not go out to-day. Sat in the salle-à-manger after

dinner with Madame, Ellie, and Master Robert Olyphant. The last individual exhibited to our astonished gaze a wonderful "multum in parvo," a perfect toolchest of a knife which he had purchased at the Exposition. Madame told him it was a hostler's knife. He is a droll chap, very original. The conversation turned on extracting teeth, when he remarked, "I think, Madame, the only proper way to extract teeth is to tie one's tooth to a cannon ball and then fire it off." This remark followed a harrowing description of a man who had his tooth "dug out", the officiating dentist using one instrument after another in performing the operation. He was relating some items of observation during his residence in China. He says the Portuguese in China wear their shirt-tails hanging down under their short jackets. "Shirt-tails!" said Madame, "shirt-tails! vat is that?" "Why," hesitatingly, "will you explain to her, Mademoiselle Stanton, what shirt-tails are?" Mademoiselle Stanton was taken with a fit of laughing, and Master Olyphant continued, "Why, Madame, shirt, you know what a shirt is," touching his collar and bosom by way of illustration, "well, it is the other end, you know. That hangs down, the tail, Madame." "O yes," said Madame, "they wear tails hanging down from their heads." At this Master Olyphant went off into a paroxysm of laughter and gave up all attempts at a more lucid explanation.

Monday, November 4

To-day at dinner Monsieur introduced to us a college friend of his, in whose presence he seemed to find great delight. He sat at Madame's right hand and politely carved the meat for her. His manner occasionally during the conversation was very enthusiastic. Once he grasped Madame's

hand in both his and pressed it very sentimentally. Monsieur Chevalier took it all as a matter of course; so I conclude it is the custom. We had for dinner in course, salad prepared in oil, as usual, cream cakes, frosted butter-cakes, cheese, apples, pears, rusks; claret and champagne were brought, in honor of his presence, to which he did full justice, especially to the former beverage, of which he drank at least eight glasses! Mr. Lampman proposed the health of Monsieur and Madame Chevalier in a glass of champagne, which was enthusiastically drunk with the preliminary clinking of glasses. After dinner Madame invited us all into the salon, herself leading the way, as she accepted the arm of the "college friend." She was followed by Mr. Lampman who escorted Mrs. Hubbard. Monsieur Chevalier offered me his arm, and Ellie and Master Olyphant brought up the finale. I begged to be excused at the door of the salon, as I did not understand French sufficiently to enjoy a salon conversation, though I get along very well at the table. Ellie came down in about half an hour. Said the three gentlemen were smoking after their coffee, which was brought in immediately. Mrs. Hubbard made me a short call; she is very lady-like and agreeable.

Tuesday, November 5

Walked this morning with Ellie to the Griswolds'. They were just taking their French lesson. Mr. Griswold is going to London; starts this afternoon. Mrs. Griswold told me of her visit to *Père la Chaise* on All Saints' Day. After my lesson this evening played whist, or "whisk," as Monsieur calls it. As we speak French all the time, it is quite as good as a French lesson.

Wednesday, November 6

Very cold to-day; did not go out at all. After my lesson had another game of "whisk."

Thursday, November 7

After breakfast called to see if Mrs. Gleason would accompany us to the Panthéon. She had just returned from the Hotel des Invalides; so we decided to go to-morrow to the Panthéon. They invited us to dine with them to-morrow. Before returning home took a drive in the Bois, which we enjoyed exceedingly. It is a lovely place. The trees send out a fragrant odor, and the foliage, though not to be compared to our Autumn colors at home, was yet very gay. The broad avenues were alive with elegant carriages and ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and with promenaders. Some of the horses were the handsomest I ever saw. The shadows deepened, and the moon and one bright star came out. We admired the twilight effect on a beautiful lake in which the shadow reflections were almost as distinct as the realities. The duck inhabitants were unusually noisy. As we emerged from the Bois, we were again struck with the beautiful effect of the lights which extended along the broad avenues which radiate from the *Arc de Triomphe* nearly as far as the eye can reach. This evening Monsieur criticized the flourishes in my French copy, and I laughed till I cried at his comical manner. He was interrupted in his "wicked career," as his *nez* required immediate attention. He apologized for the necessity by remarking that he had a very disagreeable cold. I told him I had also, and I had been sneezing the prinicpal part of the day, when he immediately suggested, half in pantomime, that that accounted for the extra flourishes in my copy. He is *très-méchant!* The "whisk" party came in

as usual, but I begged to be excused as I could not spare the time without neglecting Nettie's letter, which was not to be thought of for a moment, and Master Olyphant and Madame Chevalier could fill my place and make up the party.

Friday, November 8

Sent word to Mrs. Gleason that I could not go to-day to the Panthéon or dine with them on account of my letters. Took my lesson, and just after, Mr. Lampman came in with a message from Mrs. Hubbard inviting us to her room to have a game of whist. The Prussians were defeated with the loss of all their diamonds and hearts to say nothing of their farming utensils and weapons of defense.

Saturday, November 9

Foggy to-day. Monsieur Chevalier has volunteered his escort to see some of the sights of Paris. He is very good. After dinner Monsieur Chevalier and Mr. Lampman had a funny duet. Monsieur handles his pipe with a grace which is unapproachable by Mr. Lampman. Whist afterwards, France and Prussia winning equally.

Sunday, November 10

Attended the American Chapel, Rue de Berri. Rev. Dr. Eldridge preached from the tenth commandment. Attended Sunday School concert in the same place and seemed again to be at home. The exercises opened by singing "Hail, hail this happy day," which was followed by reading from the Scriptures and prayer by Dr. Eldridge. Many American gentlemen were present, among whom were Rev. Mr. Sawyer of Boston and Rev. Mr. Saunders, missionary to Ceylon. The remarks of the last named gentleman were very

interesting. He has been in America for the past two years and is now on his way to Ceylon. He gave us a description of the native children, of the way they build their schoolhouses, which cost about $2.50 when completed. There are over 240 letters in the native alphabet. After singing "I'll rise up early in the morning," "Lo! our dear Sunday School," there was an address by a gentleman from Chicago. This being the last Sabbath that the Supt. Mr. L. F. Mellen, would be present, as he starts to-morrow for England and returns to America, Rev. Dr. Eldridge read some "Resolutions," which were unanimously accepted by the children, wherein was an expression of appreciation of his past services and kind wishes for his future welfare. On the way home we saw Mrs. Gross and Mrs. Gleason who had also been to the concert. Mrs. Gross is exceedingly pretty and bears a striking resemblance to Mrs. Frank Eaton. Mr. Lampman and Master Olyphant were not at dinner this evening. After dinner we went to the salon where coffee was served immediately.

Monday, November 11

I had the pleasure of saying "Bon après-midi" to Mr. Lampman who was very late at *café*. We renewed the subject of pumpkin versus squash pies, which was discussed last Saturday at dinner, Mr. Lampman having at that time ordered two pies from 40 Rue Godot de Mauroi that Madame might have the opportunity of tasting a real Yankee pumpkin-pie. Mr. Lampman cannot tell any difference between pumpkin and squash when they are made into pies and thinks I am mistaken because I can. Said he propounded the question last night when he dined at Mr. Thompson's, and all but one agreed

with him that there was no perceptible difference. He talks of pumpkin pies made of squashes, a form of expression which I took the liberty of criticizing.

Tuesday, November 12

Today at *déjeuner* Madame suggested that we go sightseeing this afternoon, a suggestion highly agreeable to us all. Accordingly about 2 o'clock, we, that is Madame Chevalier, Mr. Lampman, Master Olyphant, Ellie and myself emerged from 35 Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe and walked as far as the *Champs Elysées,* where we took an open carriage and proceeded to the beautiful "temple in the clouds" seen first from *Père la Chaise,* Sainte Geneviève, Place du Panthéon, where is a monument dedicated to the great men of France. After admiring the beautiful interior, the frescoes and the dome, we descended to the crypt to see the tombs of Lagrange, Voltaire, Rousseau and other great men. Some of the tombs are cenotaphs, but the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau are here. In the tomb of the former is a marble statue by Houdon. From the tomb of Rousseau is extended an arm and hand holding a torch. In some of the vaults above the sarcophagi were niches in which were placed urns of stone containing the hearts only of those whose names were inscribed. The guide who preceded us with a lantern, conducted us to a place where is heard a remarkable echo, and after performing for our edification for the space of five minutes, led the way to the higher regions, and we soon found ourselves over two hundred feet above the surface of the earth, nearly in the center of the great city of Paris, of which, and its suburbs, we had a most commanding view. The people below looked like Lilliputians, and a funeral procession that wound slowly along might have been a train of black ants judging from the appar-

ent size of the moving figures. Just below us was the College of Charlemagne, one of the oldest colleges in Paris. Also the Church of St. Étienne du Mont, one of the oldest churches. The Library of Ste. Geneviève and the old church we visited, and then walked to the Palais du Luxembourg and took a stroll around the lovely garden. There are innumerable avenues of magnificent trees. We stopped long to admire the fountain whose waters fall like a cascade into a pretty little artificial lake, overarched by the branches of trees planted on either side, which in their turn were adorned with ivy, which crept from one to another in heavy festoons. Over the front of the fountain, in a grotto of ivy were marble figures of "Acis and Galatea," who have just been discovered by Polyphemus, who is represented in bronze peering at them over the top. Statues of many of the kings and queens of France adorn the grounds. We feasted our delighted eyes until the gathering twilight warned us to linger no longer, and we were soon seated in a close cab on our way home. We passed a carriage in which was John C. Breckenridge, but as the horses attached seemed to be "going by the hour" we gave up all hopes of a second glimpse and left him in the dim past, as we were going by "the course." At dinner I was spared the usual query, "Êtes vous sortie aujourd'hui, Mademoiselle?" except by Mrs. Hubbard who having been away all day, was not in the possession of the remarkable fact that I had been out walking. Monsieur informed us that a "petit disciple" of his would dine with us to-morrow. After reciting our lesson, we retired immediately.

November 13

Anna has put up some new *mousseline* curtains at our windows. Studied nearly all day. Just before *dîner* went

out for a *bonne promenade* and "boxed" the Arc de Triomphe. At dinner was assailed with the usual question, first by Monsieur, then Mr. Lampman, then Mrs. Hubbard. Monsieur upset his glass of wine; a large portion of the contents went into his plate and the balance upon the tablecloth and his napkin. A nice piece of *gâteau* which was in his plate was completely soaked, but he pronounced it a great improvement. I suggested that the accident befell him as a punishment for his teasing propensities, a suggestion which he accepted with becoming meekness. However, before dinner was over I perceived that it had no lasting effect. The "petit disciple" previously announced proved to be the Polish Prince, Léon Mniszech, of whom I had heard and who has been a pupil of Monsieur Chevalier's for the last eight years. He is a head and shoulders taller than Monsieur, and although he will not be eighteen until next month, looks like a man of twenty-five. He is six feet in height, light complexioned with heavy whiskers. His manners are charming, at once dignified and boyish. He speaks English with a pleasing foreign accent. French he has spoken since he was two years old, and Madame says he speaks German perfectly, and with "such a soft, beautiful accent that it is de-li-ci-ous to hear him." His native language he has studied but does not speak it and says he does not like it. His parents reside a short distance from here in an elegant hôtel.

We had a sort of sweet wine, almost a syrup, served in the tiniest spangled glasses not much larger than a thimble after *café,* which was served in the salon. We had a game of "whisk," Mrs. Hubbard and Prince Mniszech playing opposite for France and Mr. Lampman and myself for Prussia. As the Prince did not understand the game, Monsieur Chevalier overlooked his hand and assisted him. The two nations were equally

Prince Leon Mniszech

victorious in the four encounters. The party broke up about half past ten, Monsieur accompanying his guest home. Madame says he has never until last year been allowed to go out by himself, and now his parents never like him to be out in the evening without an attendant. It seems funny to talk of the tall, manly looking person as if he were a boy, but so he is. He is intelligent, smart, polished, and handsome.

Thursday, November 14

This afternoon an orchestra composed of five men, two violins and a guitar, came into the court and we were entertained for the space of half an hour with the most delightful music. From the rattling of the *sous* upon the pavement I think they must have been well repaid. Madame came into my room this afternoon. I think she is a lovely woman, so kind. She had a severe headache, and I gave her some homeopathic medicine, which she laughingly took though evidently *sans* faith. Her health is not very good, and she says she thinks more about dying than about living. It is fascinating to hear her talk in her broken English. She says; "For what have I to live for? My children all dies; to be sure I have my husband; Monsieur Chevalier is one of the best of men, and I must help him to sustain himself; men cannot bear griefs, but women can always have grief."

Friday, November 15

Went out shopping to-day with Madame but did not accomplish much. On the Rue Royale Madame met two young ladies, friends of hers. As she talked with them, we amused ourselves in watching the people crossing the street in front of the Madeleine. One old fat woman with a flower-pot in her hands "enjoyed great trials" in avoiding the car-

riages and the mud ,and preserving uninjured at the same time her green sprig. She at last accomplished the feat and stepped upon the sidewalk with an air of triumph quite amusing. We visited a great many shops but found the prices so exhorbitant that we were obliged to withhold our patronage. In the vicinity of the *Champs Elysées,* we passed the hôtel of Madame the Countess Landskoroinska, pronounced Lan-sko-ro-en-ska, aunt of the Polish Prince, the "petit disciple" of Monsieur Chevalier's. She is now in mourning for her mother, who died a few days ago Madame says, but after the mourning is over, she will get permission to take us over her hôtel, which is magnificently furnished. Her mother, who died so recently, was very near the Polish throne.

We encountered a funeral as we passed down one of the narrow streets, and stopped a moment. The large portal which opens from the street into a paved porch, as is the fashion of the houses here, was hung with black cloth trimmed with white fringe, and directly over the door was a black shield-shaped device trimmed in the same manner, upon which in white was the letter V, the initial of the family name of the deceased. The coffin which stood upon a bier in the porch was surrounded by lighted candles which were removed when it was brought out. Madame says the white palls are for the unmarried persons. It is not the custom here for ladies to attend funerals; only women of the lower class of society are ever present on such occasions.

At dinner Mr. Lampman, Monsieur and Madame got into quite a religious discussion, which was occasioned by the proprietors of the establishment abstaining from meat-eating, as it was Friday, the reason for such abstinence being demanded by Mr. Lampman. It was all very polite and good natured but very earnest on both sides. Coffee was brought in, and Mon-

sieur and Mr. Lampman ordering their pipes, the discussion ended in smoke. Mr. Lampman has a new pipe of which he seems quite proud, having purchased it for four sous.

Saturday, November 16

Took our lesson to-day just after the second breakfast, as company was expected in the evening. At *dîner* Madame introduced to us her cousin, a bright-appearing lady in black silk with pink bows, who sat at Monsieur Chevalier's left hand. She speaks English quite well and reminded me of Josie Ayer. After dinner we adjourned to the salon where coffee was served. Madame informed us that she was searching for a wife for M. Patrico, the college-friend of Monsieur's, who dined here a short time ago. On being asked if he could not officiate for himself in such a case, Madame replied that it is not the custom here in France for a lady and gentleman ever to see each other until after they are engaged, their partners always being selected for them! Strange country, this!

Sunday, November 17

Paris is in tears, and so almost am I. This is a dull, rainy, homesick day, no going out to church. The little sparrows hop about discontentedly on the balcony and chirp and chatter as if quite out of sorts with themselves. Ellie and I have read a chapter in our French Testaments. We had *café* at one o'clock to-day and *dêjeuner* before twelve, and I hardly know what part of the day it is I feel so twisted about. The meals to-day are as irregular as a French verb!

Monday, November 18

Went with Monsieur Chevalier, Ellie, and Master

Olyphant to the Louvre to see the royal carriages pass and repass on their way to and from "L'Ouverture de la Chambre." This ceremony occurred earlier than usual on account of the disturbances in Italy. The Emperor having sent troops to that country on his own responsibility, was obliged to submit the procedure to the Deputies. Monsieur took us the longest way round to avoid the mud, to the *Champs Elysées,* whence we took a carriage to the scene of action. *Tout le monde* had already assembled. A double file of soldiers stood on either side of the broad avenue, and we secured places as near them as possible. I was again impressed with the politeness of a French crowd. The approach of the royal carriages was announced by a flourish of arms, when they appeared, preceded by the white-plumed cavalry known as "The Emperor's Guard." The Empress sat alone in her carriage which was lined with white. Directly behind followed the carriage occupied by the Emperor and the Prince Imperial. The entrance of the Royal party to the Louvre was announced by the firing of cannon. As they passed, shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" from a few enthusiastic Frenchmen vibrated through the air . We had a very good view of the carriages, but the dodging of the heads utterly intercepted our view of the inmates. We were more fortunate after patiently waiting for about half an hour, during which time the Emperor made a speech to the deputies and other people who were so fortunate as to be admitted, in reference to his proceedings on the Italian affairs. The firing of a big gun announced that the important matter in the interior was over, and each and all were literally on tip-toe as the royal carriages were about to repass. Monsieur Chevalier, in the meantime, had secured for us excellent positions, and the obliging man, always kind and polite, really seemed willing to make a martyr of

The Empress Eugenie

himself in the cause of our obtaining a good view, and absolutely entreated us to stand on his toes to assist our elevation! I assured him that I was sure we should be able to see perfectly well, and I was not mistaken, for we had so good a view of the Royal Family that I should be able to recognize them should I meet them in the street. The Emperor's carriage was the first to return. He sat up in a dignified and kingly manner. The Prince Imperial was dressed in a suit of black velvet with scarlet stockings. He is a handsome boy and removed his little cap, bowing in a dignified and graceful manner in return to the salutations which greeted him on every side. The Empress was grace itself, as she sat in her carriage with a little white velvet hat trimmed with brown velvet, which matched her elegant dress, on her head, which she continually inclined, first toward one side and then the other of the carriage, bestowing her smiles equally upon all. Madame says January is the month for the "Opening of the Chambers." We walked home through the Garden of the Tuileries, which is very beautiful. Had no occasion to use my pocket dictionary, which I am happy to consider an indication of progress, as I understood nearly all that Monsieur said. Recited my lesson as usual.

Tuesday, November 19

Terribly dull and stupid to-day. Never studied harder in my life, and my lesson was a complete failure. Was glad to retire from Monsieur's presence as soon as possible, and the kind man expressed his fears that I was *malade.* Wish I had been, but alas! it was only stupidity. I am almost discouraged.

Wednesday, November 20

This morning my treacherous lesson came to me without more study; so it was in my head after all. Went to walk the whole length of the *Champs Elysées.* The sun was warm and bright, but the air cold. It is not the custom for French ladies to walk out in the morning, or indeed, at all without a gentleman escort, but I do not care to conform to French customs so long as I am not otherwise annoyed than by being started at. The *Champs Elysées* was filled with nursery maids and their pretty little charges, who were running after their hoops, (not of the nursery maids), skipping ropes, or playing with their dolls or other toys, as happy and as bright as possible. One very tall negress in a bright yellow turban having two little girls in charge, looked as if she were "monarch of all she surveyed." At *déjeuner* the discussion of Madame's theology was the principal topic, Mr. Lampman declaring that if the Romanists took literally the saying, "This is my body," they must take also literally all figurative language that our Lord used. The discussion ended as satisfactorily as usual. Mrs. Hubbard came into my room after breakfast to ask me to go shopping with her directly after she should have taken her French lesson. We accordingly started at three o'clock precisely and returned in season for dinner at half-past six. The "petit disciple" was again here to dinner. He wears well and appeared more boyish than ever, but never forgetting his dignity. We played four games of whist, Prussia versus France, Prussia winning three times out of the four.

Thursday, November 21

Dull and rainy. After *déjeuner* took a walk down the

Avenue de l'Impératrice, which notwithstanding the dull weather, was gay with carriages, pedestrians, and horseback riders. It seems to me that the Parisian horses excel all others that I have ever seen, in beauty. Did not take a lesson; am going to indulge in a *congé* until Monday and see if I am not in a better mood for studying by that time. Did some shopping; bought an umbrella of nice silk with a handle of rhinoceros horn, paying only fourteen francs fifty centimes. Also bought a purse, some handkerchiefs, and some stationery.

Friday, November 22

Rainy and dull. Did not care to go out at all. After dinner Monsieur brought out from the salon two large easy-chairs for Madame and myself, also his pipe and tobacco box, Mr. Lampman in the meantime having gone for his. We all sat around the large dining-table, and while Madame was engaged with her book and knitting, Master Olyphant and Ellie amusing themselves with a game of solitaire, Prussia versus France had another encounter in whist, Prussia coming off with fresh laurels. *Café* was brought in, and the evening sped away merrily.

Saturday, November 23

Studied as usual. Madame has changed the hour for *Café* from eight to half-past eight, which is more agreeable to all concerned. Just before dinner Mrs. Hubbard came down to invite us to sit in her room. We accepted the invitation, and found the room perfectly captivating, with its cheerful open fire and easy chairs. A sort of competition seemed to be going on between the fire and the lamp as to which should give the more light, and I may as well add, heat, as from the style of the fireplaces here, a fire is more ornamental than

useful, and between the two there was quite an illumination. We spent the time until dinner was announced in looking over an album of pressed flowers and engravings collected by Mrs. Hubbard as souvenirs of her travels. She is a very interesting lady, refined and agreeable. After dinner the easy chairs, pipes, and whist and coffee again, France victorious.

Sunday, November 24

Attended service in the morning at the Congregational chapel, Rue Royale, numéro 23, where the pastor, Rev. S. Baron Hart preached an excellent sermon from the text: "What is the chaff to the wheat?" saith the Lord. Jer. 23; 28 l. c. Met Mrs. Gleason, who informed me that little Annie has been quite ill. In the afternoon at half-past three, attended the American chapel, Rue de Berri. Thanksgiving is to be observed on Thursday next, Nov. 28. A service at the Rue de Berri and afterwards a real American dinner at Madame Chevalier's. Madame, with her usual kindness, has made minute inquiries with reference to the bill-of-fare on the great occasion and is going to indulge us with a vast turkey and all the accompanying et ceteras. This evening Monsieur de Lavallette, a cousin of Monsieur Chevalier's, dined with us. He is a nice-looking gentleman with iron-grey hair and mustache.

November 25

It has "spit" a little to-day, it being too cold to rain. Studied all the morning on my French lesson. Have finished the fable "L'Hirondelle et les petits Oiseaux" to recite in the evening with a long grammar lesson. After *déjeuner* went with Mrs. Hubbard to Munroe & Co.'s Rue Scribe, for her

letters, after which, she accompanied me to the "*Grand Magasin de Louvre,*" where I did some shopping. We conversed nearly all the time in French. Returned just in time to write my exercise before *dîner.* Monsieur Chevalier pronounced our lesson "*très-bien.*" When there is anything we do not understand, he explains it by means of broken English accompanied by vivid pantomiming. While I was reciting, Anna brought in on a plate a letter from Nettie. Monsieur politely requested me to read it at once, but I concluded to indulge in the pleasure of anticipation until after my lesson was completed. Had a delicious German dish for one of the courses at dinner called "schmalden." There is a green cockatoo at the window on the opposite side of the court that chatters in French, "Voyons! voyons! cockoo!"

Tuesday, November 26

Did not go out to-day. Recited my lesson in the evening as usual.

Wednesday, November 27

Just after *déjeuner,* Mrs. Gleason called and sat nearly two hours. She was just about to go up into the salon to call on Madame Chevalier when that lady appeared all dressed to go out to give Prince Mniszech his German lesson. She made some inquiries of Mrs. Gleason in reference to making pumpkin pies and then was obliged to hasten away. A workman came to repair the door, which has settled so as to leave a large opening over the top. He put a piece of wood over the top, which proving too thick, he commenced to plane it off, but a nail interfering with that method, he fitted the house to the door!

Thursday, November 28

Thanksgiving. Very cold and a fog unusually thick for Paris; so said Madame at *café*. It was almost a London "pea soup" so dense we could hardly see across the street. Ellie went to church with Mrs. Hubbard, but I did not go out. When she returned, she brought with her Mrs. Gleason and Mrs. Griswold, who, at Madame's earnest solicitation went up and took café with us. The rest of the family not being present, we had the *salle à manger* all to ourselves and were presently joined by Monsieur Chevalier who bestowed his presence upon us in honor of our National Thanksgiving. Mrs. Griswold said it was a sad day for them, as it was the anniversary of her father's burial, and Mr. Griswold who, they had hoped would be at home to spend the day, was detained in London on business. They remained some time, and while they talked with Madame, Monsieur took us to his *bibliothèque* and lent me "La Belle Gabrielle" by Auguste Maquet, which as yet I have had no time to read. Madame's Thanksgiving dinner would have done honor to a New England matron. The *dindon* was cooked to a nicety. The pumpkin pies, of which there were many, were truly Yankee, and we all did them full justice, especially Mr. Lampman who was to the pumpkin pies what the sun is to the dewdrops. The "pope's nose" reposed in the midst of its surrounding anatomy resting upon the drumsticks in an elevated position. The whole affair was said to resemble a fat Cardinal, who was present at the assembling of the "Corps Législatif." There were two invited guests present, Prince Mniszech and M. de Lavallette, who were convinced that Thanksgiving dinners were "institutions truly agreeable." Mr. Lampman proposed the health of Madame Chevalier, which was joyfully drunk

after the usual clinking of glasses. Several other healths were proposed during the dinner. The pumpkin pies were brought in and greeted with roars of laughter, as a whole one was appropriated to Master Olyphant and Ellie. A monstrous one graced the center of the table, which Mr. Lampman claimed as his share. Monsieur Chevalier had one smaller in circumference but scarcely less in bulk in his hand preparatory to cutting; but a brighter idea seemed to strike him suddenly, and he deposited it on my plate, as I sat next to him. There was no end to the goodies, and after our capacities had been satisfied to the utmost, there came on preserves most delicious, strawberry and apricot, and most extraordinary pears.

The dinner over, the gentlemen went into Mr. Lampman's room to smoke; and the ladies with Master Olyphant, who seemed to be in a disabled condition owing to the "pies and things" entered the salon. When the gentlemen came in, we had a whist party composed of Messieurs Mniszech and Lampman, Mrs. Hubbard and myself. The first encounter ended with cries of "Vive la Prusse!", in which Prince Mniszech joined, strong upon the stronger side. Monsieur Chevalier invited that gentleman to rise and avenge the wrongs of France, which we really feared he would be successful in accomplishing, until the last hand, when the Prussians marched out completely triumphant. Madame, in the meantime, had disappeared; but presently the dining-room door was thrown open, and an odor strongly resembling mince pies greeted us. On being invited out we perceived that the odor proceeded from the *vin chaud,* a French beverage composed of *vin ordinaire* with spices, cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon added and all heated to the boiling point and then served in little glasses, in which state we found it. Some very nice cakes were

served with it. The hour was late so Mrs. Hubbard and I bade them *bon soir* and retired to our rooms, Ellie and Master Olyphant having some time before preceded us.

Friday, November 29

Did not go out to-day. Studied and wrote letters. This evening at the dinner table we entered into an agreement not to speak English at all, and whoever forgot or spoke English with malice aforethought should for each word forfeit one sou. Mr. Lampman made the rule, to which we all agreed. Mr. Lampman paid the first forfeit of two sous. Madame has provided a little carved handled *panier*, (Picture) which is to be placed upon the table at every meal. Recited our lessons as usual. Madame sat in the room at the same time knitting on a very long-legged stocking, the mate to which is already completed. She has had them "in tow" for the last three years and hopes to finish this one before the week closes. They are of a mixed-blue yarn and the knitting must have been a work of patience as well as of time.

Our little *panier* has received several contributions, and Monsieur delights to take it in his hand and jingle the contents keeping time with the music by chanting, "Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plaît," and trying various means to betray us into saying something in English. We have decided that the contents of the *panier* shall be given to the poor. Mrs. Hubbard was a victim to-night to the extent of seven words. She contributed her sous with a good grace amidst the cheers of *tout le monde*. Monsieur himself was surprised into saying one English word, and I had the satisfaction of jingling the *panier* in the vicinity of his ear to his own refrain of, "Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plaît." Before dinner was over, however, he returned the compliment, as by a slip of the

tongue, an English *mot* came out of my mouth. As I had no sou, Monsieur very kindly offered to lend me one; indeed, he seemed only too glad to serve me in that way!

Sunday, December 1

Last night the wind blew furiously, and my window made such a noise that I was under the painful necessity of getting up to close it. It is so rainy that we cannot attend church. The day has been very sombre and sad, no letters to enliven it, and they were never more wished for.

Monday, December 2

We went for a walk to-day and called on Mrs. Griswold. The folks were all out. It is very cold. Snowed for a few minutes and then cleared away bright. Had a very pleasant recitation to-night of more than two hours. We have all contributed to the *panier;* the contributions amount to nearly two francs, my donations amounting to two sous. Mrs. Hubbard and Mr. Lampman are very anxious about the *sou* lent me by Monsieur, and ask me at every meal if I have paid him. They think I have not, and Monsieur and I do not undeceive them. Recited to-night the fable, "Le Loup et l'Agneau."

December 3

The ground was covered with snow this morning, and it has been a bright cold day, quite American. The *panier* has received contributions from Mrs. Hubbard and Mr. Lampman. The usual question was propounded, "Êtes-vous sortie aujourd'-hui?" Recited my lesson and retired immediately.

December 5

Did not sleep much last night. Had a wretched face-ache and could not help crying with the pain. This morning was ashamed to go to *café* with my swollen eyes, but went nevertheless and passed the fiery ordeal of inquiries and sympathetic words. Madame did not at first understand my explanations and attributed my strange appearance to the effects of sleeping with my window open, a state of air she has often warned me against. When she finally comprehended, the dear woman was full of pity and began an immediate search for her chloroform. At *déjeuner*, Monsieur invited us to a *bonne promenade*, as he had a short *congé* of two hours, as Prince Léon Mniszech did not take his usual lesson. We started for the Bois, where we had a very pleasant walk. Passed the *Jardin zoologique d' Acclimatation* but did not enter. Met a poor invalid lady who was being assisted to her carriage. The day was charming, but rather cold, though not uncomfortable for brisk walking. On our return home visited the *Chapelle St. Ferdinand* on Road de la Révolte which is built on the site of the house where the Duc d'Orleans, son of Louis Philippe, died in 1842. It is a beautiful little chapel in the form of a Greek cross. Monsieur rang the bell at the house of the concierge, which was answered by a woman. We were presently joined by an escort, an interesting-looking, white-haired man who proceeded with us to the *Chapelle*, which is open every day for service, consisting of prayers for the repose of the soul of the young Duke. The public, however, cannot enter without a previously obtained permission. The *Chapelle* was warm, being heated by a furnace. A handsome old cat, probably with theological tendencies, lay curled up on one of the cushioned

seats sleeping cosily. In this *Chapelle* is a cenotaph of the Duc d'Orléans, who is represented extended on a mattress as if dying. Keeping guard at his head is a beautiful angel in Carrara marble, with wings spread. In front of the altar are three praying-chairs most beautifully embroidered, two large and one very small, by the Queen Amelia, the Queen of Belgium and Duchess of Orleans. On descending three or four steps behind the altar we came to a little ante-room in which is a painting by Jacquand representing the *"derniers moments du duc d'Orléans."* In the foreground the Duke is represented, half reclining on some cushions, his shirt open at the throat as if to assist his respiration. At the right and kneeling at his feet is his father, Louis Philippe, whose sorrow-stricken face is most expressive. At the left, her face hidden in the cushions, in an attitude of intense grief, is the Queen, his mother. Various other persons surround him, the portraits of all being true to life. After leaving the *Chapelle* we entered a house on the opposite side of the court-yard, in which among other things of interest, are two clocks, the hands of the one indicating ten minutes to twelve, the time at which the young Duke fell from his horse mortally wounded, and the other ten minutes past four, when he died.

We parted from Monsieur Chevalier at the foot of the Rue des Acacias, which leads into the Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe.

December 4

The Prince Léon Mniszech dined with us again to-day. He contributed to our little *panier,* more than two francs. To begin with, he commenced and counted deliberately in English up to forty, though he knew each number

was priced at a sou, after which he paid his forfeit with much promptness, much to Robert's delight.

December 5

This morning found the water in my pitcher frozen. Snowy this afternoon. Recited as usual this evening.

Thursday, December 6

This morning went to Mrs. Hubbard's room to speak to her, grammar in hand preparatory to studying in the *salle à manger,* but she induced me to remain in her room until *déjeuner* was announced. While I was there, Mr. Lampman came in for a moment. I begged permission to be allowed to study his "skull and bones" at which he looked quite horrified and went out directly. At breakfast the conversation flowed into the usual Friday channel, terminating, in a religious discussion between Madame and Mr. Lampman.

Went to Munroe & Co., 7, Rue Scribe, but my errand was fruitless, because I was too late for banking hours, which are from ten to four; so I must go again to-morrow. Called at the Griswolds. Found them at home. Mrs. Gleason regaled us on mince pie and sent one by us to Madame Chevalier. It being Friday, Madame did not have it for dinner, as she is a good Catholic and eats no meat on this day and does not allow Monsieur to partake of the viand.

Madame Chevalier chanced to be going out for a walk, just as we had started for Rue Scribe, and our paths were in the same direction. Passed the hotel of the Duke of Brunswick, cousin to Queen Victoria, of whom Madame gave us a little account. Opposite the hotel is a convent. Did not recite our lesson this evening, as we had not learned it.

Saturday, December 7

Magnificent day. Directly after breakfast went to Rue Scribe and exchanged the notes. Went up the stair at the head of which is a picture of the Declaration of Independence, also a head of Abraham Lincoln as well as of the present President of the United States. Opened a door which led into a passage wherein were many offices for business; was directed from one to another until the right one was gained. They were all at *déjeuner* when we arrived home again.

In the P. M., as we were busy with our lessons Monsieur tapped at the door; he had lost his French dictionary and was searching for it and thought possibly it had strayed into our room. As it had not, I lent him mine. He is trying to read an English edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Recited our lesson immediately after dinner. Monsieur was in a humorous mood and pronounced English with such an air that it was impossible to keep from laughing. He sipped his coffee, smoked his pipe, manufactured a procession of *oiseaux* out of bits of paper, at the same time giving good attention to our lesson. Such pert-looking birds! The father-*oiseau,* the mother-*oiseau,* and the "leetle" *oiseaux* all in a promenade. Master Olyphant came in after a while to see if we had finished our recitation and was filled with surprise and astonishment when Monsieur informed him that we were studying natural history also.

Sunday, December 8

Attended the French service at the *Églisê Évangélique,* 54 Rue de Provence, not far from the Grand Opera, with Ellie and Mrs. H. Went first to the Munroe Company, Rue Scribe with Mrs. Hubbard, who was expecting letters, but

found the banking-house closed, whence we proceeded to the church, which was well-filled. We found seats far up in front. The preacher, Rev. M. Bercier is a young man and very eloquent, that is, in his manner, for I could not understand his discourse, though I understood many words. His text was in Romans 1; 16, "Car je n'ai point honte de l'évangile de Christ; puisque c'est la puissance de Dieu pour le salut de tous ceux qui croient, preiérement des Juifs et en suite des Grecs."

On our return home encountered *tout le monde* on the *Champs Elysées,* men and women elegantly dressed, nursery maids with babies in their arms, myraids of prettily dressed children, some trundling their hoops, skipping ropes, spinning tops, etc. Met a little goat-team expressly for children, a tiny little barouche with seats for four besides the driver, drawn by four white goats. We were tired enough when we arrived home. The family had been to *café,* and the *salle à manger* was filled with the fumes of Monsieur's pipe, but Armadine soon had our lunch ready for us and the room well aired. The proprietor of the establishment retired to the salon, from which he emerged after we had finished. Helped him to translate into French a part of a page of Uncle Tom's Cabin after which he helped me to translate into English some of La Belle Gabrielle. Charming day, rather cold, clear as a bell.

Monday, December 9

To-night while I was reciting my lesson, Anna brought me in on a plate a letter from Nettie, a very pleasant interruption. Read it while Ellie and Monsieur translated a fable and then went out for a few minutes to sit with Mrs. Hubbard who was ill with a headache. She had just taken some medicine

Rev. Monsieur Bercier

recommended by Madame and already felt better. Master Olyphant who escorted me to her room through Mr. Lampman's, also came in while I remained. He is a droll chicken! Yesterday morning, as we were standing before the stove in the *salle à manger* waiting for *déjeuner* to be served, he remarked upon the crusty bread we have to eat and said, "Wouldn't it be nice if Madame would make some of those nice warm biscuits we have at home! Now I eat a good deal of bread, and it comes rather hard on a fellow not to have hot biscuits once in a while!"

Tuesday, December 10

This morning Mr. Lampman was very late at *cafê,* and on looking for his "skull and bones" which were not visible as usual, I concluded that he had performed his toilet so hastily that he had forgotten them, and accordingly remarked that he had not his most expressive and better *tête.* He responded, "You are mistaken, Mademoiselle," at the same time giving a flourish to his coat, which revealed the "grim, ungainly, gaunt and ominous looking badge." The gesture was followed by a suppressed laugh from the "dramatis personæ," who were in the secret, which was increased to an audible crescendo as Madame, who did not at all understand the matter in question, innocently corrected my expression, which was to the point under the circumstances, making quite a different remark out of the same words.

After *déjeuner* walked to Mr. Griswold's to get a package that awaited us. Had a pleasant call. While we were there, it began to snow and rain, and the streets became a perfect glare of ice rendering it difficult for pedestrians to conduct themselves in a dignified and upright manner. Mr. Griswold called a cab for us, but our progress home was very deliberate

on account of the slippery state of the streets. We passed many drivers who had dismounted from their seats to lead their horses, some of the animals having fallen down. When we had descended about half-way the Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe our *cocher* followed their example, but even then it was so difficult for the poor beast to go along that we were not sorry when the *cocher* asked us to descend from the carriage and walk the remaining distance, he carrying our package for us, and leaving his horse for a short time. It is against the rule for a *cocher* to leave his *voiture* at all. If a carriage is found standing without a driver, it is liable to be taken off by a policeman, who reports the delinquent to the "Company General," when he is either discharged from the service or fined. The other day in passing a cab-stand, I saw what I supposed to be a driver with something thrown over his face as if to protect it while sleeping, but the oppressive stillness which possessed the figure caused a second glance, proving it to be only a "fig" to keep up an appearance for the benefit of the *sergeant de ville* until the stray driver returned.

Very cold to-day. A good deal of ice is floating down the Seine, which is a very dark and muddy-looking river. Pehaps it is not to be wondered at when we see all along the banks the washing-boats with their proprietors busy at work splashing the clothes up and down, which seems to be the method of cleasing linen.

Wednesday, December 11

Prince Léon dines here every Wednesday as regularly as an eight-day clock. Says he has been skating a good deal lately. Madame gives him a lesson in German every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Madame gave us some little items of French etiquette, for instance, the Countess

Mniszech, called upon her one day, and not finding her at home, left her card, the corner of which was turned down to indicate that it was left by the Countess herself and not by one of her servants. When you are invited to dine, the hour being half-past six, you should never arrive at the house of your hostess before twenty minutes after six, that is, ten minutes before the time.

Thursday, December 12

Was awakened this morning, as I often am, by the noisy sparrows which here, as in London at this season, twitter and chirp as if their throats were lined with birch. They are so tame that they alight upon the window balustrades with the greatest impunity. There is a cockatoo in the window, that chatters French, I suppose, as I do not understand a word. I have a *très-mauvaise habitude* of saying "It il" for "Il est,"and Monsieur has taken the matter in hand and says I must pay one sou every time I do it. During my recitation I used the expression five times this evening to my utter confusion and dismay and to Monsieur's evident enjoyment. The last time, I bade him a hasty "Bon soir" and was about to withdraw to my chamber but was intercepted by Monsieur whom I encountered at the door jingling the contents of the *petit panier* to his favorite refrain, "Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plaît" with an expression of extreme glee upon his countenance. As it was impossible to pass him, I went into the salon to make my escape by another door but encountered him again to my utter confusion. He varied his refrain long enough to say, "It il nécessaire, mademoiselle," the expression I had unfortunately used. As I returned to the other door I found it locked, and as he and Ellie, who was also trying to prevent my escape, came up, I

was caught behind the door. They surrounded me, and being tired from standing, I sank softly down upon the floor, when they did the same. Monsieur at last stretched himself out in a comfortable attitude for keeping guard, when in a moment I started up and made my escape, as Monsieur could not rise quickly enough. As he vibrated in the entry between the doors of the *salon* and the *salle à manger,* I knocked softly upon Mr. Lampman's door and accepted his invitation to "come in" but did not also "to sit down," and making a hasty excuse for my seemingly strange conduct, passed out at another door leaving the gentleman with an expression of amused wonder on his *figure* as he sat in his study-chair with his book before him. I passed through the little entry in order to reach the stairs, when whom should I encounter but the ubiquitous Monsieur with the little *panier,* and singing the ditty with the refrain "It il necessaire." I was obliged to retrace my steps and arrived in the *salle à manger* simultaneously with Monsieur, who came in by another way. By this time, Master Robert, who is always on the lookout for unusual circumstances, made his appearance and joined in the affair, and through a misunderstanding in regard to which side he favored, Monsieur found himself high and dry at the top of the stairs and myself about half-way down. He looked quite distressed that I had at last escaped, but I paid my five sous before leaving entriely.

This morning at *déjeuner* Monsieur was later than usual, and I was hurrying away to avoid meeting him, much to the amusement of Madame, but on opening the hall door, whom should I see but my tormentor in an opposite room, which he had evidently just entered. He immediately left whatever he was about and hurried after me exclaiming, "Mademoiselle Stanton, Mademoiselle Stanton! it il nécessaire." But I

shut the door quickly and ran down stairs. Presently the bell rang, and when I opened the door, there stood Ellie and Monsieur, the latter with his hat and overcoat on. He said he had just stopped to say, "It il nécessaire," and then ran down stairs. Alas! it seems as if I should never overcome the habit. I have forfeited seven sous to-day. Even Monsieur seems incined to overlook it sometimes. If I do not talk at the table, he says "It il nécessaire." Recited my lesson to-night and lost but one sou. Think I am improving. This afternoon as I sat in my room studying, there came a rap at the door and in answer to "Come in," Monsieur entered, politely removing his hat. He came this time just before going out, to ask to look at "Saddler's Conversations," after which he thanked me and withdrew but could not resist turning back to say before disappearing, "It il nécessaire!" Madame says he is a perfect torment, and I am inclined to agree with her.

December 14

Was late to *café* this morning, though the first in the *salle à manger* after Madame who was waiting for us. We sat down as the *café* was ordered in immediately and had nearly finished before the others joined us. Mrs. Hubbard invited Ellie and me to come into her room in the afternoon, as she was to be quite alone. After *déjeuner,* Monsieur, having no lessons to give, said if I would like, he would read with me in *La Belle Gabrielle.* Of course I was delighted, as it is a very agreeable way of studying French; so *tout de suite* after breakfast, I took my book to the *salle à manger,* where Monsieur already waited me with his pipe, and we read for the next two hours. Then I studied until half-past five, after which we went to Mrs. Hubbard's room. Mr. Lampman was just

making his exit but returned in a few minutes. The room looked cheerful and inviting as usual with its bright open fire and easy chairs. The fire was sufficient without additional light, and we sat talking about various things. Mrs. Hubbard read me a few extracts from *Paris en Amérique,* a book which she is reading. She told me about the Opera of William Tell, which she had witnessed the previous evening, and the conversation took a theatrical turn; we discussed Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Rachel, Edwin Forrest, and Shakespeare until Anna came to announce dinner. Recited my lesson as usual and helped Monsieur to translate in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Sunday, December 15

This afternoon Mr. Griswold called for us to accompany him to the Av. des Ternes, numéro 88, about two minutes' walk from here. Mr. Lockie, one of the deacons at the chapel Rue Royale, explained the 4th chapter of Revelation in a manner beautiful, plain and practical. He is an Englishman and one of the most interesting speakers I ever listened to, even if he did occasionally betray his nationality by misusing the letter "h." I must make a little note of his remarks, as I do not wish to forget them:

When John was invited by the voice to "come up hither," it is by no means probable that he was taken to heaven bodily. His body was still upon the Isle of Patmos, as he adds," and immediately I was in the spirit." Our bodies are here, but our spirits may be in China or in the most remote star etc. It is to be noticed that there is never any attempt made to describe the personal appearance of God. Such a thing would be impossible; any such attempt would end in a caricature; it would be sinful. To be sure his glory is described in the first clause of the third verse. The jasper

here mentioned is probably the diamond, a beautiful emblem of God's purity. It not only gleams in the light but seems to be light-giving. The sardonyx stone is red, an emblem of God's justice. God is not all mercy; he is also just. An individual to be all-merciful would necessarily be unjust, but He is merciful as well. The rainbow is a beautiful emblem of his mercy. "There was a rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald." Green is the color of mercy, and it seemed to be the prevailing color there, though not in the rainbows which we see. All these colors combined would produce white, an emblem of the purity of God. We are reminded by this rainbow of the bows and arrows used in ancient warfare. The bow is bent in the clouds in such a manner that the arrows of wrath would be turned away from us. Christ himself received them in his own heart; they are turned from us to Him. The number seven is used to denote a perfection of anything. In the 6th verse the word, "beasts," is a most unfortunate translation. It probably means ministers, those who have especially given themselves to the service of God. In the early days of Christianity, when the world was sunk in the darkness of heathenism, those men took their lives, as it were, in their hands. The first beast was like a lion, an emblem of boldness; the second, like a calf, an emblem of patient labor; the third, with a face like a man, not an angel. God sends men to preach to us, men like ourselves, who have felt as we feel, and can sympathize with us; and the fourth, like a flying eagle, the bird that can fly the highest; that is the strongest-winged who goes nearest to the sun, fit emblem of what a minister should be. His prayers should be frequent and should rise to the very throne of God. They repeated "Holy" three times, once for each of the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The

four and twenty elders cast their crowns before the throne. Those who are redeemed have each a crown prepared for them in heaven. It is there. Our crown will fit no head but ours. The throne is ours only, for us to sit upon etc.

It is impossible to give by this anything more than a faint outline of what was said. This meeting was held in a pleasant room like the room in a private dwelling-house. A coal fire burned in the open grate, which, with the two candles placed upon the speaker's desk, was the only light. After the service, Mr. Griswold offered a short, earnest prayer and the exercises closed with singing. Mr. Griswold introduced us to the speaker and inquired respecting his resources for obtaining such a clear view of this mysterious chapter. He said he had a sort of a world-commentary which comprised the opinion of all the commentators, and certain things upon which they were all agreed he made "note of." On the way home Mr. Griswold told me of a Bible class which meets once a week at the house of Rev. Mr. Hart on the Avenue de la Grande Armée where they have tea and get so interested in their discussions that it is often midnight before they close. He is going to call for me some Tuesday evening. Wished to know if I would aid them in an effort they are about to make to establish a Sabbath school.

Monday, December 16

After our lesson this evening, Monsieur proposed that we should translate some more of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Monsieur translates very readily and pronounces very well. After he has put a sentence into French, he asks me to do the same. It is an excellent exercise, and I learn a good many words by this means.

Tuesday, December 17

Before *dîner* went up to Mrs. Hubbard's room, as she had invited us. Master Olyphant was there writing his exercise. Mrs. Hubbard has taught me a very good way of tatting, much more brief than the one to which I have been accustomed. While I was there, Monsieur Chevalier came in to arrange the *pendule;* the time passed quickly, and Anna soon appeared to announce *dîner*. After dinner and while Anna was arranging the dining-room as usual for our lesson, Monsieur came to the little table where I was sitting, and while stuffing the tobacco into his pipe, demanded soberly, "Why have not your little legs to walk to-day?" He intended to say feet, but got the wrong word. I was taken with a sudden fit of laughing, and he added, "Have you comprehended?" I concluded I had, better than he. Read two pages in Uncle Tom's Cabin, during which time there was an amusing competition about finding the words in the dictionary first. While we were thus engaged, Mr. Lampman came in for a few minutes to see how we were progressing, as he had heard Monsieur reading. Mr. Lampman and I have a tacit agreement to disagree always when we can conscientiously; therefore we are usually disputing, and I am sorry to add, he often gets the better of me. Said the other day he didn't see whatever I found to write about so much in my journal. Now, in the first place, he has no authority for knowing that I keep a journal, and in the second place, he had no right to make such a remark, and added that he could not write more than two or three lines a day, and he went out a great deal more than I did. I told him the reason was very clear to me; he had not so many interesting people to write about as I had. He abruptly left the room.

Wednesday, December 18

Rainy and disagreeable. Studied all day and had the satisfaction of reciting a lesson very commendably, notwithstanding the interruptions. To-day at table, while disputing as usual with Mr. Lampman, I began a sentence but could not think of the next word I wished to use; so paused a moment and then said, "Misunderstanding, Madame, what is the French for that?" Madame, who did not think of the word at once slowly repeated, "mis-under-standing," and Monsieur Chevalier, always ready to credit any allusion to one's having broken the rule, immediately presented the little *panier* upon Mr. Lampman's desk saying, "Three sous for the *panier*!" Monsieur pretended to be very much shocked when I refused to give the sous, and Mr. Lampman continued to declare that mis-under-standing was three English words, until I verily believe Monsieur thought I had said them. After dinner when I entered the room, he began rattling the little *panier* and presented it for the three sous, and as I continued to refuse to pay, he sat down and opened the grammar to hear me recite. I happened to glance at him when he held up three fingers as a reminder, and each time the word *trois* occurred in the lesson, as it chanced to several times, he would repeat it significantly. "Quelque s'écrit de trois manières," said I, after a short cessation of hostilities. "Combien, Mademoiselle?" demanded Monsieur. Not thinking, I repeated, "trois," supposing he had not heard the number distinctly; when he maliciously repeated, "Oui, Mademoiselle, TROIS." While reading over my exercise, he would pause after every three words and give three significant puffs of smoke from his pipe and then continue in the same way. He is the most persevering tease I ever met

with, notwithstanding which, I heaped coals of fire on his head by helping him translate in Uncle Tom's Cabin after the lesson was over, though as to that matter, it is quite as useful to me as translating a French work. Our employment was interrupted by Mr. Lampman in the next room, who told Monsieur it would afford him the greatest pleasure if he would come in and smoke with him. Monsieur thanked him but signified that he was more pleasantly engaged, but as it was ten o'clock, I suggested that we pause here and translate another time. As I said, "Bon soir," he remarked that my conscience would be more quiet if I paid the three sous, but I did not see it in that light. As I passed by the porcelain stove close beside the door, I spied his pipe lying on the marble top and could not resist the temptation to take it along with me unperceived by the owner, who politely accompanied me to the stairs and thanked me with his accustomed grace, when, as I descended, I said I hoped he would have a good smoke with Mr. Lampman. My conscience almost smote me as I heard him overhead pacing hither and thither, probably engaged in an unsuccessful search; but then, it is not well that the teasing be confined all to one side; besides, he has half a dozen other pipes, more or less; but I fancy this is his favorite.

As we sat at *café,* Monsieur entered the *salle-à-manger,* having just come from Master Olyphant's room, where he had been giving him a lesson, and where, in the meantime, he takes his coffee with his pupil, with his pipe and his *petit baril* of tobacco, with an air of complacent satisfaction quite provoking.

Had company to dinner, Miss Rice, a young lady friend of Mrs. Hubbard's and Prince Léon Mniszech. Miss Rice was dressed in the height of Paris style, her hair arranged

more fashionably than becomingly. She is exceedingly plain but ladylike and interesting. Reminded me very much of Mary Jane Manahan in voice and manner. Our little *panier* was considerably enriched from the pocket of Monsieur Léon before the dinner was over, as is usually the case.

December 19

"Rainy and rough sets the day." Did not go out for a walk. Recited our lesson as usual and read with Monsieur Chevalier in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The new *blanchisseuse* came to-day with our clothes, which looked very nice. Her face was tied up in a handkerchief and so swollen on one side that she could hardly see out of her eye from toothache. I gave the poor woman some "Pain Killer" and hope she will be better.

This afternoon Madame Chevalier and Ellie having gone out for a walk, Mrs. Hubbard called to ask me to accompany her to the boulevards, as she wished to find a Christmas present for her little Harry. We were very soon ready and started at once. We conversed in French nearly all the way, and I was delighted to comprehend nearly everything she said. The boulevards looked gay in anticipation of the *Fête de Noël*, which is so near. Tongue cannot tell the names and number of the knickknacks and bonbons that are displayed to the delighted gaze of children, old and young. It far surpasses everything I ever before beheld of the sort, and puts London quite in the background. Purchased a book for Ellie, "Cécile ou la Petite Soeur," one of the series of the *Biblithèque Rose* by Mme. Julie Gourand, for a Christmas gift. Recited our lesson in the evening but did not read in Uncle Tom's Cabin, as Monsieur said he had taken it with him to M. Lèon's to look over a page beforehand that he might be enabled in the

evening to translate with the greater facility, and had forgotten it when he came away.

December 20

Stormy and disagreeable. Did not go out.

December 22

Had letters from London but none from America.

December 23

Recited our lesson, after which I went into Mrs. Hubbard's room, where I found Madame Chevalier. Monsieur came in directly afterwards bringing his chair with him. Mrs. Hubbard showed me some letters written by her little boys at Fontainebleau.

Tuesday, December 24

Went to hear the *"Messe de Minuit"* with Monsieur Chevalier. Started about ten o'clock for the beautiful, beautiful Madeleine. The night was magnificent, and we concluded to walk. The belt of Orion, diamond-studded, flashed with wonderful brilliancy in the deep blue sky as if rejoicing in this occasion of "Peace on earth and good will to men," and the drinking-cups seemed polished anew as they performed their never-ceasing tour around the Polar God, who with the same steady, unchanging eye, fixed and calm, had looked upon a scene which had transpired more than 1800 years ago.

Arrived at the Madeleine, we went to a side-door which opened quite in the vicinity of the altar, but found it guarded by a *sergeant de ville,* who refused to admit another person, Through the glass doors we took a *coup d'oeil* at the interior,

blazing with candles and crowded with people, and then went round to the front, where we mounted the steps to the entrance, and found a little standing-place near the door, of which we availed ourselves only for a moment to take another view, and then started for the church of Saint Roch, where the singing is said to be even finer than at the Madeleine. *Tout le monde* was here assembled and whom should we encounter upon entering, but Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. Lampman and Miss Rice, who had arrived just in advance of us. By paying a few sous to an old woman who guarded the gate which led to the seats, we were allowed to pass the barrier and obtained excellent places in the immediate vicinity of the pulpit. This pulpit, by the way, is a unique and elegant affair; it is supported on the airy wings of a gilt angel, and over it is a canopy of floating marble drapery. Underneath is what at first strikes one as "Daniel in the lions' den," only there is no "blue cotton umbrella" and there are four Daniels and only two lions, which would seem to suggest the "lions in Daniel's den." They are, in fact, intended to represent the four evangelists in bronze. They are more than twice as large as life, and only half as natural.

Opposite the pulpit there is a very large bronze figure of Christ upon the cross. Monsieur sat exactly vis-à-vis to one of the lions, which we christened "Monsieur Léon." Before the services commenced we spent the time in remarking about the people in our immediate vicinity, after laughing at the comical effect of Monsieur's cane which he stood up beside the railing as a "tree" for his hat. It bore a startling resemblance to its proprietor, only that the extremely meager look was rather unnatural. A *demoiselle* at our right amused Monsieur a good deal by the arrangement and decorations over her hair. In lieu of a bonnet she had a sort of

girdle over her head, to which was attached a thin veil falling over her forehead, but not concealing her eyes, which strongly resembled onions as she stared about.

At half past eleven a *Predicateur* in a white robe ascended the stairs which led to the pulpit and delivered a short address commencing, "Nous sommes ici;" I had the happiness of responding, "Beaucoup, Monsieur," to Monsieur Chevalier, who asked "Comprenez-vous, Mademoiselle?" At midnight all the candles were lighted, and the effect was magnificent. The different shrines and the paintings were rendered more distinctly visible than by daylight. The chanting also commenced, so sweet, so thrilling, but every now and then the violent jingling of little bells, a signal for the worshippers to bow their heads, broke in discordantly. During the chanting the communicants went forward to the altar, where the sacrament was administered to them by a priest who slowly promenaded to and fro during the ceremony. We left as they were chanting the finale, in order to avoid the crowded "*exeunt.*" Monsieur Chevalier was in rather a disputing mood on the way home, and Orion vs. Oreeon, scissors vs. canif, amiable vs. aimable were the subjects of discord. The little *pendule* was just chiming two as I entered my chamber.

December 25

Decided to lie in bed this morning, rather than rise in season for *café,* but fortunately the meals were served in the same order as on Sunday, breakfast at ten and coffee at two o'clock; so I was up in season for breakfast.

Mrs. Hubbard's little boys arrived yesterday from Fontainebleau to spend the holidays with their mamma, Willie about nine, and Harry about seven years old. Willie is a very handsome boy, and both speak French very nicely. Harry

sits at the table between his mamma and me. The French manner of expressing themselves when they talk to children is particularly charming. Madame calls Harry "mon petit" when she asks if he will be helped again; and Ellie and Robert, she and Monsieur often address as "mon enfant." This morning beside each plate was placed a stick of candy, the children having a double portion, besides each an orange; at which the older ones were tempted to exclaim, "Oh, would I were a child again!" They were all at table when I entered the *salle à manger,* excepting Mr. Lampman, who is usually late. Madame wished me a "Bonne Fête de Noël," and Mrs. Hubbard "A Merry Christmas," these two words being allowed without the usual penalty for speaking English. Monsieur extended his little fat hand for a shake, at the same time wishing me a "good Christmas" for which he was obliged to contribute a sou to the *panier,* as no one had permission to use any other expression than "Merry Christmas." he paid the forfeit protesting in the meanwhile against the injustice.

After *déjeuner,* I read with Monsieur Chevalier in a French chemistry until *café* was ready, after which Ellie and I went to call on the Griswolds. Met Mr. Lampman and Mr. Thompson on the *Champs Elysées* but did not see them until it was too late to return their saluations. At *dîner* Mr. Lampman demanded the reason for the "coup," a question not understood by Monsieur and Madame, who thinking it bad French, attempted to correct Mr. Lampman. But he informed them it was an Americanism which I well understood. Found the Griswolds all rather blue except the *petite* Annie, who is a charming little creature. Mrs. Griswold had been quite ill, but was able to have her sofa wheeled up to the dinner-table to celebrate Christmas. In the evening played chess with Monsieur Chevalier and beat him every time. He tried to detract

from my laurels by saying he had not played for eight years, and only remembered how to "push the pieces."

Deecember 26

Ellie went out with Monsieur and Madame, but I remained and wrote letters. Prince Léon was here in the evening and we had a party of whist as usual.

December 27

This afternoon Monsieur entertained us with French anecdotes. In the evening went with us to see the boulevards. Walked down the *Champs Elysées,* and the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue de la Paix. The windows were filled with everything attractive, curious and beautiful, and we stood and admired the jewels, the pictures, the bonbons until we seemed to be living in the days of genii and fairies. It was a perfect Arabian-Nights' Entertainment. Aladdin's wonderful lamp could not produce effects more gorgeous or things more magnificent. Monsieur was in spirits the most vivacious. Took particular pains to keep out of step. If by accident he found himself with the left foot right, or the right foot forward, he would immediately give a little hop to destroy the harmony. We crossed the streets in the most expeditious manner, not to lose any time for seeing the *belles choses* displayed on every side. The jewelers' windows were the most brilliant, and we gazed upon pearls, rubies, and diamonds, watches of the most exquisite patterns, some no larger than a penny, pins, brooches, rings, and bracelets of the most original conception, sometimes tiny birds'-nests of gold lacework with eggs of pearl, sometimes brilliant-colored insects. One set, of pin and ear-drops like tiny violins was exquisitely fashioned. Charming and bewildering as was

this display, it could not be compared to the flashing brilliancy of the boulevards. On either side were arranged *boutiques,* the proprietors of which, half hidden by their wares, proclaimed to all passers-by their cheapness and utility. Monsieur was spellbound before some pipes, but Ellie succeeded in breaking the enchantment, and we passed on. It was eleven o'clock before we turned our steps homeward, and we had the *Champs Elysées* to ourselves. Monsieur amused us by singing in rather a low voice the Marseillaise, and pretending to defy the *sergeants de ville,* who passed to and fro on their beats We were tired enough to exclaim in the words of the poet, "Bed, bed, delicious bed! thou heaven on earth to the weary head!" when we entered our chamber.

Saturday, December 28

This afternoon read in a French encyclopedia, which Monsieur took down from his library, an article on natural history in reference to the *chenille.* By some turn of the subject the "Parques" were introduced, the three weird sisters who preside over the fate of man; and as we could only recall the name of Atropos, who cut the thread, Monsieur took down a mythology to search for the one who holds the distaff. Just then a caller was ushered into the salon and I continued my reading by myself until dinner was announced.

Sunday, December 29

Dull and disagreeable. We went to the Rue Royale and listened to an excellent sermon by Mr. Hart upon the wheat and the tares. It was solemn and impressive and particularly appropriate for the last Sabbath of the year. After the service, Mrs. Griswold introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Hart, who gave me a very kind invitation to call on them at their

residence on the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Did not go out after *café,* and sat in the *salon,* as it was too cold to sit in my chamber. Monsieur, who seemed to feel it was his duty to entertain me, suggested that we play a game of chess, a suggestion which, of course, I did not listen to for a moment.

December 30

Have suffered the last two days with neuralgia in my face, and this morning, as the pain had gone away, indulged in sleeping until the second breakfast. As we sat at the table partaking of the meal, Monsieur entered bringing with him a strong smell of burnt paper. He had returned from a *déjeuner* with his "petit disciple," Prince Léon, and in order to be sociable, drew up his chair to the table between Mrs. Hubbard and Madame. The burning odor became so powerful that each began to look anxious, and Madame told Anna, who just then entered, to see if it proceeded from the kitchen, which she did; but the voice of Amadine, the *cuisinière,* reached us, saying it was not from her regions. Monsieur then went to look into the salon and returned saying there was no fire there. Mrs. Hubbard next rose from the table begging to be excused to see if, perchance, it came from her room. Just after she had left, Anna, who had reëntered suddenly exclaimed "O Monsieur, Monsieur!" All eyes were turned to the proprietor of the establishment, who stopped in the midst of his investigations and looked bewildered, as Madame caught up his coat-tail, from which the smoke was issuing. Mrs. Hubbard hearing the *bruit,* returned to the dining-room, and we all regarded him with an expression of momentary consternation, which was quickly succeeded by a burst of laughter, as Madame held up the still smouldering ruins of what was

once the pocket of his coat. Monsieur clapped his hands behind him saying "Ma pipe! ma pipe!" He had put it into his pocket without extinguishing the fire in it, and in consequence it had burned its way out and completely disappeared! We came to the conclusion that it was a most comical "tail of woe." Monsieur said he thought it felt a little *chaud* when he sat down. I thought of the illustrations in Tom Hood and laughed in spite of myself when I tried to look sober. Madame said it was not the first time he had set himself on fire with his pipe, and I suggested that he had better "beware of the third," or he might "end in smoke." Notwithstanding this scene, having occasion to go up to the dining room for my dictionary, I found Monsieur in his favorite corner by the stove "fuming" as usual. He thinks he shall not end in smoke but go to the *Champs Elysées.*

Tuesday, December 31

Went out with Ellie after dinner to search for New Year's presents. Did some shopping and succeeded very well in making myself understood as well as in understanding. Walked nearly to the end of the Rue de Rivoli, pausing to admire the beautiful things in the shop-windows, but found it difficult to choose from so great a variety and purchased nothing but a pretty little portmonnaie for Ellie. Made a hasty call on the Griswolds, and arrived home a few moments before *dîner.* Encountered Anna in the hall, who informed us that a gentleman was in the salon who had been waiting since three o'clock to see us. Thinking it was the gentleman of whom Samu had written, who would bring us a package from London, and who would wish probably to board here, I began to arrange my *toilette.* While I was thus engaged Monsieur Chevalier came down from his chamber and

tapped at our door, asking us to come up as soon as possible. I thought his manner was rather peculiar, but he did not wait to be questioned. I went up with Armadine to the door of her province, where she bestowed upon me looks of sympathetic delight as she went through an expressive pantomime for my edification, saying, "O Mam'selle, mam'selle, toute suite, toute suite." When I entered the room who should greet my eyes, as large as life, but my brother Samu himself. Lo! he was the gentleman who "was acquainted with our cousins in New York" and whom we might expect Tuesday or New Year's! Of course we forgave him very readily for this little deception, considering its happy termination. After dinner Samu, who had travelled all night, retired at an early hour; so I went upstairs and played chess with Monsieur Chevalier. In the course of the game I thought it best to demand a *trève,* which Monsieur thought best not to grant; so we played on, and in consequence I was beaten. I conclude that Monsieur Chevalier's chessmen were manufactured for his own special convenience and for the utter confusion of every one who should play against him, for the only difference in the appearance of the knights and bishops is that the latter have the smaller heads! Monsieur pretended to think I was a long time in moving and tried to confuse me as much as possible by saying the moment it was my turn, "Jouez! jouez, Mademoiselle!" Hence I was beaten while he only knew how "to push the pieces!" In the next game in the third move, I took his queen, which he refused to surrender. While we were in the midst of an animated discussion, the clock struck twelve, to my great consternation, and Monsieur's amusement, for neither of us was aware of the lateness of the hour. The old year had given place to the New, and the veil which separated the dead past from the eternal future was rent,

and we stood for a moment on the threshold. With mutual wishes for a Happy New Year, we "broke up." Monsieur starting for a light to illuminate the way as I descended to my room, stumbled over the hat-tree, which he nearly overturned, with an immense racket in his attempts to move quietly.

1868

January 1

Had a pleasant time at *déjeuner* this morning, which was at the same hour as on Sunday. Samu can talk German at the table with Madame; so he does not have to pay fines for speaking English. Madame, however, gave us permission to speak English if we wished. After *déjeuner,* as I was too tired from my long promenade yesterday to go out this morning, Samu and Ellie went without me to call on the Griswolds. I went up to the *salon,* and Master Olyphant coming in directly after, wanted me to play a game of chess with him. He plays very well, and before I was aware of his plot, my queen fell a victim, but owing to the little prince imperial's being escorted into the king row she was recalled to reign in his stead, which she did to the utter confusion of the opposing forces.

In the window of the *salon* hangs a picture of stained glass. As I was standing before it, Monsieur came along and told me the story. It is of Saint Elizabeth, a very pious and devoted woman who gave many things to the poor. Her husband, who was a pagan, did not approve of his wife's acts of charity and forbade her to persevere in them. Moreover he was very cruel to her, so that she feared him much. She thought it right, however, to continue, and notwithstanding his command, did so secretly. One day she had started for the home of a poor woman who had nothing wherewith to buy food for herself and children, with her apron filled with bread. On the way she met her wicked husband who, stop-

ping her, demanded what she was carrying in her apron. The poor woman was so frightened that she let her apron fall, when lo! instead of bread, roses fresh and beautiful fell to the ground. Monsieur added devoutly, "The Bon Dieu had changed them to shield the good Sainte Elizabeth from the wicked husband." The picture represents Ste. Elizabeth just in the act of letting her apron drop, and the roses are falling to the ground.

After *café* we, Samu, Ellie and I, took a cab to the Bois de Boulogne to see the skaters. It was very cold, and we stood for only a few moments to watch them. Mr. Lampman and Robert Olyphant were both gliding over the ice, and came up to speak to us. The ice was bad, the skates were worse, and they found it the "pursuit of pleasure under difficulties." In the vicinity of the ice were spread long tables, upon which were placed wine and cakes for the refreshment of all who wished to partake. We soon after returned to our carriage, which was waiting for us, and proceeded to the Tuileries to make the Emperor a New Year's call. The palace seemed quite deserted and after riding about in the courtyard, we concluded to postpone our call for the present, and accordingly dismissing our *cocher* we promenaded along the gay streets, stopping to admire the pictures and see the other beautiful things displayed so lavishly on every side.

Thursday, January 2

After *café,* went out with Samu on a shopping tour. Purchased a little travelling bag for Louey, a feather duster, hairbrush, and some portmonnaies. Saw some lovely cyclamens all in bloom, pink, white, and variegated. Samu would have purchased one, only it was too cold to transport

it. Went to "Charley's" and breakfasted on buckwheat cakes and beefsteak. Met a Mr. Birch and his daughter there, of whom I had often heard Mrs. Hubbard speak. Mr. Birch and Samu discussed the philosophy of fogs etc. Visited the Madeleine, the beautiful, which seems more like a theater than a church. The architecture is graceful in the extreme. While we were there, an old woman came and stood before one of the shrines, devoutly saying her prayers. Had I been an artist, I should have sketched the scene, as it was most picturesque. Went to Levitsky's, 22 Rue de Choiseul, one of the best artists in the city, to sit next day for our pictures. Monsieur Léon dined at Madame's and spent the evening. We played whist as usual, Monsieur Chevalier and Samu meanwhile being engaged in chess.

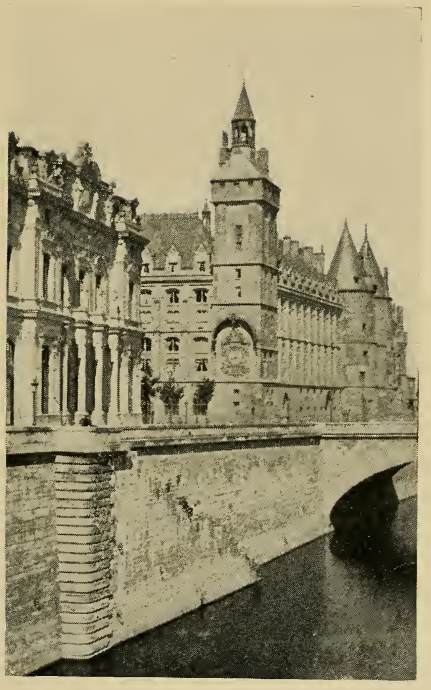
Friday, January 3

Sat for our pictures and then started for the place for buckwheat cakes and pumpkin pies, a cosy little eating-saloon, tidy and inviting. A bright fire burned in the grate, as it was freezing-cold weather. The room is quite American in its furnishings. Upon the wall hangs a picture of Washington overshadowed by the Stars and Stripes. Took a cab from here and return home, leaving Samu and Ellie to continue their peregrinations. Mr. Lampman and Mrs. Hubbard took their first German lesson this evening of Madame Chevalier. Mr. Griswold made us a short call.

Saturday, January 4

A day of sightseeing. Visited first the Palais du Luxembourg. A pleasant guide conducted us through the rooms open to the public. The Throne Room is beautifully gilded. Here and there upon the wall was a large "N," the initial

of the first Napoleon. The velvet drapery about the room was thickly studded with golden bees, which supplant the *Fleur de Lis* of the Bourbons. The floor was so highly polished with wax that the reflections were as clear as in water. The Senate Chamber is equally elegant, and in design not unlike our own at Washington. The floor is covered with a carpet of golden bees, which contrast beautifully with the groundwork of green. We passed down the aisles between the semicircular benches, reading the names of dukes, counts, and other titled and noble dignitaries, who officiate in the places designated. The guide says it is impossible to obtain admission when the body is in session. The chapel, which was the last room we visited, is fine in its design and execution, graceful, elegant, and in such perfect harmony, the frescoes, the columns, the altar, that you can only gaze in silent admiration. Started for the Gobelins, passing on our way the old church of *St. Etienne-du-Mont,* and seeing it open, we fortunately entered. It was the Fête of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, who, according to the legend, saved the city once from fire. They were in the midst of the ceremonies as we entered. A procession, composed of a motley collection of old and young of both sexes, was marching through the aisles chanting. The church was beautifully decorated with blue draperies and the altar covered with flowers, real and artificial. The candles were burning, and the image of the patron saint flourished conspicuously. After the chanting procession was finished, another was formed headed by four *demoiselles* dressed in white, with lace veils and blue ribbons, who bore on their united shoulders a large image of the saint standing on a sort of platform. Other girls in white followed carrying flags on which were various inscriptions. Small boys in clerical robes bore wax tapers,



The Louis Philippe Clock

and here and there a priest was scattered in to add to the general effect. *Sergeants de ville* were in attendance to keep the crowd from filling the aisles and blocking the procession. As the image passed the place where we were standing, the good Catholics in our immediate vicinity pressed eagerly forward to touch it with their prayer books or handkerchiefs, and when they were unable to do it for themselves, the *sergeants de ville* kindly officiated for them. This ceremony over, the priests approached the altar upon which had been placed this image, crossed themselves, said something in Latin, bowed their heads, etc. etc. A young official, in something looking very much like a night-shirt, then brought to the priest a brazen censer to which was attached a long chain of the same metal. Little boys in a similar undress stood on either side holding long tapers. The priest took the censer, lighted the incense contained therein, and as it smoked, threw the censer in the air in front of the image and then returned it to the young official who continued the ceremony while the priest chanted and the people made responses. We left them at this stage and proceeded to the Gobelins, where our passes were demanded by the guard, much to our astonishment, as we were not aware that they were required. The guard informed us that the Emperor had given orders that through the Exposition it should be open to all without passes, but the order had been revoked since its close, and passes were required as formerly. Samu told him we were Americans, and it was the only opportunity for seeing the tapestries before leaving town, which touched the heart of the guard, who told us to pass in, which we accordingly did, and were exceedingly entertained in looking at these adornments for kings' houses only, and in watching the process of their manufacture. The first piece which we saw

was from a painting of Raphael's, *"L'Assemblée des Dieux,"* where Love pleads the cause of Psyche before Jupiter. There was a beautiful life-sized portrait of the Empress Eugénie in court costume, a robe of green velvet, with a necklace of pearls and diamonds. Her left hand rests lightly upon the crown imperial, which is placed upon a table. This tapestry was the work of four years. A corresponding one of the Emperor Napoleon III. hangs near it. In one of the departments they were renewing a piece of tapestry made in the time of Louis XIV. When any piece of tapestry contains in its design anything especially significant of a certain reign, the next dynasty has it taken out and made over.

We next proceeded to the Hotel de Cluny, where our passes were again demanded, but the magic word "American" opened the doors. The Hotel de Cluny was built by the Abbots of Cluny in the last half of the 15th century. The floors, as in all the palaces here, were waxed. The fireplaces are so huge that a whole forest of Yule logs could easily make their exit through the chimney. The fire that burned in each failed to dispense much heat outside its immediate vicinity, and we were nearly frozen when we had completed the tour of the rooms. We saw, among many other curious and beautiful things, specimens of Cluny lace, vases, various utensils from Pompeii, and the Pârques about whom I chanced to read a few days ago. The eldest holds the distaff, the second pulls the thread, and the third cuts it. Some carriages of the 17th and 18th centuries, beautifully painted and ornamented with gold, sledges, sedan chairs, one said to have belonged to Lucretia Borgia, though when the guide made this announcement, a German in the party expressed his disbelief so sarcastically that my faith tottered.

Some very old tapestries adorn the walls of many of the rooms. The Hall, especially interesting, was the one in which Julian the Apostate was declared President of the Republic. A hasty walk through the garden where were many specimens of architecture brought from Rome, fragments of columns etc., finished our visit here. We made a short call at Mr. Griswold's and returned home. Spent a pleasant evening. Samu and Monsieur Chevalier played chess.

Sunday, January 5

It snowed all day and we did not go out at all. The bright fire in Samu's chamber was more ornamental than useful, for we could keep only one side warm at once. After dinner, Monsieur expanded on the head of Mr. Lampman's giving up French for German, which does not at all meet with Monsieur's approval. He thinks Mr. Lampman has already lost ground, and called our attention to the unusually hesitating manner in which he had conversed at table. Samu has made such remarkable progress in French that he could understand almost all that Monsieur said.

Monday, January 6

Samu left for London this afternoon, Ellie, Madame Chevalier, and I accompanying him to the station. Went to Munroe & Co.'s to inquire for letters for Mrs. Hubbard; none there. Made a few shopping calls with Madame and then drove home. At half-past four went with Monsieur, Madame, Mrs. Hubbard, and Ellie to the Convent, the "Congregation of Notre Dame" on the Ave. Hortense to witness the celebration in honor of the Magi who went to Jerusalem to worship the Infant Jesus. Monsieur put on his white scarf, which he dons only on state occasions. However, as no gentlemen are

admitted into the sacred precints of this Holy of Holies excepting those who minister in the priest's office, we left him outside to continue his promenade, while we, after passing through various windings, found ourselves in a gallery overlooking a pretty little chapel beautifully lighted. Presently a procession of nuns appeared from somewhere and marched down the aisle slowly and solemnly, nuns in black and nuns in white veils. Some seated themselves at once; others knelt for devotions. The Lady Superior occupied a sort of throne, a chair a little apart from the rest. Then scholars belonging to the convent came in and seated themselves. Many of the nuns Madame informed us, are of high birth, and most of the children who attend the school belong to the French nobility. An English nun officiated at the organ, which she played with much skill. The singing and chanting were beautiful; one voice especially was remarkably rich and clear and would have done credit to a Prima Donna. A priest then entered dressed in his state robes, and mounting a little rostrum, discoursed for about half an hour. Madame reported that he said the "most excellent and good things." After this he descended and went up the steps leading to the altar, where he knelt before an image for a few minutes. An assistant presently brought a censer filled with incense which the priest proceeded to light. He then took it in his hand and waved it back and forth before the altar until the air was fragrant with the perfume. After more chanting etc., the exercises were closed, and we followed the example of the nuns and left the chapel. Found Monsieur waiting for us outside. After dinner played a game of chess with Monsieur and beat him.

Tuesday, January 7

Commenced our lessons again. Played two games of chess, Monsieur winning both. He takes great delight in confusing me when he has the advantage by saying, "Jouez! jouez!" Madame is not at all well; her lungs are weak, and the least exertion wearies her. To-night Monsieur would not consent for her to drink her usual cup of coffee after dinner, though she asked him with her most fascinating smile.

Wednesday, January 8

Dull and disagreeable. Studied all day, and did not go out. Monsieur came to our room to arrange the "pendule" which is too slow. Played chess after my lesson. One of the games was a sort of draw-game, as neither of us would give up and move differently, each thinking the other had the advantage and ought to give in. I suggested that we turn the board round and change sides, to which Monsieur agreed, saying it was the same as a new game, and whoever beat should have the glory and he would move first. I protested and said the one who made the first move would surely get beaten. But as he insisted, I accorded and came off triumphant.

Thursday, January 9

Read this evening in *La Belle Gabrielle.*

Friday, January 10

The day passed in the usual way, *café,* study, *déjeuner,* study, dinner, lesson, *petite lecture* in *La Belle Gabrielle.* Bon Soir.

Saturday, January 11

Have been suffering for the last two days with a cold, and this morning before I was up, Madame sent Armadine down with a pleasant medicine composed of eggs, milk and sugar boiled together, to be taken while hot. Did not go up to café, and Madame sent that down also, but I did not take it. Rose just in time to dress for *déjeuner*. Monsieur is having a vacation, his "little disciple" having gone out of town for a few days hunting with his papa. So Monsieur accompanied Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. Lampman, Robert, Ellie, and myself to St. Denis, the Westminster Abbey of Paris, where all the kings of France have been interred. St. Denis is a very dirty town, about fourteen minutes by *chemin de fer* from Paris. The walking was intolerable and the smells comparatively more so. The Cathedral is undergoing extensive repairs, and much of it is closed to the public. The guide who showed us about had a set of teeth in his head that made such a clattering every time he spoke, it was not only difficult to understand him but very disagreeable to listen to his remarks. He was a nice-looking, elderly person, though, in a black velvet smoking-cap. Some of the frescoes and some of the stained-glass windows are magnificent. He unlocked a suite of cupboards, and by the light of a dripping tallow candle, showed us some very interesting things: facsimiles of crowns worn by different emperors and kings, and the bones of St. Denis and other saints. The room containing the oil paintings was unfortunately filled with smoke, so we did not much enjoy this part of the sightseeing. The chapel is adorned with statues of the twelve apostles. After seeing all that was to be seen in the church, we returned to the station where we waited about half an hour for the train.

Mr. Lampman showed his nationality by peering into every nook and corner of the waiting-room in search of something new. Mrs. Hubbard and I tried "hop, skip" while Mr. Lampman would delight to intercept us in a very accidental manner, Monsieur officiating in the meanwhile as spectator. The whistle put an end to these proceedings, and we were soon again in Paris. Mr. Lampman and Mrs. Hubbard went together in one direction for Munroe and Co.'s while the rest of us started for home in another, after making polite adieus. On the way we entered the church of St. Vincent de Paul by a side-door. Our first glance revealed Mr. Lampman and Mrs. Hubbard, who had entered by the front door. The church is stiff and angular in its architecture, though rather elegant. We walked home and after dinner were tired enough to retire early.

Sunday, January 12

Mr. Packer of New York, a friend of Mr. Lampman, was here at *café* to-day. He is a son of the founder of the famous Packer Institute of New York and is very pleasing in his manners. In the evening read aloud to Monsieur from a French journal while he smoked his pipe. Madame sat down at the table with a pack of cards and played the Napoleon game of Patience, as she would have done on a week day. Retired early.

Monday, January 13

Made some paper nuns from a pattern Madame had given her by a friend. The pattern represents the nuns of the church of St. Vincent de Paul. Read in *La Belle Gabrielle* and beat Monsieur at chess.

Tuesday, January 14

Tout le monde started for Versailles immediately after breakfast, Monsieur officiating as escort. After providing ourselves with first-class tickets we all for the fun of it rode third-class on the top of the *wagon*. We had a fine view of the surrounding country as the train dashed along. The top was covered; so we were well protected from the wind, but the tunnels through which we had to pass were not an agreeable feature of our journey. As we were now and then in the middle of one where the darkness rendered objects invisible, we heard sounds somewhat resembling the bursting of a torpedo, but when we emerged into the daylight, Mr. Lampman, the perpetrator, looked about him with astonishment and suspicion and an expression of interrogation which set us all laughing.

The *Arc de Triomphe* loomed up distinctly when we were miles from it. Monsieur was a very agreeable travelling companion, as he gave us little items of interest respecting the various towns through which we passed. Arrived at Versailles, we took a carriage to the Grand Trianon. Enjoyed the ride through the beautiful park more than the half-hour's waiting at the gates for admittance, the gates not being open until twelve. A *gendarme* paced back and forth with his gun upon his shoulder, dressed in zouave costume. It was in vain that we suggested to him the propriety of letting us enter before the time; in vain that Mrs. Hubbard showed him her watch, which she had set ahead. He smiled incredulously and shook his head and seemed to enjoy this little variety to his monotonous beat exceedingly. We passed the time in explorations, promenades, etc., and when the public clock at last sounded the hour, instead of opening

the gates and bidding us enter, he laughingly responded to our demands as to why he did not let us in by saying that it was not his office to open the gates. Of course he was perfectly right in obeying orders, but we were none the less annoyed at being kept outside longer than was necessary. So Mr. Lampman spying another man, the person designated to him as the gate-keeper, by the guard, started off with the intention of "blowing him up." We all followed after, but the old man let us in so innocently and unsuspectingly, that Mr. Lampman concluded to overlook his negligence this time. Went over the rooms which are full of beautiful and interesting things. The one most interesting was the sleeping-room of Napoleon I., prettily but simply furnished, in which were the chair and table so much used by him. In another department we saw the very state carriage in which he conveyed Josephine to Malmaison and another which was used on the occasion of his marriage with Marie Louise. From here walked through heaps of mud to the Palace of Versailles, in which we saw the whole history of France in miles of pictures, some beautiful beyond description; one, for instance, of Joan of Arc with a face full of inspiration. A painting by Horace Vernet entitled "The Surprise in the Camp of Abdel Kader," in which the principal figure is a robber hastening away with a bag of gold, is not especially interesting except for the story connected with it. It is related that Rothschild requested Vernet to paint his portrait but considered the reasonable price asked by the artist as a compensation too great a draft upon his meager purse. The artist was so disgusted with his parsimony that he told him he would paint him for nothing, an offer so pleasing to the Jew, that he thanked him for his generosity. Accordingly he is represented as the robber hurrying away with the bag

of money clutched tightly in his hand, his face painted upon the canvas, full front view, and an unmistakable likeness! Monsieur, as usual, was an interesting escort, as he had French history at his tongue's end, as well as various other things too numerous to mention. The gallery of portraits in which I was most interested, unfortunately for me came last, and we were obliged to hasten through it, only glancing at pictures that one might study for hours. One picture represented Napoleon I. with the present Emperor upon his knees and surrounded by other children. Another, Marie Louise and the King of Rome, the latter a beautiful, intellectual, chubby-faced boy of three years. Another Napoleon I. in his robes of state, crimson velvet spotted with gold bees, lined and trimmed with ermine, the velvet so perfectly represented that it seemed like the real fabric falling in soft, heavy folds. The present Emperor with his unreadable, neutral face, cold, emotionless, unsusceptible but with such a power of latent expression. I never saw such a face. Beside it is one of the Empress Eugénie, the figure dressed in state robes of green velvet, always graceful, the face quite as difficult to read, though less deep in expression. Others of the Princess Matilda, Princess Clotilde and her husband, the Prince Napoleon, Princess Matilda, sister of Prince Napoleon, has a hotel on the Ave. Friedland, not far from the Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe, in front of which a sentinel is always pacing. There are portraits of our own countrymen, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Hamilton, Jay, John Q. Adams, Franklin and Washington, besides many others too numerous to mention. We paused here and there in the deep recesses of the windows to admire the different views of the gardens. The Little Trianon was not open to visitors that day, owing to the demoralized state of the roads; therefore

we were disappointed in regard to seeing that most interesting place. We started a little after four o'clock for the station, attacking on our way a *patissier's,* where we satisfied the cravings of nature with various cakes, pies, etc., in a manner sudden and unexpected to the proprietress, who waited upon us with French politeness, but who was evidently unaccustomed to such a raid. After waiting about half an hour in the station, found ourselves cosily disposed upon the soft cushions of the *wagon,* the French name for the American car or English carriage, which we found very comfortable after our long day of sightseeing. We sang, "In the prison cell I sit" and "Hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree" and arrived home a little after six.

After dinner Madame Chevalier, Mrs. Hubbard, and Robert Olyphant all chanced to meet in my room. Mrs. Hubbard came to see the photographs, Madame to see what Mrs. Hubbard thought of them, and Robert because he wanders about like a comet and chanced to pull up there. We all retired early, being too tired to be sociable.

Wednesday, January 15

While we were reciting our lesson this evening, Madame received some tickets to the theater from the Princess Soulkowska, who offered her box also. The tickets were brought by her governess, who was to act as escort. Madame invited Mrs. Hubbard and me to accompany her, which we accordingly did, dressing as expeditiously as possible, as the carriage was waiting at the door. We arrived during the first act, when two persons were on the stage dressed in the costume of the Empire, which is not very unlike the present fashion, short dress, short waists, and hair arranged on the top of the head. One figure was in white satin, the other in

green. The play was entitled "Les Treize," and the acting was very fine. The scenery in the last act was sublime. It represented the ocean in a dark night during a storm. The waves rolled and dashed against the rocky cliffs. Upon the summit of one of these cliffs was a convent in which one of the heroines was shut up. A boat presently appeared upon the waves, and when it reached the rocky shore, the occupants disembarked and scaled the rocks, disappearing from view and again appearing upon a higher elevation. It was weird and solemn. Another scene in which the heroine was obliged to choose between her husband and father, the latter a convict, who reminded us of Jean Valjean, was thrilling and finely acted. We found Monsieur waiting for us at the door after the play was over. He had been present during the last act and enjoyed informing us of the fact after drawing from us enthusiastic descriptions. On our way home we discussed the play and after that the Pope, Madame and the Governess of the Princess taking the Catholic side. The latter is an English lady, formerly a Protestant but now a rigid Catholic. She has been in Paris for nine years and speaks French pleasantly and with ease. She informed us that she had been presented to the Pope. After leaving her at her residence, Monsieur dismounted from his seat beside the coachman and came inside. It was after midnight, and the next day being market day, the wagons laden with produce were arriving from the country, while men and women were already busy arranging their various stalls.

Thursday, January 16

Monsieur Chevalier offered to accompany us to the Louvre, and we took an omnibus for that place at the *Arc de Triomphe*. Spent the time in the room containing the coats,

hats, swords, and guns, besides many other things which had belonged to Napoleon I. Saw his *habit gris,* also the handkerchief he last touched before he died, his watch, scissors, and various other personal articles, his Code, his velvet coat, and robes of state. Also saw a slipper worn by Marie Antoinette, and some toys, one, a small brass cannon with which her children had played. We remained until the officials came in to warn visitors that the time had arrived for closing.

Traversing the courtyard, we visited the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the bell of which rang at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572. It has beautiful stained-glass windows and seems a cosy rather than a spacious *église.* Monsieur dipped his finger in a basin of holy water which stood near the entrance and crossed himself.

January 17

Studied all day. Read, after our lesson, from the great letter "B" some interesting anecdotes from the life of Bonaparte. Played a game of chess, and in the struggle broke the neck of the black king.

Sunday, January 19

Attended service at a church on the Rue Royale, where Lord Radstock, an evangelist preached. He was earnest and rather interesting, though he seemed illiterate, mispronouncing many of his words, like "jist" for just, which appears rather singular for a man in his position. He did not have the English brogue at all but spoke with a Yankee accent. Read in the evening with Monsieur from the great letter "B."

Monday, January 20

Lesson all went out of my head to-night, or rather, insisted upon remaining in, instead of coming out by way of my mouth. Played two games of chess and was beaten in both. A party of singers came into the court and sang most beautifully for half an hour. The woman of the party had a magnificent voice, strong, sweet, clear, and evidently cultivated. Madame said her pronunciation was very fine. The sous rained down from the delighted listeners, and they must have realized large profits if they are as well compensated in every place.

Tuesday, January 21

Took a cab, and on our way to Levitsky's called at the Griswolds. Found only Mrs. Gleason and Annie at home. Showed Mrs. Gleason our photograph proofs. Little Annie recognized them all and seemed delighted to see "uncle," as she called Samu. Ellie is to sit again to-morrow if the weather is fine. Did some shopping and breakfasted at "Charley's" on buckwheat cakes. In the evening at *dîner,* when *tout le monde* asked of me the usual question, "Etes-vous sortie?" Monsieur, as is his custom answered for me. He said that he had received news that I had been seen in the vicinity of the Madeleine at the head of a grand movement, a second Joan of Arc, and probably the evening papers would give an account of the proceedings. He had feared as we did not return to *déjeuner* that we were lost, but he had received word since that time of our proceedings. It was true that near the Madeleine we passed a regiment of soldiers, who were headed by a band, and I wondered how Monsieur knew anything about us; but to my inquiries as to

Mr. and Mrs. Griswold,
"Little Annie,"
and
Mrs. Gleason

the source of his information, he said there was a police force here who took note of everything that resembled an insurrection, and that was all I could get out of him. Did not recite a lesson but read in the letter "B." At *dîner* there was a conspiracy to rob me of a sou for a word that I did not say. Monsieur shook the *panier* before my plate until he was tired, then set it down at a suggestive distance. Mrs. Hubbard slyly smuggled her hand into my pocket and took therefrom my ivory tablet, purse, and a little pocket-pincushion which I had freshly replenished with pins. Mr. Lampman by an agile movement pocketed the latter saying it was just what he had needed for a long time. Mrs. Hubbard returned as much as possible of the robbery, being shocked at the disappearance of the pincushion and having a little spark of celestial fire called conscience; but Mr. Lampman keeps his booty. He gives me *coups de pied sous la table,* and when I complain to Madame, assumes an innocent expression and looks for my feet under his chair and behind him! He and Monsieur entertained the company by trying which could tell the biggest story. It began by Monsieur's telling of some vegetable which grew remarkably large in France, rather astonishing, but nevertheless true. Mr. Lampman said that was nothing compared to the potatoes in America. One of the potatoes on his grandfather's farm in Coxsackie grew two years, and at the end of that time it was so large that it was almost impossible to pull it up, and when at last they succeeded, the shock was so great that the whole town was destroyed. It had to be washed in Niagara Falls and cooked in one of the great lakes, and his father distributed a great deal of it amongst the poor during the winter. Monsieur asked how they heated the water in the lake to cook the potato. He said, "Oh, there was a coal mine

underneath, and they just lighted that!" Monsieur pretended to believe it all, as America is a wonderful country, but he did not attempt to match it by telling another.

Wednesday, January 22

Madame being ill this morning was not present at *café*, at which Monsieur pretended to preside; but "when the cat's away, the mice will play," and he was as wild as the rest. At *déjeuner* Madame inquired as to the cause of the *grand bruit* which she had heard, but could obtain no correct information, though the most of it was perfectly reliable. Went with Ellie, who sat for her pictures and returned just in time for *déjeuner*. As I was seating myself at the table, Mr. Lampman, who has, as Madame says, no fear of anything, congratulated me on my bewitching expression; thought I had not lost it since sitting for my picture. I had the satisfaction of disabusing his mind from the erroneous impression under which it was laboring by informing him that not I but Ellie had been sitting for a picture, and it must be my natural expression. He makes a great display of lending pins to everybody and flourishes my pocket-friend in the most provoking manner. After *déjeuner* talked with Madame about music, then about convents. She says if Monsieur should die before herself she would enter a convent; then about Catholicism vs. Protestantism. I think Madame is a good Protestant, though she declares she is a Catholic, but not good enough. When Monsieur came in, he said he would go to walk with us between the lessons of Mrs. Hubbard and Monsieur Léon if we could be ready. Of course we could. He took us to a new part of the city and showed us the plan of what was to be. It was very windy. Went to the lake in the beautiful Parc de Monceau and watched the

canards, of which there are several varieties, swimming about. The lake has its source in a little spring not far off, which bubbles up from the ground. There is a large evergreen enclosure around it and seats for those who wish to rest themselves. We did not avail ourselves of them, however, but visited the artificial cave which is true to nature with its stalagmites and stalactites and the water dripping from the walls. Explored its depth and then mounted to the top. After enjoying the view, started for a picturesque bridge near by, where we stood for some time looking over the water. We remained here after Monsieur left us for Prince Léon's. Troops of happy children skipped along the broad avenues, their nurses keeping watch over them. Some of the seats were occupied by women with their sewing. Prince Léon dined with us. Gave an account of the chase. He was unsuccessful in his shots and did not capture any game. The big stories were recommenced by Mr. Lampman and Monsieur, the latter telling of some remarkable shots of his on the Pyrenees, where one shot killed seven bears, passing into the mouth of the first and so on! Mr. Lampman then related the remarkable success which attended the hunting expedition of his friend, the Emperor of China! when they went out together. Monsieur Léon informed me that he saw me yesterday in a *voiture* near the Madeleine. *Voilà,* the source of Monsieur Chevalier's information!

Thursday, January 23

Mrs. Hubbard broke to-day a wine glass, spilling the contents upon the tablecloth. She was taking some things away from Mr. Lampman in retaliation for some of his misdemeanors. At dinner Madame broke a carafe, most of the contents of which lodged in her plate. Mr. Lampman

does not like mustard; so Mrs. Hubbard helps him to some in return for the sly *coups de pied* which he administers to us from time to time under the table. Madame gave us an interesting account of "once upon a time" when she went to the chase, the company all dressed in costume, the sagacity of the dogs, etc. It was a deer hunt. Read in the evening "A Crisis."

Friday, January 24

Snow!

Saturday, January 25

The mild and pleasant weather which we have enjoyed for the past few days has given place to ice and snow. Madame had expressed her opinion that the winter was over, but she was rather premature.

Sunday, January 26

Attended service on the Rue Royale, where Rev. Mr. Hart preached from John 4. 42. Sat in the same pew with Mrs. Gleason and Mr. and Mrs. Griswold. Spoke with Mr. and Mrs. Hart after the service. Walked home viâ *Champs Elysées,* which was gay with promenaders. Conspicious among them were the nurses in their white caps and aprons, who looked as if they had just stepped out of a bandbox with their babies so fresh and clean. There is evidently a sort of competition in this class of society in regard to aprons and caps which seem to be their livery. Aprons starched, embroidered and ruffled always white as snow; caps of lace or *mousseline* trimmed with gay ribbons of pink or blue. Babies in white, babies in blue, babies in pink in their arms for an airing. Met two goat-carriages for the benefit of the

children who will patronize them, stylish little outfits with a place for the footman behind. Met the handsome Prince Léon who raised his hat with extreme grace, as did also the gentleman with him. Did not go out after café. Sat in the salon with Monsieur and Madame. Read in the evening from "Les Bons Enfants."

Monday, January 27

In bed all day with face-ache which was anything but agreeable. Mrs. Griswold called. Good Madame came in and bathed my face with chloroform but with no beneficial effect.

Tuesday, January 28

Monsieur told me at dinner that it was raining and the walking was shocking, but he had to go on a commission near the Madeleine, and he thought it would benefit me to accompany him! I thought he was joking but verily believe he was in sober earnest, as he said I must put on some very thick boots, a walking-dress etc. He appealed to Madame asking if she did not think it would do me good, but she did not agree with him. At dinner Mr. Lampman gave us an account of his experience in taking a Russian bath. It was very amusing, and Mrs. Hubbard and I decided to go ourselves sometime this week. To-night I innocently asked Monsieur to allow me to take a little salt from the dish with which he was playing, as it was the one intended for my use. He hastened to apologize for the monopoly and to compensate for the trouble I had had in asking, took all the salts in his vicinity and put them by my plate. Mrs. Hubbard assisted him by adding two peppers and the mustard, and Mr. Lampman generously sent over his glass of

wine! It was done so quietly as to escape the notice of Madame, who was busily carving the meat, but when I called her attention to it, Monsieur pretended to be much alarmed and hastened to return the confiscated goods to their proper places. To-day Madame Chevalier was filled with joy at the reception of a large photograph of her father. She hastened at once to show it to Monsieur, who was giving Mr. Lampman his lesson. It is a fine, benevolent-looking face.

Wednesday, January 29

Splendid day, bright sunshine, birds singing. After *déjeuner* Monsieur came down to arrange the *pendule* and told me to put on my *chapeau tout de suite* and go to the Parc de Monceau and he would accompany us far as M. Léon's; but I still had on my morning-dress and had not time to get ready before he would have to start. This evening Prince Léon dined here. Although remarkably handsome and prepossessing in appearance at first, he improves on acquaintance. He has an air of high-bred dignity, and he is so merry and genial, perfectly boyish without the usual accompanying rudeness. He has been the pupil of Monsieur for eight years, who says he has never seen him show the least anger although he is high-spirited and impulsive. After dinner we adjourned to the salon as usual. Madame handed me the play of "Les Treize" which she had obtained for us to read. Madame accepted a cigarette politely prepared for her by Monsieur Léon and smoked with the gentlemen. After the pipes we played four games of whist, and after that Mrs. Hubbard and Prince Léon played a game of chess, which was overlooked by the rest of us. Mrs. Hubbard was evidently the better player, so Monsieur Chevalier and Mr. Lampman took the part of Prince Léon. Mr. Lampman, who was sitting

just behind Mrs. Hubbard, suddenly exclaimed after the latter had moved, "There! Monsieur Léon just move up your queen and put her king in check, and she is checkmated, and the game is finished!" The rest did not see it in that light and warned him against such a proceeding, but the brilliant feat was too irresistible, so, unheeding the warnings, he followed the advice of his counsellor, when directly his queen was pounced upon by an energetic knight, who performed the feat in one leap, to the consternation of Monsieur Léon and the chagrin of his adviser, who offered no more suggestions. Mrs. Hubbard at last protested against Monsieur Léon's giving advice to her antagonist, who had obtained a decided advantage in the last two moves. Her lips quivered, and she was evidently so much in earnest that I feared the result and almost immediately made my adieus, as I did not wish to witness a scene.

Thursday, January 30

I learned this morning that Mrs. Hubbard gained in the chess play last night. Monsieur Léon had the decided advantage when I left, and doubtless could have beaten but was too polite. Robert Olyphant was reading aloud to Madame "L'Auberge de l'Ange Guardien," one of the series of the Bibliothéque Rose. There was in it a description of the personal appearance of one of the characters in this wise: "*cheveux blancs, à face rouge à gros ventre,*" etc. The last word Master Olyphant did not understand, and Madame, whose limited knowledge of English sometimes causes a little merriment, explained to him that it meant "a large bellows."

Friday, January 31

Samu sent the card of Mong Shaw Loo, M. D., a young

Burmese who has been for the last ten years in America acquiring an education. He is now returning to his native land as a missionary to his benighted countrymen, and purposes spending a week in Paris. Samu has recommended him to this place. Monsieur and Madame seem quite interested in his coming, and we had a merry time at dinner. Mr. Lampman pretends that he knows all about him, thinks him a distant relation of his. Monsieur Chevalier rose from the table and went behind Mr. Lampman, to see if he had any indications of a queue, and expressed his opinion that there was one just beginning to appear at the back of his neck! Played two games at chess with Monsieur this evening and was beaten both times.

Saturday, February 1

Went immediately after *café* with Mrs. Hubbard to take a Russian bath. Madame Chevalier accompanied us. Took *a voiture* on the *Champs Elysées* and drove to a boat on the Seine where it is said they give the veritable *bain Russe*. We paid 2.50 francs 50 centimes at the office and were conducted down two flights of steps and ushered into a little dressing-room furnished with a lounge and German feather-beds, a chair, a mirror, and a little shelf upon which were placed a water-bottle, comb and brush. A woman presently brought our bathing costume, a droll-looking sort of white night-dress and an oilskin cap trimmed with a plaiting of scarlet worsted, into which we proceeded to place ourselves. Madame Chevalier vibrated between our dressing-rooms to see the effect of our *toilettes,* which caused peals of laughter. After we were equipped a woman came for us and led the way to a little room in the vicinity completely filled with steam. Here Madame left us in the hands of a little red-

faced woman with a parboiled look, in a very abbreviated chemise, who, after placing me upon a sort of board-bedstead, conducted Mrs. Hubbard into an adjourning room also filled with steam and similarly furnished. She then returned to me, and after nearly scrubbing my skin off with a flesh-brush put me under a hot shower-bath, where I was nearly scalded to death, hyperbolically speaking. The steam at first was almost suffocating, but by holding a sponge wet with cold water to my mouth, I manged to respire. I was then left to steam while she put Mrs. Hubbard through the same course of treatment. The next proceeding was to stand under a cold shower-bath where we gasped for breath until nearly frozen. We then put on our costumes and returned to our little dressing-rooms where we were laid upon the lounge and covered with blankets and feather-beds and left to rest and dry for about fifteen minutes. We then rose and dressed ourselves and upon stepping out of our rooms, encountered the little red dame of the abbreviated chemise elegantly dressed in black silk with a long trail and adorned with a heavy gold chain, quite another individual! We each paid one franc and fifty centimes to her and left the boat concluding that we did not receive half as much for our money as did Mr. Lampman and Robert. Took a nap after *déjeuner*. I was so tired and sleepy I could scarcely hold my eyes open. In the evening, when we were ready to recite our lesson, Monsieur, who was in a very teasing mood, addressed me as he very well knows I don't like to be addressed as *"Mademoiselle Ant, commencez, s'il vous plait."* Of course I did not please, and we were both so obstinate that I suggested a compromise, which was that the lesson be postponed until Monday. But Monsieur concluded rather than do that he would address me properly. I felt a little ashamed that I

had not given up myself, but the feeling was dispelled when, after I had finished reciting, he said, *"Très-bien, Mademoiselle Ant!"* with the most provoking coolness imaginable. Wrote a *dictée* about Pekin and had only eight faults, which Monsieur said was remarkably well-done, as Mrs. Hubbard had made eleven in writing the same. After my lesson, read in *"Les Treize,"* or rather looked over while Monsieur read. This play was written by a relative of Prince Léon's.

Sunday, February 2

Attended service at the Rue Royale Chapel. It is communion Sunday. Found a letter from Samu on my return, in which was enclosed the photograph of Mong Shaw Loo, who ex pects to be in Paris to-morrow evening. He spends about a week here and then goes to Maulmain, Burmah. It seems his father is Governor of Burmah. Some minstrels came into the court this afternoon. Their instruments consisted of a harp, flute, and violin, and the music was beautiful, though not appropriate for Sunday. Yesterday the *cuisinière,* Armadine, came in to ask me to come and talk to a gentleman in the salon who could not understand French, and Monsieur and Madame Chevalier were both out. He wished to inquire about the place and asked a multitude of questions. He went away saying he he would call again. If he comes here to board, I fear poor Dr. Mong Shaw Loo will have to go elsewhere, as he remains too short a time to render it advisable to lose a more permanent boarder on his account.

Monday, February 3

Dr. Mong arrived in season this evening to dine with us, Madame having waited *dîner* for him. We were permitted to speak English at the table without paying forfeits,

Mr. Mong Shaw Loo

as Dr. Mong did not understand a word of French. Recited our lesson as usual in the *salle à manger,* while Madame, not having a German lesson to give, entertained the new boarder in the salon. Read in *Les Treize* with Monsieur Chevalier and we were joined by Mr. Lampman, who came in with his pipe to listen and smoke; and he became so much interested that he begged to be notified of the next reading.

Tuesday, February 4

Started after *café* with Ellie to escort Dr. Mong to the top of the *Arc de Triomphe,* but found it closed. A *sergeant de ville* in the immediate vicinity informed us that it would be open about *midi.* So we started for the *Parc de Monceau.* After walking about for a while, took a *voiture* to Levitsky's to see about the photographs. Stopped at the banker's for the doctor to record his name on the list of new arrivals. Reached home just before *déjeuner.* In the afternoon started again for the *Arc de Triomphe,* our party increased by Monsieur Chevalier and Robert. Found it still closed and, moreover, that it had been closed since the Exposition, and it was not known when it would be opened again. After a short consultation as to what we should do next, it was decided that Ellie, Robert Olyphant, and Dr. Mong should go to the *Jardin des Plantes,* and I should return home with Monsieur, who would very soon have to go to his "little disciple." Concluded that, as the day was superb, the "longest way round" would be "the shortest way home," so took a brief promenade in the Bois. Had no lesson this evening. Played two games of chess with Dr. Mong, the first of which was overlooked by Monsieur Chevalier, who gave me the benefit of his wisdom, and poor Mong was terribly beaten,

for he really only knew how to "push the pieces," as Monsieur says. Read again in *Les Treize*.

Wednesday, February 5

Took an open carriage after *café* and went with Ellie and Dr. Mong for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. The day was charming, and instead of returning for *déjeuner* as we had intended, drove to St. Cloud. Left the carriage to wait for us while we took a stroll in the beautiful Park. The Emperor is at the Tuileries at present, and the Château at St. Cloud can be entered by obtaining a permit; but as we had not provided ourselves with that "open sesame," we could not go in. The Park is a charming place with beautiful avenues lined with majestic trees. In one part is a magnificent fountain and an artificial cascade terminates in a pretty little lake. This, however, was "in statu quo" and everything else about the place seemed to be having a sort of standstill air, as if waiting for the royal proprietors.

On our way to the Park we passed the barracks and stood upon a small bridge overlooking the drill-yard to watch the soldiers practising their evolutions. The village of Saint Cloud looks highly picturesque as you drive towards it from the Bois. The houses seem all to cluster around a church which rises conspicuously from their midst with its beautiful spire giving character to the view, which without it would be flat and uninteresting.

We bought six loaves of bees'-honey cake for twice as many sous at one of the various little stalls which we passed on leaving the Park, and began eating them in the carriage as we drove to the adjoining town of Sèvres. A few mouthfuls satisfied us that we did not like it; so we

generously gave the rest to the *cocher,* who gobbled it up as the sun would a dewdrop.

Arrived at Sèvres, we visited the celebrated porcelain manufactory. The workshops are not open to visitors; therefore we did not witness the process of making this exquisite and costly ware, but we were conducted through rooms filled with specimens in the most graceful designs. I inquired the price of a little cup and saucer of a lace open-work pattern, which was a hundred and twenty-five francs, $25.00 in gold! There were tea-sets of fabulous prices, vases and pictures and busts; also some bijouterie including bracelets, earrings and pins, the design of one being a tiny bird set in a crystal in imitation of mosaic; in fact it was a sort of mosaic, as the picture was not painted but of real feathers. The pictures in porcelain are exquisite, one especially, taken from a painting in the Louvre representing the entry of Henry IV. into Paris. Every little detail was perfect; every feature would bear the closest scrutiny, and the more closely you examined it, the more you were impressed with its beauty. The guide informed us that it took five different processes of "cooking" to produce the picture, each one requiring the greatest care in the observance of the exact temperature, as a little want of or a little too much heat would spoil it. I began to see the reason for the fabulous prices.

We drove to Paris viâ the Bois de Boulogne, passing on our way many elegant country residences of the French nobility, some of them exceedingly picturesque, pointed out to us by our *cocher,* who made himself remarkably interesting for one of his species. Here was "the country seat of Count Blank" here, "the Château of the Duchess ditto," and here the residence of one of the Rothschilds. Now we are again in the woods of Boulogne, and here is a procession of Jesuits

winding along by twos in their somber uniforms. The Jesuit uniform is mostly composed of a wide-brimmed hat of black felt, and a very long-tailed coat of the same color. Each has an open book in his hand which he seems to be reading as he passes along. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." And "If the blind lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch?" But there are no troublesome ditches in this charming place, and the broad walks are kept free from all impediments; so that even these blind Jesuits may walk without fear of a temporary trip-up. Here is a troop of young ladies accompanied by their governess. Our *cocher* says they are *Anglaises.* They have time to walk quite out of reach of our vision before we leave this lovely lake with its boat-house and cascade, its white swans and tame ducks which swim to the water's edge and hold up their bills for the bit of bread they are accustomed to receive at the hands of visitors.

Now we have left the Bois and are in the suburbs, where the Russians and Poles most do congregate. Their houses are models of graceful and unique architecture, and you wish you might step inside and see the curious rooms which you are sure they must contain. The *Arc de Triomphe* has appeared in view, and now we are on the broad and handsome Avenue de l'Impératrice. Here on the right is "the residence of the Duchess," and that specimen of Italian architecture on the left, a little in the distance, "the finest house in Paris," so opines our *cocher,* who seems to be a man of taste, vide the loaf of sweet cake, — and he says it is the residence of the ex-King of Naples, who has more than fifty horses in his stables and a numerous retinue of servants. The day finished as pleasantly as it began. Monsieur Léon was here to dinner, and we celebrated Mr. Lampman's birthday by

The Column Vendome

appearing in our *joli ruban rouge* which Monsieur said was just the shade of the Legion of Honor. While we were at dinner there came a ring at the door, and Mr. Lampman was demanded. He obeyed the summons and presently returned bearing in his hands a cake-edifice, a veritable "Château d'Espagne," from the center of which rose a heart-shaped banner with this strange device, "Vive Louis." Every one looked innocent, but I fancy Monsieur and Madame were both accomplices of Prince Léon, who owned to having manufactured the heart.

Thursday, February 6

Rainy. Went after *déjeuner* to the tomb of Napoleon and the *Hotel des Invalides* with Dr. Loo, Robert, and Ellie. Was impressed anew with the beauty of the tribute to the memory of Napoleon. The light through the windows of stained-glass as it fell upon the bronze ornaments of the altar produced a most brilliant effect, almost like fire. The sarcophagus, which is of the finest porphyry, is perfectly plain and elegant. *The Hotel des Invalides* is to France what Greenwich Hospital is to England, the home of her wounded soldiers. We were shown over the rooms open to the public by one of the veterans, who presented himself as we entered and offered his services. The *cuisine* was in full operation, its huge copper utensils polished to the last extremity of carefulness and filled with vegetables, meats, etc. for dinner. We were allowed only a peep into the large dining-hall, visible through the glass door from the upper piazza which surrounds the courtyard. The library is a small room but well filled with books and pictures. In one part is a model in copper of the column in the Place Vendome, exquisitely wrought and surmounted by a statue of Napoleon I. Upon

the real column, which is a shaft of stone, is a spiral bas-relief made of Austrian cannon and representing the principal battle-scenes of 1805. The Marshal's Room contains portraits of the great men of France. Recited our lesson this evening and played a game of chess with Monsieur, and for a wonder, won.

Friday, February 7

Dr. Mong Shaw Loo went to Versailles this morning, and we were thereby enabled to renew our study, which has been much interrupted of late. He did not return to dinner, according to the program which Monsieur laid out for him before he left, and we feared he was lost.

Saturday, February 8

"The Chinois," as Mr. Lampman calls the Burmese gentleman, Mong Shaw Loo, or "Dr. Noir," as Monsieur Chevalier calls him, made his appearance this morning as we sat at *café*. Our anxiety in reference to him had ceased, as his boots were seen outside his door, according to one of the servants. Monsieur Chevalier ventilates his English considerably for the purpose of conversing with the doctor, and he occasionally "brings down the house." Each morning he propounds the question slowly and carefully, "What do you propose to do to-day, doctor?" We all have the privilege of speaking English to the doctor without forfeit, as he remains so short a time. Dr. Shaw decided to go to call upon his friend, Col. Austin. Mrs. Hubbard and I, escorted by the kind Madame Chevalier, went for a Russian bath just before *déjeuner*. We found this bath a great improvement upon the one in the boat, which we took last Saturday. In the afternoon went out to do some shopping, and on our way home, visited the *Chapelle*

Expiatoire, built by order of Louis XVIII. to the memory of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and other victims of the Revolution. We were shown about by a pleasant French woman in a clean, white lace-cap. This chapel was built over the spot where the bodies of those to whose memory it is erected were thrown after their execution. Upon the pedestal that supports a statue of Marie Antoinette is inscribed the last letter written by this unfortunate queen. It is addressed to Madame Elizabeth, her husband's sister, of whom she takes an affectionate and touching leave in anticipation of her immediate execution, consigning to her care her children. I was able to read it without difficulty.

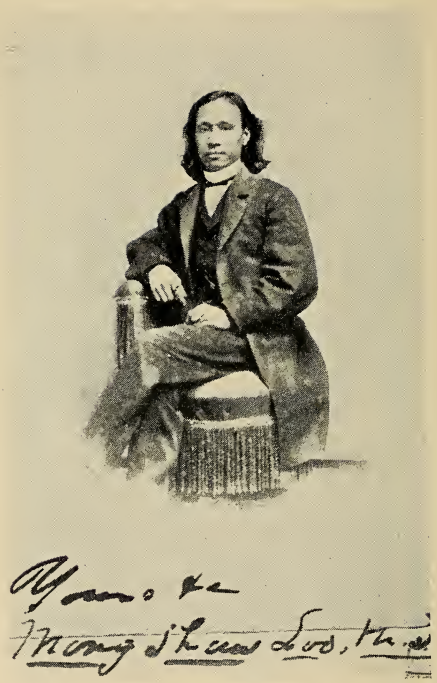
Sunday, February 9

Attended service on the Rue Royale accompanied by Dr. Mong Shaw Loo. Met Prince Léon on the *Champs Elysées,* who, after raising his hat, stopped to shake hands with Mong. In the afternoon the doctor addressed the Sunday School concert at the Rue de Berri. *Tout le monde* from *trente-cinq* turned out to hear him, even Monsieur and Madame Chevalier. Monsieur Léon was also present. Unfortunately, and for a wonder, too, the speakers who preceded "Loo" took for their theme the Catholics, of whom they spoke in no flattering terms, to say the least. I could not help regretting that another subject had not been chosen, for I daresay Madame will have the idea that the principal business of Protestant assemblies is to berate the Catholics. "Shaw's" remarks were more interesting, and he acquitted himself very well. He sang two songs in English and afterwards in his native language. He was invited to dine with Dr. Eldridge. After service I stopped to speak with Mrs. Gleason and Mrs. Griswold, who sat a few pews behind us. In the evening read with Monsieur in his letter "B"

about the Burmese. "Mong" was just coming up the stairs as we were going to our chamber. He came in and sat for a while relating the manner in which he had spent his pleasant evening.

Monday, February 10

After *café* we all adjourned to Robert Olyphant's room to listen to the dulcet tones of the doctor's voice. Monsieur Chevalier had donned his overcoat and stood hat in hand ready to start for Prince Léon's. Some of us were lingering in the dining-room for a few last words, when we heard the voice of Mr. Lampman shouting in anything but musical tones for us to "come along." Monsieur Chevalier, assuming a listening attitude, expressed his opinion that, judging from the sound, the singing had commenced! We accordingly bade him "Bon jour" and hastened to Robert's room, where Mr. Lampman was making an introductory speech, mounted upon the lounge, holding in one hand his pipe and gesticulating with the other in company with one leg. His remarks were to the effect that we had before us the great Burmese lion, whose one extremity lashed the Red Sea and the waters of the Indian Ocean, and the other, — here he was interrupted by the entrance of Monsieur Chevalier, who had been allured from his path downstairs by the extraordinary sounds. With one flying leap the orator vacated his stand, and his place was instantly filled by Monsieur, who delivered a very short extemporaneous yet eloquent address in pantomime, after which the singing commenced. First, Dr. Mong Shaw Loo sang a hymn in his native language, which Monsieur thought was English until he was informed to the contrary! Then *tout le monde* sang from the "Golden Chain." In the afternoon Dr. Eldridge called on



Dr. Mong Shaw Loo

"Mong," giving him a twenty-franc piece as a souvenir. Went out with "Shaw," who wished to find a present for one of his mothers, for he has two. He purchased some photographs and some stereoscopic views of Paris. Had dinner at a quarter before six, as the Doctor was to leave the city at eight o'clock, and we entered just as they were sitting down to the table. Dr. Loo is rather egotistical; has evidently been petted too much in America, and seems to be hallucinated with the idea that anything about himself will highly interest all who have the opportunity of listening. Monsieur Chevalier offered to accompany him to the station to see him safely started on his journey to Marseilles, and as we had no lesson for the evening, at their urgent request, Ellie and I went with them. On the way "Mong" informed me that it had not cost him as much as he expected it would; he had given five francs to each of the servants, a gratuity to the concierge, besides paying his bill. All seemed to be mutually satisfied, and the doctor left a good impression of generosity besides some flannel shirts and drawers that the *blanchisseuse* had not time to get dried. He said he would write me something during his voyage to let us know how he got along. Arrived at the station, Monsieur obtained permission of the guard for us to enter the interior. "Mong" took an affectionate leave of us, much to the amusement of Monsieur Chevalier, who stood by. We left him just outside the door of the *wagon* wherein was deposited his traveling-bag, etc., and saw him no more. As we reached the station, Monsieur said we could go home in three directions, by the quay, by the boulevards, or by the Rue de Rivoli. We decided to go by the quay, "where the lights quiver so far down the river." The evening was magnificent, and as we looked over the water, we seemed to be suspended between a sky above and a sky below. After passing the *Jardin des Plantes* and the

Halle aux Vins, (large wine warehouses), we crossed the suspension bridge and found ourselves on the Ile St. Louis, where Monsieur pointed out to us the house he had lived in when he was first married. Passing along the quay we crossed over to the Ile de la Cité, upon which is situated the famous *Notre Dame,* which Monsieur said appeared wonderfully beautiful by moonlight. We walked along hoping the moon would rise, but as it failed to appear, we took a carriage for home, when the first turn revealed the tardy luminary just a few minutes above the horizon, much to our chagrin.

Tuesday, February 11

Mr. l'Amour from London called, bringing with him a copy of *Les Misérables,* which was imperfect, for us to exchange. He is on his way to his relatives in the south of France, where he expects to arrive about midnight. He looked pale and tired. Our little *panier* has become so dilapidated that it has been replaced by a smart green *tirelire* in the shape of a barrel. Recited our lesson and wrote a *dictée* in the evening.

Wednesday, February 12

Prince Léon dined here, and, for a wonder, was not betrayed into speaking any English, as usual, and therefore made no contribution to the *tirelire.* As we were about commencing our usual game of whist, Mrs. Hubbard expostulated with Monsieur Chevalier in reference to his custom of overlooking my hand and telling me how to play, as her partner Prince Léon did not know how to play as well as I did, and it was necessary for him to assist their side. In spite of the new arrangement, our side won. This afternoon Monsieur came in on his semi-weekly round with his bunch of keys as usual,

to arrange the *pendule*. He sat for a few minutes and translated into French some anecdotes from the Youth's Companion, which chanced to be lying on the table. In the evening a question arose as to who was the taller, Mrs. Hubbard or myself, which resulted in Monsieur's marking the height of each and all on the casement of the door in the *salon*.

Thursday, February 13

Did not go out to-day. Studied, read, and recited and wrote another *dictée* from the "Hotel de Ville."

Friday, February 14

After *déjeuner* went with Mrs. Hubbard to the Bon Marché, where she made some extensive purchases. Saw such a quantity of beautiful things! The bookkeeper at the desk gave each of us a pretty little illustrated almanac, highly perfumed with musk. Went to the *Rue Jacob* where *Les Misérables* is published, and exchanged the imperfect copy. Saw a beautiful little girl about three years old on one of the rues. She was laughing, and we were so struck with her beauty that we had to stop and exclaim. Her hair was golden and her face, "as fair as fair could be," was lighted by a brilliant pair of black eyes. She was exceedingly becoming to her little red riding-hood and seemed to be quite on her own responsibility, sitting in a sort of angle in the street; and she was such a darling, sweet-looking little fairy elf that I remember her with delight. Mrs. Hubbard tried to learn *Der liebe lange Tag* on our way home, in order to surprise Mr. Lampman with her knowledge of German, he having begun to sport considerable, showing remarkable precocity in one so young.

Saturday, February 15

Had no lesson this evening, as Monsieur and Madame Chevalier were obliged to go out.

Sunday, February 16

Lord Ragstaff, (or a name that sounded like that,) preached at the chapel Rue Royale again. He is an earnest and doubtless an excellent man but decidedly illiterate. Saw Mr. Gleason and Mr. and Mrs. Griswold. Had an early dinner to-day so as to be in season for church service at *Notre Dames des Victoires,* where we accompanied Monsieur and Madame. We went in at the grand entrance but found it impossible to obtain a good standing-place even; so we went out and entered by a side-door in a court, which took us close to the choir. We found plenty of seats by the payment of a sou, in the chairs upon the first landing of the altar. The singing, performed by a choir of boys, was very fine. There were three organs in the church, two of them as large as ordinary church organs, and a huge one used only on state occasions, of which the present was unfortunately not one. The *prédicateur* was escorted to the pulpit by a *suisse,* or beadle, in livery of gold lace (only "All is not gold that glitter," and "Things are not what they seem"), who carried a cane which he thumped before him to clear the way. After the *prédicateur* had delivered a short address, he was succeeded by a *curé,* who delivered a long one. During the ceremonies, the people were continually entering, now a Jesuit in his long, black robes; now a nun, who, kneeling upon the steps of the altar and devoutly crossing themselves, would afterwards mix with the crowd, seat themselves and listen to the discourse. A gentleman near us, evidently a

stranger, seemed to be much disturbed by a woman who knelt before him to say her prayers. He chanced to be sitting in a direct line with the image upon the altar, and the devout damsel, absorbed in her "Ave" was no doubt quite oblivious of his presence. After looking about him with a startled expression, he suddenly left his seat as if he regarded it as a personal matter and disappeared in the crowd. The service over, we walked to the omnibus station via the Palais Royale. Met some persons in ball-dresses who seemed to wish to attract attention, as they were without shawl or hood in "very full dress." Passed the vegetable stalls from which the Emperor's table is supplied and saw through the glass the most tempting fruits, apples which I though were wax, such splendid red and white complexions they had; but Madame said they were the natural fruit; bananas, pine-apples, asparagus, etc., etc. After waiting for an omnibus nearly half an hour, we at last saw one coming, and succeeded in securing places. Among our travelling companions was a woman who began to perform her toilet operations for the night. Taking off her belt-ribbon, she carefully folded it and put it in her pocket, after which she took out her earrings and unhooked her dress. Fortunately at this epoch the omnibus arrived at her destination and she left.

Monday, February 17

Attended "a wedding in high life" at the église de St. Thomas Aquinas. The eldest daughter of the Count of Germany was married to a count of the same name, a cousin of the bride. We arrived in season to secure good seats for the view, near the altar. A carpet for the bridal party extended from the altar along the principal aisle, down the steps of the church and out to the carriage. Their arrival

was announced by the *suisse,* who led the way preceded by his cane, while a wedding-march pealed from the organ as the party walked down the aisle. The bride was dressed in a robe of white satin with the corsage high; her hair was arranged *à la mode,* and her figure was enveloped in a lace veil. She came in leaning upon the arm of her father. She was tall and fair, with a face interesting but not handsome. They proceeded up the steps of the altar, where a priest in his official robes awaited them, followed by the bridegroom, who escorted the mother of the bride. The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth which Madame Chevalier says, was not *à la mode,* light pantaloons being the style. Then followed the relatives, and all seated themselves in the comfortable chairs provided for them. The friends and acquaintances sat in the front seats. After a series of risings and sittings and kneelings, they arrived at that stage in the ceremony when only the priestly benediction awaited. This was pronounced, the couple kneeling, while two gentlemen of the party, one the brother of the bride, held over their heads an embroidered canopy of white silk fringed with gold. This being finished, the party again seated themselves, when the *suisse* ascended the steps of the altar, holding in his hand a little contribution basket, which he gave into the hands of the sister of the bride, a beautiful girl of fifteen years. Being joined by a young gentleman of the party, whose hand she held, she went about soliciting contributions, preceded by the *suisse,* who thumped his cane before him and cried, *"Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plaît."* She was as graceful as a nymph, but her companion found it a fiery ordeal, judging from his complexion. After this the bridal party went to an anteroom, where they were followed by their friends, who went to offer

their congratulations. The handsome Prince Léon was there. Madame directed our attention to a young lady in blue, with an intellectual but exceedingly plain face, who was a Polish Countess, one of the numerous friends of the bride. Madame calls her "Marie" and says she is breaking the hearts of two love-smitten swains for whom she has not the least consideration, notwithstanding they are quite wretched, and both were present.

From the church we went to the Petit St. Thomas and then to "Charley's" for buckwheat cakes, Madame going with us to taste this celebrated American dish, after which she left us.

Next we went with Mrs. Hubbard to the Hôtel de l'Athénèe and waited in the reading-room while she made a short call upon a friend of hers, who is soon to return to America. Presently she came to us accompanied by her friend, whom she introduced as Mrs. Hines, and we all started to see about getting some parasols covered. The day was lovely, and the people seemed to be enjoying it very much. Here and there on the boulevards were little refreshment-tables, where gentlemen were cosily chatting over their coffee or wine, while waiters in long white aprons were busily attending to customers. Recited our lesson as usual in the evening and wrote a *dictée.*

Tuesday, February 18

Rainy. Our German students utter things strange and unintelligible. Mr. Lampman expanded his usually abridged remarks, "Ein wenig brot" to, "Wollen Sie so gut sein mir ein wenig brot gaben?" and Anna brought him the bread, while Mrs. Hubbard was so astonished that "Der liebe lange Tage" all went out of her head.

Wednesday, February 19

Monsieur came in to arrange the *pendule* and read for about an hour. Lesson in the evening with a *dictée* more lengthy than usual.

Thursday, February 20

Went to the publishing house of J. Hetzel, 18 Rue Jacob, to exchange the last copy of *Les Misérables* which also proved to be imperfect. We were there for more than an hour looking over copies to obtain two free from imperfections, and were at last successful. The clerks were polite and seemed not only willing but anxious to have the imperfections corrected. Said they would repair the copy that Monsieur had had bound, without noticing that several pages were missing. Called at Mr. Griswold's. Found an English lady there bolstered up on the lounge, whom I had met several times at the chapel, Rue Royale. She said the tea-party held by the society the Tuesday evening previous was a perfect success and a very pleasant affair. Arrived home just in season to dress for dinner. Prince Léon dined with us and also Mr. Packer, of whom I have spoken before. He speaks French quite fluently and easily, but, Madame says, "with a good deal of accent." He left very early in the morning and made his adieus in a manner so graceful as to charm Monsieur and Madame, who expressed themselves highly pleased in exclamations of *"gentil!"* etc. Played whist with Monsieur Chevalier for a partner, Mr. Lampman having accompanied his friend.

Friday, February 21

Tout le monde went with Monsieur Chevalier to the hôtel of Count Mniszech, as Monsieur Léon had invited us

to visit it. The Count and Countess are now at Fontainebleau. Private houses here are called hôtels, and this one is situated next the Russian church. It is enclosed in a lovely garden and surrounded by a very high wall, covered on the interior with ivy. The rooms are so handsome and contain so many curious and interesting things that it has become quite famous, and strangers often ask permission to visit it. Monsieur rang the bell at the gate, which was opened by the concierge, who lives in a little lodge near the entrance. We entered the garden, in the center of which is a fountain, and the first thing that attracted our attention was a dear little fawn trying to hide itself in the shrubbery. Some peacocks strutted about with their gaudy plumage gracefully trailing along the walks, quite ignoring the presence of the guinea-hens that followed after. We ascended the steps leading to the grand entrance. The door was opened by a domestic, and we were admitted into a vestibule, paved with marble, leading to a spacious hall filled with paintings. In it was a large round bronze card-receiver in which were numerous titled bits of pasteboard. The floor was highly polished with wax. As we stood here looking about us, some crimson draperies which led to the stairway were drawn aside and our handsome young host appeared to welcome us. We were conducted through suites of elegantly furnished rooms each one differing from the others in style and coloring. First, the family sitting room, a cheerful, stately apartment, with a handsome table in the center, over which was a magnificent chandelier of wax candles. A large clock elaborately carved reached from the floor to the ceiling. The walls were hung with pictures in oil, many of them portraits. An ebony cabinet inlaid with ivory stood near a window. A piano, what-nots, a large and handsome fireplace ornamented with vases and

various graceful little articles of taste, counteracted the air of stateliness and gave to the room a comfortable, homelike appearance. One especially beautiful room was oval shaped, the ceiling exquisitely frescoed, the cornice carved and decorated with a deep, light gilding. A box-window with straw-colored draperies with gold trimmings matching the walls and furniture, formed one side of the room. A pattern carpet of tapestry covered the floor. The walls were covered with little ornamental frames composed of pedestals which were filled with statuettes. The doors were of looking-glass, which repeated the apartment again and again. A fireplace with a clock and graceful vases occupied nearly the half of another side. A fire-screen of exquisite workmanship, a table of straw-colored marble upon which was a large marble basin, little tables covered with delicate bijouterie etc. completed the furnishing of this apartment. This room led into the grand salon, beautifully carpeted and furnished with light furniture, the ceiling also frescoed; a fat little cherub with a laughing face, sprang from one corner with a garland of flowers which he seemed about to drop on any one who chanced to stand beneath him. Two tables, filled with a large collection of exquisitely carved ivory, stood upon each side of the fireplace. From this room we went into a smaller apartment furnished with crimson, everything in perfect keeping, and showing a taste most artistic. Opening from this was the dining-hall with a waxed floor of a pattern to correspond to the elaborately carved ceiling of some sort of dark wood, from the center of which was suspended a handsome chandelier, which hung over a large dining-table. The chairs of dark wood, carved, cushioned, and with high straight backs completed the furniture. The walls were hung with family portraits, one of

Prince Léon's grandfather, Alexander II., King of Poland. Some of these portraits officiated as doors to cupboards. We passed out into the hall and up stairs, where we were shown the chamber of the Countess, a most attractive room with light furniture, so pleasant and delightful and comfortable with its elegantly curtained bed and easy-chairs and lounge and tables filled with curious and wonderful things of art, its fireplace and clock, and pleasant window looking out upon the garden and the gilded spires of the Russian church, and the fountain. A portrait of the Count, a fine looking man, hung upon the wall. The chamber of the Count, a room opposite, not so pleasant but elegantly furnished in dark wood, was filled with paintings, many of them by himself, for he is an artist. A life-sized oil portrait of the Countess, painted by him seemed just ready to step from its frame. Monsieur Léon then took us to his own chamber. Near the window was a huge cage in which were some small green paroquets that were screeching over the body of a brilliant-plumaged cockatoo, which had just departed this life and was lying motionless upon his side. Monsieur Léon said he had seemed sick for a day or two. Another room near by was devoted to cockatoos of different sizes and colors that made the place hideous with their screeches at such an invasion of their territory by a party of foreigners. One old one seemed to be quite crazy with rage as he danced up and down on his perch flapping his wings and diving at us with his bill. A little one with a philosophical expression regarded us from a high shelf outside the cage. We next went into Monsieur Léon's study, a charming room. In one corner stood his easel with a landscape in oil nearly finished. Quite a large library occupied one side of the room with two tables filled with various et ceteras too numerous to mention. A

handsome fireplace and clock were here, as in all the other rooms. Over the table was a collection of the "Napoleonic Dynasty;" near by an American flag, and over the fireplace a photograph of President Lincoln. A study-table filled with books and writing-material occupied the center of the room. The walls were hung with portraits, as was also the stairway which we descended, again entering the large hall. Here one of the domestics with a tame cockatoo upon her finger, which made a most polite bow to Monsieur Chevalier, who was evidently an acquaintance of his, hopping upon the finger which he extended toward him. Monsieur Léon then sent for some dining plates, upon which were painted hens and ducks, etc. A visit to the smoking-room completed our tour of the *grande maison,* and then we traversed the garden and ascended the narrow stairway of a small building which led to the Count's studio. The walls were tapestried and adorned with portraits. An unfinished one of a lady was upon an easel. We saw two portraits of Monsieur Léon painted by his father, one when the Prince was about eight years old, and the other recently finished, but not as handsome as the original. Then we went into the garden again for a walk. Monsieur Chevalier made some advances toward the fawn, but they were not received with confidence. The shy little creature will come only at the call of Monsieur Léon with whom it seems on the most confidential terms. Madame gathered up some of the scattered drapery of the peacocks which they had left behind them in some of their promenades.

We went to a squirrel-house and watched the gyrations of the inhabitants, who were too active to admit of any but verbal observations. Our young host said we must have a look into the *cuisine* before we left and proceeded to open a

door which led to that region, when he was assailed by brooms, brushes, and various other utensils of industry that, fatigued no doubt by service, were resting inside the door and had rushed out in self-defense on being disturbed! We all started back at this unexpected assault, but, quiet being restored, we descended a flight of steps and came into a large room with a huge open fireplace, upon which was carved a boar's head with a savage-looking tusk. The walls were enlivened by various highly polished cooking-utensils in copper. Everything looked exquisitely neat and orderly. Monsieur Chevalier pointed to the range and said that was the place where they cooked his nice omelets. Madame Chevalier remained to give Monsieur Léon the lesson in German she usually gives on Saturady, and the rest of us took our leave. Lesson in the evening minus the *dictée.*

Monday, February 22

Washington's birthday, rainy and shiny like our month of April. The gentlemen breakfasted with Monsieur Chevalier; so Madame Chevalier, Mrs. Hubbard, Ellie and I were by ourselves. Mrs. Hubbard says that Mr. Birch, the gentleman that Samu and I met at "Charley's" has lost more than $100,000 in the recent fire at Chicago, and he will return immediately to America. This evening Monsieur Léon came in for a few minutes and interrupted our lesson.

Sunday, February 23

Carnival begins to-day and continues through *Les jours gras* (Shrovetide). This morning *tout le monde* had gathered on the *Champs Elysées* to witness the procession of the *boeufs gras.* The *boeufs gras* this year are four in number and have taken prizes. The people were so numerous that

we decided to go to the Rue de Berri this morning, thus obviating the necessity of a long walk down the *Champ Elysées*. Heard a sermon by Lord Radstock, not Ragstaff, as previously written, who seems to be a person of great physical ubiquity, if nothing else. The singing was very fine. After *café* Monsieur Chevalier asked me to read some English with him. Accordingly we adjourned to the salon and translated from one of Master "Bobe's" — as Monsieur Chevalier calls Master Robert Olyphant — Sunday School books until we were interrupted by Mr. Lampman, who requested a few minutes audience from Monsieur Chevalier. During his absence, Madame, who sat in her large crimson velvet easy-chair by the window, read aloud from an account of the last moments in the life of Napoleon, written by the priest who was with him on the island of St. Helena, and afterwards read from Lamartine's "Jocelyn." She reads with much expression, and is a very intelligent woman, possessing a remarkable fund of information on all subjects, as well as extraordinary conversational powers.

Monday, February 24

A question arose at the table to-day in regard to the goddess, "Justice," whether she was usually represented as blindfolded. Lesson in the evening.

Tuesday, February 25

Ladies had again the privilege of breakfasting alone, a privilege only to be appreciated by one who sits vis-à-vis to an individual who administers sly *coups de pied* to me under the table for the slightest remark of mine that can be construed into a *coup de langue*. I am sorry to have anything so shocking to record, but my duty as a truthful writer impels me. I highly

approve of patriotism, especially in a fellow countryman, but pat-*riot-ism* under the table is quite a misunderstanding of the term. The gentlemen went to "Charley's," a synonym for buckwheat cakes. Mr. Lampman has taken Monsieur to give him a treat on this American dish in Paris. Monsieur has been practising on the pronunciation of this word for several days and has at last arrived at the point where he can say "bock-weet skeeks," and Mr. Lampman considers him sufficiently advanced to appreciate the dish.

The *boeufs gras* are to be received by the Emperor today at the Tuileries at one o'clock. The subject of attending a masked ball has been discussed, and we have concluded that the pleasure will not compensate for the expense.

An orchestra composed of two harps, a flute, and a violin has been performing in the court to the great edification of all listeners. Some of these street performances are very artistic, and it is like having a concert come to you. They are succeeded, however, by another troupe composed of an old man with a banjo and an old woman with a crack in her voice. I cannot recommend their performance as highly artistic; it is rather "highly" but not artistic.

Mercredi des cendres (or Ash Wednesday). Madame went to Mass early this morning and came home with a cross on her forehead. It was so faint that we did not notice it until *déjeuner,* when she called our attention to it. We looked at Monsieur to see his cross, but his face was clean. He said "one dirty face in the family" was enough.

Went to walk with Mrs. Hubbard, first to her dressmaker's, where we saw a white satin bridal robe. A pretty French girl took Mrs. Hubbard's measure, and in the meantime, Madame, the proprietress of the establishment, entered, dressed in the perfection of taste and elegance. Her corsage

was of purple satin cut perfectly plain and buttoned up in front with very small buttons covered with the same material. Over this was the corsage of her elegant black silk robe without sleeves and high in the back but open in front, coming to a point just below the bust and closely fitting the waist, exposing the purple satin sleeves and a small portion of the waist in front. The armholes were trimmed with a sort of graceful, heavily fringed material, which, as the black silk over the corsage was high on the shoulders, gave a very pretty effect.

In the evening at dinner the gentlemen gave a very pleasing account of their buckwheat expedition. Monsieur Chevalier pronounces the cakes "déliceuse." They attended the *boeufs gras* reception at the Tuileries, and Monsieur *"Bobe"* (Monsieur Chevalier's name for Robert) was delighted that he had so fine a view of the Emperor and Empress, who, they all agreed, were particularly gracious, the Emperor even condescending so much as to depart from his usual custom and to smile, which occasioned the remark from Monsieur that he was "well brought-up."

This evening the mustard was in great demand, and Mr. Lampman, who was in a humorous mood, would take it up when it was resting in quietness and present it to some one, saying, *"Permettez-moi de vous offrir la moutarde,"* a quotation from Monsieur Léon the last time he dined here. Mr. Lampman came very near to upsetting one of the wine-decanters after having filled his glass, because he set it down on the edge of the little glass plate instead of in the center. After hastening to assist it to recover its equilibrium, he offered it the mustard; this set the table in a roar of laughter. Mrs. Hubbard put her hand in my pocket and abstracted a franc, and notwithstanding my protestations, Monsieur Chevalier, her accomplice, responded to her demand to change it for

the purpose of paying three sous, which they said I owed to the *tirelire* for saying as many words in English. Mrs. Hubbard said she was *Justice*. Then arose the question whether or not that goddess was represented as blind.

Thursday, February 27

At *café* I asked Monsieur for his little book of mythology, and he immediately announced to the public that I was "not obstinate"! I only wanted to see if Justice was blindfolded. So we all entered the salon, when Monsieur took from his library several books, one of which Madame Chevalier commenced looking over. We found several Justices, all of whom had their eyes wide open, at which they all rejoiced in triumph and advised me to give up my impression. Mrs. Hubbard is reading *Les Mysteries de Paris* by Eugene Sue, and in the evening she came across a passage in it to the effect that Justice was usually represented blindfolded and holding the scales, but that this was a misrepresentation of the goddess; this was Law, and Justice should neither have her eyes bandaged nor hold the balances.

Friday, February 28

Went to Levitsky's to take back some photographs that were imperfect. The pretty *demoiselle* who is always in attendance took them with an air of quiet grace and said they would correct them. At *déjeuner* Monsieur received a letter from Mr. Farnham, who was here when we first came, introducing some friends of his, a Dr. and Mrs. Dodd of New York, who will spend some months in Paris to learn the language, and would like to come here if agreeable to all concerned. I am glad for Madame, as her rooms have not been occupied for half the winter.

Saturday, February 29

Prince Léon ran in for a moment as we sat at *déjeuner,* to see Mr. Lampman, who was not in, having gone with Robert to his usual Saturday's breakfast at "Charley's." Monsieur Léon went there and was fortunate in finding them.

Monsieur and Madame have been busy all the afternoon in getting the rooms in readiness for the new comers, it being necessary to make some elaborate changes. Madame's room is converted into a little salon, and her chamber is to be henceforth one of the suite of the apartment above, formerly occupied by Mademoiselle Barrett. I feel quite homesick at the change, and have been so silly as to shed a few tears. Madame has just been into our room to ask if we will eat a *petit gateau* to keep us from starving, as dinner will be delayed until seven o'clock on account of the press of affairs. Master Robert came into our room to exhibit new cane of Russia-leather tipped with ivory, a present from Prince Léon. Robert is an admirable boy, one of the kindest-hearted, most conscientious beings in the world, and his goodness shines out in his face, which is not only attractive but handsome. He was going out to dine with some friends of his. Spoilt my eyes and was not presentable for dinner, but Madame excused me. The new boarders arrived this evening. Madame came and sat with me a little while before dinner. She is just as good as she can be.

Sunday, March 1

Awoke last night and found it dreadfully lonesome, as there was no sound of snoring in the next chamber! Did not go up to breakfast nor yet to coffee, but Madame came down and said I must go out to walk or I should never recover my equanimity. Accordingly at four o'clock in the afternoon we started out. I discovered on the way that Madame had stayed at home from

church to go with me, dear, good Madame! We walked a little way down the Avenue de l'Impératrice, which was filled with gay carriages, horsemen and promenaders. One of the horsemen stopped to speak to Madame, reaching down from his height to shake her hand. His beautiful steed was so restless that the conversation, brief as it was, proved to be the "pursuit of pleasure under difficulties." He was the young Prince du Bergh, a military officer. He galloped off at length down the avenue devoted to equestrians. Madame says she will sometime tell me a romance regarding this young prince. Presently we retraced our steps and sat down on one of the seats to rest ourselves, when whom should we see coming toward us but Monsieur himself! I fancy Madame had arranged to meet him there, for I had refused to walk with him, not wishing to exhibit my eyes to anyone. However, I forgave Madame this little stratagem and we all three started down the avenue again. It was sad to see the Sabbath so utterly disregarded, and we soon returned home again. Madame excused me from appearing at dinner at my request, but Monsieur said "No," and he and Madame both came into my chamber to wait until I had removed my bonnet and cloak to accompany them into the salon. I made another appeal to Madame, but she said Monsieur was a "higher power;" so in spite of my protestations, I was taken upstairs, where Monsieur tried to compensate for his obstinacy by arranging me in a comfortable easy-chair in front of the fire. Just after that Robert Olyphant came in with a message from Mrs. Hubbard, who wished me to come into her room and sing, an invitation with which she had threatened me when she came into my room after *déjeuner* before I was up. As I should have been sure to meet Mr. Lampman, I declined to accept, not being in a mood to be teased.

Monday, March 2

The winter is not over here until the twenty-first of March as it does not begin until about the middle of December. But we can sit comfortably without a fire. The birds sing and twitter. Opposite my window on the other side of the court are eight canaries in one cage outside the window. In another cage beside them are some ring-necked doves. To-day Mrs. Dodd took her first lesson from Monsieur, Madame being present to assist. Dr. Dodd is a very handsome man with dark hair and eyes, not over thirty, I should think. Mrs. Dodd is a pleasant little woman, quiet and pretty, with golden hair and dark eyes of an uncertain color. The doctor speaks German at the table with Madame Chevalier. He understands and speaks very little French. It is funny to hear Monsieur talk English when they cannot understand French.

Tuesday, March 3

He has been teaching Mrs. Dodd the musical note *un,* which can be given correctly only by a Frenchman, — and pigs! He is now teaching her to count and says "quatre-vingt-neuf," which she repeats after him. Monsieur says now very slowly and cautiously, "Wat are hour monnees in France?" and I catch the sentences, "Très-bien, dix centimes;" "Très-bien!" "Combien de sous?" "Cinquante centimes ou un demi-franc." "Deux francs!" "En français, Madame; vous connaissez maintenant." Now they are laughing. "Vous prononcez très-bien." Now Mrs. Dodd is saying something in English which he cannot understand, and he says, "Eet ees necessary to learn French for talk to me." After the lesson Monsieur came in here to arrange the *pendule,* and spying this paper, took it up an began reading it, as I told him

I had been writing about him. He read aloud till he came to "Eet ees" which he read "et cetera et cetera," and I allowed him to rest in error. When we went upstairs to recite our lesson this evening, we found all, with the exception of Monsieur, who was waiting for us, preparing to play a game of squails. After our lesson we joined them, and it was droll to hear Monsieur say "fluted" when a squail was thrown from the table.

Wednesday, March 4

After *déjeuner* we went to the banking-house of Munroe & Co., walking both ways. Recited our lesson in the evening, and from choice took a ten minutes' *dictée* from the "Hôtel de Ville."

Thursday, March 5

Mrs. Gleason called to-day and sat with us until it began to grow dark.

Friday, March 6

Monsieur Léon dined here. Mr. Lampman's seat was changed for the occasion, and he sat in Robert's place between Mrs. Hubbard and me, while Robert, who has occupied this place since the new boarders arrived, was located upon the other side of the table between Ellie and Mrs. Dodd. Mr. Lampman delivered me a lecture between his mouthfuls, upon the necessity of taking a walk every day. I thought he was in fun when he began, but concluded he was in earnest before he finished. In the evening while Monsieur and the Doctor amused themselves in the salon with playing "dames," a French game of checkers, the rest of us were in the *salle à manger* playing at squails. Madame Chevalier, Mrs. Hubbard

and I played for one side, Monsieur Léon, Ellie, and Mrs. Dodd on the other. Our side was beaten nearly every time, and we came to the conclusion we had too much sympathy for the "blacks," which were in the hands of our opponents. During the game Mrs. Dodd and Mrs. Hubbard were called out to attend to some new dresses which they had ordered, and our party was broken up for a while. I went into the salon to witness the progress of the "dames," where I found Monsieur ascending in the act of crowning a king. Prince Léon came in directly after, and, on overlooking the board, asked in German who had the different colors, when Dr. Dodd with a conscious twinkle in his eyes, knowing that Monsieur could not understand, answered that he had the white men and Monsieur the black, who were rather scarce in numbers on the board. We left them, however, equally matched, the rest of our party having returned to squails. After a time we were joined by the two "dames," and the long dining-table was made round, which was pronounced a great improvement. Poor Madame was rather unsuccessful in her efforts, which were always followed by a groan as her squail glanced off wide from the mark and was "fluted." She did not cease to congratulate Mrs. Hubbard and me upon our skill and adroitness and sadly remarked, "No one tells me that I play well," when "Bobe," the *enfant terrible,* who is always the soul of truth and conscientiousness, remarked consolatorily, "Why, Madame, you cannot expect anyone to say anything but the truth!" Mrs. Dodd took great delight in chasing my squail which always seemed to defy her, and she would not change her place after the gentlemen came in. We were arranged in this way: Robert, Madame Chevalier, Mrs. Hubbard, Prince Léon, myself, Mrs. Dodd, Dr. Dodd, and Monsieur Chevalier, four on each side alternately. During the game,

Master Robert Olyphant
"Monsieur Bobe"

Master Robert Olyphant

as Monsieur Chevalier was taking aim at the Doctor's squail which was in good position to be chased, Madame put her hand in a threatening attitude in relation to Monsieur's ear, quite unperceived by him, for the purpose of administering a *coup* should his aim be successful. Alas for him! It was, and Madame's hand, swift in its execution, made a hit simultaneously with Monsieur's squail, and we were all convulsed with laughter for minutes after. As the party broke up, Mrs. Hubbard asked me to come into her room and see her new dresses, which I accordingly did, followed by Robert. A few minutes after Madame Chevalier came in. Mrs. Hubbard put one of her elegant skirts on me that she might see how it hung. After the dresses were carefully folded and laid on the bed, Monsieur came in, pipe in mouth, and spying a fold of silk, minced up to it with an "Oh!" and began cautiously to examine it with the extremity of his thumb and finger. He was arrested by cries of "Pas la pipe, Monsieur, pas la pipe!" proceeding from the mouth of Mrs. Hubbard, as she hastened to rescue her robes, laughing at Monsieur's retreat as she mounted guard over them. She exhibited them to him also. Madame Chevalier remarked that the trails, which were at least a yard in length, would be graceful in dancing. She had scarcely finished the remark when Monsieur caught her by the waist and began a wild galopade about the chamber. This might have continued longer if he had not run into the looking-glass door of the wardrobe, which put a sudden stop to his wild career, at the same time breaking his favorite pipe, which fell to the floor, leaving a small *débris* of stem between his teeth. Fortunately he did not break the glass. After laughing till our sides ached, we saw Robert hasten into his room and bring back his new cane which he began flourishing in a threatening manner over Monsieur's shoulders,

admonishing him at the same time to leave the room, as such behavior could not be permitted. He had scarcely uttered the words when the cane, by some magic movement, suddenly changed hands and was flourished around the legs of its owner. Quiet was finally restored, and we separated for our own rooms, as it was nearly midnight.

Saturday, March 7

Tout le monde from No. 35 in company with Miss Rice and Monsieur Léon, visited the *écuries* of the Emperor. Mr. Lampman suggested at the table that, as the party was so large, instead of forming a procession like the *boeufs gras,* we should divide into small parties and meet at the Louvre at the appointed time. This we did to a certain degree. We found the stables in the finest condition. Some of the horses, which number 136, were magnificent creatures, especially "Hero," a saddle-horse of the Emperor and the one he rode the day of the review. The stalls were all carpeted with fresh straw, and the brass ornaments polished to the highest degree. Over each stall was printed the name of the occupant. "Walter Scott," a beautiful chestnut; "Sevastopol," a black Russian pony; "Nellie" and "Gip," two American horses, which Madame remarked were our compatriots. They are ornaments to the society in which they are placed, and are said to be the Emperor's favorites. We were shown through different rooms, in one of which were forty stalls. The carriages and harnesses were not so interesting, though sufficiently elegant. I remarked to Madame that I should like a hair from the tail of one of the horses as a souvenir, which amused her very much. In the last department where the saddles and other equipments were placed behind glass doors, was a wooden steed richly caparisoned with the mane and tail of one that had once lived.

It was with a slight suspicion of its having been plucked from this Pegasus, that I received from Madame a horsehair souvenir as I stood upon the gentle declivity that led to the royal riding-school. Monsieur tried to prove that it had belonged to "Hero" and succeeded to my satisfaction more than to his own.

Over the entrance to the riding-school are the heads and forelegs of three splendid bronze horses, which are plunging forward in an attitude so natural that you almost expect to see the rest of them start into view. The dimensions of this room are 120 by 30 feet, and the beautiful columns are headed with handsomely carved horses' heads. The floor is covered with sawdust. The guide explained to us that the flags which decorated the room were waved before the horses' heads, as they were exercised here to accustom them to things of that sort, that they might not easily be frightened.

Our party now separated, as this finished the tour over the stables, Madame Chevalier and Monsieur Léon going together, as Madame had a lesson to give him in German. Mr. Lampman went in another direction, Mrs. Dodd, Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Rice went on a shopping tour, and Monsieur, Ellie, Robert and I went to the Louvre. We spent about an hour here, and on going out found it raining; so we took a carriage and left Monsieur at Count Mniszech's, while we returned home. Robert came into our room to arrange his stamps, which he had purchased. Presently Mrs. Hubbard came in to show me how badly the corsage to her new robe was made, the satin trimming being joined the wrong way of the material, and in the most conspicuous places. After she had gone, Mrs. Dodd came in and sat a little while, and then I had only just time to dress for dinner and not a moment

for looking over my lesson. My *dictée* was a sort of compromise between one of ten minutes and one of an hour.

Sunday, March 8

The weather is as fickle as the French language. In five minutes it rains, hails, shines, and rains again. The sky is blue of the clearest color; then black of the darkest hue. The wind was so strong that we did not venture to go to church. A splendid day for "tulips" to flourish. Tulips in this sense signify umbrellas turned wrong side out by the wind, as Monsieur explained to me yesterday when we were riding along and saw one "blow out" in the hands of a woman who was making slow and difficult progress against the wind and rain.

Received a letter from Lizzie by way of London and one from Samu. Obtained permission from Madame to read it at the table, as I had finished my breakfast and was waiting for the others, but found it the "pursuit of pleasure under difficulty," as Monsieur Chevalier, who sat at my side, amused himself by placing obstacles in my way, first one thing and then another until he spread my napkin before my eyes. Mrs. Hubbard said there was a bright fire in her room and two easy-chairs and advised me to go in there and read, which I did.

Monsieur has received a response to a request he sent some time ago to visit the *égouts,* (the sewers of Paris), and if nothing prevents, we shall go next Thursday. While I was in Mrs. Hubbard's room she came in accompanied by Mrs. Dodd and Robert, but the last two did not remain long. After they had gone, Mrs. Hubbard read me a droll letter in blank verse which she had received from a friend of hers.

At *café* Mr. Lampman related his adventures in going to

and returning from church in the wind. His umbrella was converted into a "tulip" and flew across the street as he loosened his hold to take care of his hat, which was forcibly taken from his head and carried high up in the air, falling gracefully, after a few curves, into his outstretched hands. His umbrella was restored to him by a man who saw it flying across the street. Mr. Lampman said that one of the scholars in his Sunday School class had only the stick left of the umbrella with which he had started from home! The wind is so strong that it blows off parts of the roofings and the chimneys. Mr. Lampman's hat was blown off again, and he was compelled to chase it through the mud from the *Place d'Etoile* to the *Arc de Triomphe;* and his umbrella again making a "tulip" of itself, flew up in the air breaking in its wild career a window, and finally depositing itself, a shattered ruin, in the mud. The last view he had of it was under the feet of a *gamin* who was trying to separate the drapery from the stick! He remarked pathetically in closing that it was an old friend and had been his companion in many travels. The *enfant terrible* advised me to put on pantaloons if I decided to go out this afternoon.

Monday, March 9

Studied as usual. In the evening wrote a *dictée* which had twenty-three faults!

Tuesday, March 10

Dined and spent the evening at the Griswolds'. The day has been perfectly magnificent, and the walk down the *Champs Elysées* was delightful. Little Annie had in her hair a blue ribbon which was exceedingly becoming to her sweet little face.

At *déjeuner* Madame and Mr. Lampman discussed the subject of powder for the skin, Mr. Lampman asserting that it

was very injurious, as it filled up the pores, and Madame contending that it was very refreshing to use on the face when one is heated, and not so injurious as water. In the course of the conversation, Madame remarked that the French type was dark hair, eyes, and complexion, the light-complexioned people we meet not being natives but strangers.

Wednesday, March 11

At dinner the correct pronunciation of "Louvre" came up, Mrs. Hubbard contending that Mr. Lampman pronounced it with two syllables Lou-ver; but Mr. Lampman thinks he pronounces it Louvre as Monsieur Chevalier does. I think we are all sufficiently decided as to the pronunciation of that word at least.

After dinner the gentlemen all went out, and the rest of us spent the evening in Mrs. Dodd's sitting room. Anna brought in the coffee and we had a cozy time. Mrs. Hubbard was doing a beautiful piece of worsted work, a full-blown calla with its green leaves on a dark green ground. Master "Bobe" and Ellie played chess. Madame Chevalier brought in her basket of knitting and "set up" a stocking for Mrs. Dodd, who is ambitious to learn how to shape one for the doctor. I looked over some albums, one filled with photographic views of scenery in Switzerland and Italy; another a face album, containing among others a picture of Mrs. Dodd's little boy, about five years old and very handsome. She has not seen him for two years. Madame Chevalier translated for us a little German story into French. It was almost twelve before we separated for the night. In Mrs. Dodd's album were the photographs of seven young ladies who came over from America without escort. They had traveled about a good deal but had been spending the winter in Berlin,

studying, attending concerts, etc. One of them is now in Paris attending to the purchase of her wedding outfit. In Berlin she became acquainted with the gentleman to whom she is engaged, and they are going to America to be married, after which they return to Berlin.

Thursday, March 12

Visited the sewers of Paris in company with Dr. and Mrs. Dodd, Monsieur Chevalier, Ellie and Robert. The two former started in season to regale themselves on buckwheat cakes at "Charley's," meeting us at the appointed time at the Place de Châtelet, close to the tower of St. Jacques, where we entered the sewers.

These sewers were begun in the time of Napoleon I., but the present Emperor has made extensive additions, and they are now worthy of a place among the "seven wonders." All the royal personages entertained by the Emperor have visited them.

We descended a flight of stone steps and found ourselves in a sort of tunnel, arched at the top, with huge pipes conveying the fresh water along through the entire underground city. The floor below was divided into two sidewalks by a channel six or eight feet deep, through which was conveyed the dirty water from the streets above. A whistle announced the arrival of the car which was to take us to this marvel. Upon either side of the tunnel was a car track. The cars are unique little cane-seated affairs, perfectly neat and comfortable and with some pretentions to elegance. They were propelled by human power, four men being required for each car. We went along at a rapid rate, the car directly over the channel of water, and the men, two pulling and two pushing, trotting along the sidewalks. Each street was named and had

a number corresponding to the street above it. Our route, which commenced at the Place de Châtelet was continued through the Boulevard de Sebastopol for some distance, and then we returned till we reached the Rue de Rivoli, along which we proceeded to the Place de la Concorde, along the Rue Royale, along the Boulevard Malesherbes to the Boulevard Haussmann. On arriving at the Place de la Concorde, we descended from the cars and entered the boats which were waiting for us. These boats, nicely carpeted and neat and comfortable, floated along the channel, which widened at this place, at quite a rapid rate. I was reminded of the river Styx and the Infernal Regions, but our boatman was a very good-natured Frenchman who did not at all suggest Charon. The boat channel is the general collector into which the smaller channels enter, and it conveys the water to Asnières where it runs into the Seine.

There are 300 miles of sewers and the length of the galleries yet to be constructed is 2166 yards. It is dangerous to be in the sewers during a storm, as the water rises very rapidly. The workmen employed in building and repairing them have small whistles, and when one discovers the approach of a storm, he immediately sounds the alarm, which is passed along from one part to another until all have heard the signal, which they obey as expeditiously as possible, making their individual exits at the nearest opening.

The sewers are so nicely ventilated that there was no disagreeable odor rising from the channels. We appreciated more than ever the scene in *Les Misérables,* where the noble Jean Valjean carries Marius through these subterranean passages.

We ascended into the upper regions of the air at the Boulevard Haussmann, where we parted with Dr. and Mrs. Dodd, who took the shortest route home, while the rest of us

"went round Robin Hood's Barn," or in other words, proceeded to the Parc de Monceau, visited the cave and then went home. Monsieur de la Villette, a cousin of Monsieur Chevalier, dined with us. Robert dined out, and Mr. Lampman sat in his place at my right hand. He had a remarkably "cleaned up" air, as if he had washed his face, but notwithstanding that, Monsieur Chevalier called my attention especially to the change in his appearance, and Mr. Lampman remarked, "Mademoiselle Stanton, your indifference to my appearance is perfectly shocking." I did not discover until later in the evening, as he stood leaning upon the mantelpiece, his back to the fireplace in the salon, that he had parted with two little whiskered ruffles on either side of his face!

Friday, March 13

Our lessons, which have been interrupted for a few days past, were resumed this evening, and I wrote a *dictée* which contained nine faults. Went out to walk this afternoon with Mrs. Dodd, down the Avenue de l'Impératrice. The day was so delightful that before we were aware we found ourselves in the Bois de Boulogne. The Avenue was filled as usual with gay equipages going to and from the Bois, but notwithstanding, there reigns an air of quiet almost like the country along this avenue. The large and handsome houses on either side have specious green lawns around them. The broad sidewalks for foot-passengers are supplied with settees and chairs for the weary. Nursery maids who prefer this quiet to the excitement of the *Champs Elysées,* come here with their charges, and the little children in gay and beautiful dresses skip the rope, roll the hoop, or play at ball, as the fancy takes them. Industrious matrons bring their sewing and sit busily at work

while they enjoy at the same time the gay scene around them. The Emperor's carriage usually passes here about the middle of the afternoon.

Saturday, March 14

Dr. Dodd was seized with a panic to ventilate his French, which he did to the amusement of all listeners, and his droll repetition of "Je pense, oui, je pense, je crois, je crois," kept us laughing till our sides ached. This evening at *dîner,* Monsieur Chevalier and Mr. Lampman had an animated discussion about the justice of drafting young men into the army, Mr. Lampman contending that the poor had not an equal chance with the rich for supplying substitutes, which he considered a great injustice. Recited a long lesson and wrote a long *dictée.* It was quite late when I descended to my chamber, and to my consternation discovered that Ellie had locked the door on the inside and had forgotten to unlock it before going to sleep. Finding gentle taps of no avail, I stepped across the entry to Anna's room where there was a light burning, and told her the state of affairs, when she arose in her ruffled nightcap, slipped on a short flannel skirt, and in this *déshabille* came out and began rapping and calling, "Mam'zelle Hellie!" But Mam'zelle Hellie slept on in blissful unconsciousness. Presently I heard the footsteps of Dr. Dodd in his salon, and I warned Anna to make her exit as expeditiously as possible, but she did not comprehend in season, and her endeavors at a rapid disappearance were not crowned with complete success, as she was just on the point of entering her room as the doctor opened the door opposite and had a full "retrospective view" of the *demoiselle!* His look of inquiring amusement was so comical that we simultaneously burst

Miss Ellie Loise Stanton
"Mlle. Hellie"

into a fit of laughter. But just then we heard the footsteps of Monsieur Chevalier descending the stairs to see what was happening. After acquainting him with the state of affairs and indulging in another laugh, we used our united efforts, with the exception of Anna, who did not reappear on the scene of action, to secure an entrance. Monsieur entered Armadine's room, one wall of which was next our bed, and while he alternately knocked and called "Mademoiselle Hellie," Dr. Dodd picked at the keyhole of the door, if by chance he might push the key from the inside for the purpose of using another to unlock the door. These attempts proving fruitless, we all three went into the Doctor's salon, and while Monsieur and the doctor knocked and thumped, I sat down in a chair to await the result. The doctor called, "Ella! Ella!" and Monsieur, "Mademoiselle Hellie!" At last I went to the door again and called in a gentle voice, "Ellie!" when in answer, the young lady opened the door, and, what was the drollest of all, coolly informed us that she had not been asleep, and asked me if I had "spoken more than once!" In consideration of her physical and mental state of hallucination, we did not argue the case with her, and she rapidly relapsed into a state of unconsciousness, her worthy example being followed by other actors in this impromptu scene.

Sunday, March 15

Stormy. Did not go to church. Mr. Farnham, who is now in town having a vacation, dined with us. He has been studying law in Berlin. Speaks German and French fluently, and is a very agreeable, gentlemanly person. He intends spending his vacation in traveling and leaves for Spain in a few days.

Monday, March 16

Birthday of the Prince Imperial, who is twelve years old. Studied all day and recited in the evening.

Tuesday, March 17

Studied, and read in "La Belle Gabrielle."

Wednesday, March 18

Went to walk with Ellie immediately after *café*. The morning was magnificent, the sun bright and warm. Paris seemed a city of light. As we proceeded down the Avenue de l'Impératrice we turned to look behind us. There in the Place d'Etoile rose the beautiful *Arc de Triomphe*, the sculpture with which it is ornamented standing out in bold relief as the sunlight fell upon it. Ladies and gentlemen on horseback passed and repassed us going to and returning from the Bois de Boulogne. Workwomen in white caps hastened on their way with bundles and packages. We walked along filled with a general admiration for everything. The grass on the lawns at our left was green; the evergreen trees which were placed in clumps at short intervals, seemed to be holding confidential "confabs" like old ladies at a teaparty, as they nodded and whispered together. We at last entered the Bois, and after a short stroll along one of the avenues, availed ourselves of some armchairs which fascinated us with their appearance of ease and comfort as they stretched out their arms toward us, bathed in the sunlight. We wished we had brought our books along to study, it was so perfectly delightful. We abandoned ourselves to this "dolce far niente" sensation and watched the horseback riders until they disappeared in the shady avenues. Presently two little boys

The Prince Imperial

playing "horse" came galloping along the avenue dressed in high gaiters, short breeches, and long, light overcoats. A gentleman, evidently their papa, who had preceded them for some distance, retraced his steps and slowly walked to meet them. He called their attention to a dark cloud almost directly overhead. *"Regardez-vous!"* said he, as they seemed inclined to continue their sport, and he pointed to the cloud and suggested that it would very soon rain. The little boys rather reluctantly paused, held up their faces for a moment to regard the sky and finally turned their steps toward the entrance. We also left our seats and started for home, walking along the avenue within the Bois as far as possible. Stopped to look in a store-window on the Avenue de la Grande Armée at some photographs and arrived home just before *déjeuner.*

Thursday, March 19

Mi-Carème, (middle of Lent), and the fête day of the "Blanchisseuses." Monsieur kindly offered to escort us to see the sights after dinner, as he had given his "petit disciple" a half a *congé.* Accordingly at about two o'clock we started down the *Champs Elysées,* where we first stopped to see the performances of some little birds, around which quite a crowd had gathered. As in a French crowd every one seems to have a polite regard for the comfort of his neighbor, we had no difficulty in obtaining a good view. Upon a table were three cages, each occupied by a little bird about as large as a sparrow. The man who conducted the performance began by passing a plate around for voluntary contributions from the crowd. This important "voluntary" being accomplished, he took from the table a pack of cards which he offered to different persons in the crowd, for them to select therefrom a card which they were requested to look at carefully, that they might remember

whether it was a queen, a ten-spot, or an ace, Jack, or anything else. He then took the cards and shuffled them in with the rest of the pack and laid them all upon a table. Then addressing one of the persons who had selected a card, he asked him how many cards he would like to have the little bird pick from the pack before finding the one he had selected. He responded "Three." The man then opened the door of the cage, and out hopped the little bird, but instead of flying away, as he seemed at liberty to do, he hopped along to the cards, and after pulling out with his bill and throwing down the three cards, he held the fourth in his bill until the man took it, when he returned to his cage. The man held the card up, and the person recognized it as the one he had selected. He proceeded in this way until all had been found and recognized. We left the wonderful little birds and continued our promenade down the *Champs Elysées,* which was not so agreeable as it might have been had they not been repairing the sewer, until we arrived at the garden of the Tuileries. The gates were guarded by sentinels in Turkish costumes, some of them real Arabs. The flag waving from the tower announced that the Emperor was at home. We went to look at the "vingt-Mars," the first tree in the garden that "leaves," and found the foliage already quite green.

The garden, which is always open to the public, was gay and lively with promenaders; nurses in white caps and aprons, and little children playing at ball, skipping the rope, or trundling their hoops. In the large basin of a fountain which was so quiet that it seemed like a lake, were some miniature vessels, ships and steamboats, around which quite a crowd had gathered. We watched them awhile and then went out upon the Rue de Rivoli.

Monsieur explained that *gamins* was a term not limited

exclusively to street boys, but was applied to the lower classes. Presently we came out upon the boulevards, which were alive with pedestrians, the middle of the street with vehicles, and the balconies of the houses with those who watched the various sights of the "Mi-Carême;" gaily decorated carriages filled with gaily decorated men, women, and children dressed according to the various tastes, some in masks, some to represent animals, bears, etc., some as harlequins, and some really looked beautiful. Most of the women wore low-necked and short-sleeved gowns, with garlands of flowers on their heads. In one carriage was an exaggerated nursery-maid, with a puppet-infant, which she tossed up in the air and then severely chastised as the carriage passed. Another carriage became blocked, and while waiting for the other vehicles to proceed, one of the inmates dressed like a Mephistopheles embraced the opportunity to lean over the carriage and light his pipe.

Now and then a surge in the crowd on the sidewalk revealed some fantastically-dressed person hurrying along. Some of the carriages were decorated with flags and gay ribbon-streamers, or huge bouquets of flowers, and the occupants with grotesque headdresses of every conceivable pattern and size. One contained an orchestra with instruments the most unique and fanciful imaginable, from which the performers discoursed pleasant music as they passed along. Thee was also a band stationed in one of the window balconies opposite which we were standing, — and charmed us with its performances.

Some vendors of mustard and honey embraced the occasion for advertising and perambulated along the boulevards in carriages emblazoned with the names and the virtues of their several wares.

At the corner of the Avenue des Ternes, we saw a fan-

tastically dressed woman hurrying across the street as if to stop an omnibus which was passing. The guard at the door only laughed at her gesticulations and did not stop the conveyance. The woman strode along never seeming to mind the "blue blouses" who surrounded her, some saluting her with low bows and two or three offering to kiss her! She was presently hidden from view by the impromptu crowd. We were not so shocked as we otherwise might have been, had not Monsieur informed us that the apparent feminine was a counterfeit, being really a man dressed in woman's clothes!

The fête terminated in the evening with a grand ball.

Prince Léon dined with us. This is St. Joseph's day, the patron saint of Monsieur Chevalier, whose name is John Joseph Léopold. It is the custom here instead of observing the anniversary of one's birthday, to observe that of one's saint instead. Madame Chevalier, in remembrance of this circumstance, during her promenade this afternoon to the Hôtel de Ville, purchased for him a musical pipe, which made its début at the dinner table, its handle enveloped in a sugar *château d'Espagne*, and the bowl surmounting the center. It was filled with something resembling tobacco and decorated with a beautiful half-blown red rose with green leaves. It was received with loud applause, and Monsieur proceeded to play a tune, which proved more noisy than musical. Madame then favored us with a tune which excited suspicions of her having previously practised, her performance being so much more artistic, though at the same time rather "afflicting." Monsieur passed the rose round for general admiration, but unfortunately it was broken from its stem somewhere in its sojourn in the vicinity of Mr. Lampman and Mrs. Hubbard. Monsieur placed the relics in his button-hole after Mrs. Hubbard had fastened them together with a pin. This being a great occa-

sion, the champagne was brought on and the glasses filled by Dr. Dodd. The health of Monsieur Chevalier was proposed after a toast from Prince Léon, and at the request of Mr. Lampman, Monsieur sang a college drinking-song, going through the motions at the same time, the others accompanying him.

Comrade prends ton verre, (All grasp their glasses)
Et ne refuse pas;
La tête sans chapeau
Et le bon vin sans eau.
In frontibus (All raise their glasses and touch the bottom to the middle of the forehead)
De frontibus in nazibus (Lower the glass until the brim touches the nose)
De nazibus in bochibus (Lower the glass until the brim touches the lips)
Avalemus. (All drink)

(Chorus while the glass is gradually lowered)

Il entre dans sou trou glouglou
De sa gentille turburette!
Il entre dans sou trou glouglou
De sa gentille turburou!''

After dinner we played squails and whist, Dr. Dodd being my partner.

Friday, March 20

Knitting is quite the rage, and I divide my favors between a stocking for Dr. Dodd and one for Monsieur Chevalier.

Monsieur pretends he is suffering for his. Mrs. Dodd knits on hers as much as possible, that Madame may teach her how to shape it before she goes away from here. Lesson in the evening, as usual.

Saturday, March 21

Mrs. Dodd wished me to come into her room after *déjeuner* and I did so; presently Madame came down, and we sat there until *déjeuner* was announced, after which Prince Léon came to escort us to the hôtel of his aunt, the Countess Landskoroinska, who lives not far from here quite alone with her servants. It is more elegant and showy than the Count Mniszech's hôtel, which is said to be the finest in Paris, but to my mind less interesting and less artistic. It is in every way fit for a queen. The Countess is a peculiar person. She has a son and daughter, but they never visit her, and if they should, she has no accommodations for them, hers being the only bedchamber in all this grand establishment excepting those for the servants. She has a fabulous wealth of diamonds.

We went through suites of elegant rooms, each finished in a different color, but all harmonizing. The most magnificent room, and the one most used by the Countess, was the bibliothèque. It was furnished in crimson, the ceiling frescoed in the softest and most exquisite color, a warm, mellow shade, in which mingled angels and cupids and garlands of flowers. The carpet was patterned from her coat of arms, and in it was woven a Latin motto. The room was filled with the most graceful and costly *bijouterie* placed upon tables of unique patterns. Upon one side was a cabinet in which she keeps her jewels. It extended along one side of the room, and within the doors of crystal were wonderfully curious and interesting things. The other side of the room was composed of plate-

glass windows separating the bibliothèque from a conservatory filled with rare and beautiful plants and flowers, and furnished with bamboo easy-chairs of a most graceful pattern. These windows could be dropped down quite out of sight, uniting the two rooms. The conservatory looked out upon a green velvety lawn. The Countess was in town but had left her house in the afternoon for our benefit. An open book was lying upon a little table beside a sofa. It was Queen Victoria's recent publication, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands." A rare vase containing a half-blown rose also stood upon the table. Some cyclamens had strayed from their places in the conservatory and in ornamental pots shed their delicate fragrance through the apartment, their purple ears pricked up as if startled by the unusual sound of strange voices. I could not repress an exclamation of delight at the sight of my old favorites and took the liberty of caressing one, notwithstanding the expression of haughty indignation it seemed to take at such a presumption.

Opening from one side of this room was the bedchamber, of royal purple. The walls were all cushioned in this color, and the bed-hangings and other draperies were of the same. At the head of the bed was a little oratory of crimson velvet, the door of which was open. The place was just large enough for the Countess to kneel in. In the center was a large gold crucifix ornamented with coral, the figure of Christ being in coral highly polished. This crucifix contrasted beautifully with the crimson velvet background against which it hung. On either side were pictures of saints, and below was Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair." This room also opened into the conservatory. A few paintings in oil adorned the walls. There were several cabinets of different patterns, some most exquisitely painted, others inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and one

of delicate Chinese work. Between the bed and the conservatory was a magnificent album of paintings, the largest book I ever saw. The covers of hard wood were heavily ornamented with solid silver. In each of the four corners, in bold relief, was the head and bust of a celebrated artist in silver, Raphael, Rubens, Titian, and Durer.

The dining-saloon was also elegant. It was of dark wood, the ceiling carved and the walls hung with appropriate pictures in tapestry. The carpet was so soft that your feet seemed to have no foundation to rest upon. Marble busts placed here and there against the wall contrasted beautifully with the dark wood. An elegant chandelier of wax-candles hung over the table. In another room was a chandelier of rock crystal.

The Countess entertains very few at her table. Once a week Monsieur Léon, in company with the Count de Germany, a friend of his and hers, dines with her.

Our last visit was to the roof, from which is a very good view of Paris.

Mr. Lampman was greatly exercised in his mind that that conservatory, so nicely adapted to smoking, was utterly lost upon the Countess, who does not indulge even in a cigarette.

Our party separated at the gate of the hôtel. We went with Madame, who had orders to leave at the *fruitière's* and the butcher's; after which we walked down the *Champs Elysées* and sat down on one of the settees. Madame, who is always industrious, took out her tatting. As we sat there watching the various sights, two carriages came into collision, one of them being overturned rather unceremoniously. Nobody was hurt, but it put the proprietress of the overturned vehicle in a very *mauvaise humeur,* as she was obliged, with her nursery maid, baby, and little boy, to leave her carriage. She was preceded by her footman in a long-tailed coat, and

hat ornamented with gold lace, who had in his arms a little girl, and all proceeded to occupy the settee which we had just left, until the carriage could be arranged.

Just then we saw the Royal carriage coming up the avenue, preceded by an outrider in livery of green, white, and gold. It was drawn by four horses. Upon the backs of two at the left were postilions in the same livery, consisting of short green jacket, white breeches, and caps trimmed with gold. The carriage was open and contained the Prince Imperial, his tutor, a General-Somebody, and a little boy about the size of the Prince. It was followed by two attendants on horseback. The Prince seemed quite interested in the overturned carriage as he rode past, stretching out his neck as far as possible to see it. He is a delicate-looking boy, with a fine, intellectual face.

After dinner Monsieur Chevalier had some business calls, and we did not recite our lesson. Spent the evening in the salon, Mrs. Hubbard working on her embroidery and Mrs. Dodd on the doctor's stocking, Madame knitting a hood out of white wool. Robert, who is a youth of an investigating turn, informed us that Monsieur Léon had for spending-money fifty francs per month and has only to buy his cravats out of it!

Sunday, March 22

Attended the French chapel, 56 Rue de Provence. An elderly man preached from second Cor. 3:18. We walked both ways, and when we reached home were tired enough. *Café* had been served, and Ellie and I had ours by ourselves. Went up to Mrs. Hubbard's room after dinner and had a sing.

Monday, March 23

Sat in Mrs. Dodd's room until Madame came down to give her a lesson. Encountered our little *blanchisseuse* in the entry. She had come on her usual Monday errand and had in her hands a flower-pot containing a beautiful plant covered with delicate white blossoms, which she gave me. Madame told me that the woman was particular that it should be white, as it is a French custom to give only white flowers to a *demoiselle.*

Recited our lesson as usual, and after writing a *dictée* in which I had seven faults, I read with Monsieur from Uncle Tom's Cabin.

March 24

This morning found Mrs. Hubbard and Mr. Lampman both taking their *café* when I entered the salle-à-manger, an unusual circumstance, as generally Mr. Lampman is the last one at the table when he gets up at all. He was quite pompous at the circumstance and looked upon the later arrivals as a party of "Mushishganghers."

At dinner we had a chicken, which Madame said was hatched artificially. Mr. Lampman thinks this institution is a most humane one, it must be such a relief to the hens! The chicken was not half-cooked, and it was sent back to the kitchen, where Madame soon followed. The *cuisinière,* Armadine, has given her considerable trouble from time to time, and this want of attention capped the climax to Madame's indignation, and she told Armadine she would give her "eight days to leave."

During the absence of Madame from the dining-room, there was quite an English insurrection, headed by Mrs. Dodd and followed by Mrs. Hubbard and the doctor, who did not

allow the presence of Monsieur to prevent them from jabbering in English.

To-night Madame Chevalier powdered her hair, which grately improved her looks. After our lesson and my *dictée,* Monsieur read nearly a page in Uncle Tom's Cabin, the subject being a description of Topsy.

Wednesday, March 25

At dinner to-day the conversation turned upon walking, and Madame remarked that the grandmother of Monsieur Léon would have been alive now probably if she had walked more. Then Mr. Lampman put in a word, then Monsieur Chevalier to strengthen the certainty of dying young if one neglected the daily exercise of walking. These remarks were made with sundry furtive glances towards my side of the table, but I maintained a profound silence.

A question then arose as to whether the horse was a native of America. Robert Olyphant attempted to say that he had read that Cortez imported them, but his power of expressing himself in French being rather limited, he succeeded in saying, much to Monsieur's amusement, that he knew the man who had imported them and Monsieur asked him how old he was at that time. Mr. Lampman's usual expression at the table when he has been sufficiently helped to anything is *"J'en ai assez."* This has given rise to quite a number of "jeux d'esprit," in which "donkey" flourishes conspicuously. To-night Mr. Lampman insinuated in this connection that the French generally belonged to this race, and Monsieur himself particularly, judging from the ears. It was really quite a droll remark as he made it and was rather a hit, but Monsieur, not in the least disconcerted, retorted that he could not presume to dispute Monsieur Lampman, since he was so capable

of judging, having always the measure with him. The laugh was against Mr. Lampman, who for a moment had nothing to say, though he soon recovered himself and remarked that he was glad for once that Monsieur's words were brilliant. "Why?" inquired Monsieur Chevalier. "Because," responded Mr. Lampman, "as they come from your mouth they are usually in the shade," — referring to Monsieur's large nose. Monsieur has had his moustache, which was never very flourishing, shaved off. Mr. Lampman told him that the reason it would not grow was a very good one; things did not usually grow in the shade. Monsieur and Mr. Lampman take great delight in saying sharp things to each other in a good-natured way, and as they are about equally matched, it is quite edifying to the listeners.

Sat with Mrs. Dodd about half an hour before dinner. While I was there, the doctor entered with a package in his hand, which he proceeded to undo. It was several books of the *Bibliothèque Rose,* which he had been purchasing for his own and Mrs. Dodd's edification. One was "Memoirs d'un Ane," the illustrations in which we were laughing over when Anna came to announce dinner.

Thursday, March 26

As we were to have company at dinner to-day, Mrs. Hubbard suggested that we put our heads into the hands of a hair-dresser. Accordingly at about three o'clock we started, accompanied by Mrs. Dodd and Ellie, for the Boulevard Haussmann, where it was said hair was arranged in the latest and most fashionable style. We were taken into a dressing-room and seated in easy toilet-chairs before some mirrors, and when we arose therefrom, what a change was there, my countrymen! Mrs. Hubbard's hair was puffed and frizzled

and crimped high up on her head, while two large curls meandered in graceful carelessness down her back, reaching nearly to her waist. My hair was arranged in the same style with the exception of the curls. After we returned home, Mrs. Dodd dressed her own so beautifully that Madame could hardly believe that she, too, had not been under the hands of a professional.

Mrs. Dodd put on for the evening a very becoming dress, the under-waist and skirt of blue silk and a black silk over-waist and skirt. Mrs. Hubbard and I wore black silk, and we had a bow of ribbon in our hair. We intended to keep out of sight with our grand *toilettes* until dinner time, but Mr. Lampman, having caught a glimpse of Mrs. Hubbard, started off at once for the hairdresser's and had his hair crimped and his moustache waxed after the most approved style. When dinner was announced, Mrs. Dodd, Mrs. Hubbard and I entered the dining-room together, and it was amusing to witness the expression of polite astonishment depicted upon the countenance of Monsieur Chevalier as he received us with his accustomed grace. Dr. Dodd had seen us before, and was not therefore so startled as he might otherwise have been.

We had been seated at the table a few minutes, and Monsieur had already officited in the soup line, owing to the unusual absence of Madame, when she entered, apologizing for her detention, and followed by a distinguished-looking gentleman with powdered hair and moustache, who proved to be Mr. Lampman. Monsieur Léon and Robert were also powdered to perfection. The style was positively becoming to Mr. Lampman, who, good-looking enough ordinarily, was by the transformation rendered remarkably handsome. It was droll to hear the various remarks upon our appearance, and the gentlemen pretended to be so affected by our *toilettes* that

they could not eat for regarding us. Mrs. Hubbard was addressed as the "Duchess" and I as the "Princess," and Mr. Lampman was a "Count" with an unpronounceable name. Madame gave us permission to speak English, as Dr. and Mrs. Dodd cannot speak French. The "Count," who speaks English very brokenly, kept us all laughing at his droll and foreign pronounciation. He threw this off after a while and addressed Monsieur Chevalier, who cannot understand English, and asked him very rapidly, "Well, Monsieur Chevalier, have you read the latest news in the papers?" Monsieur Chevalier very offhand, "Oh yes, yes, Oh yes." Mr. Lampman, "Well, do you not think the article that says you ought to be hung, very just?" Monsieur Chevalier, "Oh yes, yes, yes sir." Mr. Lampman, "Don't you think the punishment a little too severe?" Monsieur Chevalier, "Oh no, no, no!" By this time the table was in a perfect roar of laughter, in which Monsieur joined heartily, when he was told what Mr. Lampman had been saying.

After dinner Mrs. Hubbard and I went into Madame's room and had our heads powdered. All agreed that Mrs. Hubbard bore a striking resemblance to Marie Antoinette, and she did look beautiful. We played a game of whist, Monsieur Chevalier being my partner. Monsieur Chevalier, by the request of the company, sang the Marseillaise. He said he would sing it low, as he would be in danger of being arrested if overheard by a *sergeant de ville*. After that we sang "Lauriger Horatius," all joining in the tune, though no one knew the words excepting Mr. Lampman and me. Mr. Lampman, who has a most heart-rending voice, favored the company gratuitously with some of his college songs, among them the tragic ditty of the "Man in our town who was so wondrous

wise," etc., and the "Mouse who lived in a mill" flourished conspicuously, as usual.

Friday, March 27

Studied, wrote letters, and recited in the evening, as usual. Ellie had the misfortune to sit down on Mr. Thompson's hat, which did not improve its appearance. Robert showed us to-day how he could make a hole in a small sheet of note paper, sufficiently large to admit of passing himself through and also of enclosing the dinner table!

Monday, March 30

Poor little Mrs. Dodd is quite ill with a cold and did not come to *dîner*. To-night I learned for the first time that Monsieur Chevalier is a lawyer and has practised for several years, as he received a circular letter addressed to "Jacques Joseph Léopold Chevalier, Avocat." He showed me a book afterwards containing the name and address of all the Parisian lawyers. In this book it stated that Monsieur Chevalier began practice in 1858. Recited our lesson and wrote a *dictée*.

Sunday, March 29

Attended service at the French chapel, accompanied by Ellie, Mrs. Hubbard and Robert. Rev. Monsieur Bercier preached in behalf of the Algerians, who are suffering with famine, and for whose benefit a collection was taken at the close of the services. He is very eloquent, and I understood the most of his discourse by paying the strictest attention. After dinner Robert came down into our room, and we read "A Mine Explored," he and Ellie finding and reading the references as they occurred.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery called upon us this afternoon. They re-

mained only two days in Paris, as they wish to be in Rome during Holy Week. They came over from America in the Australasia, and Mrs. Avery says she was the only lady on board.

Monday, March 30

At table Mr. Lampman happened to remark that he would rather live a shorter time and live well. Monsieur Chevalier thought he would like to live well, but would not care to have it all subtracted from his life, and then, after considerable trouble, succeeded in translating a French proverb into English for Mr. Lampman's benefit and said hesitatingly, "Life—of—a—hog—short—and—good," adding that he did not know how it sounded in English.

Tuesday, March 31

Madame came into our room and sat with us and afterwards invited me to come into her chamber and sit with her, which I did.

It is a magnificent day, so warm that the windows are open.

Went to walk for about ten minutes after dinner in fulfillment of a promise I made to Mrs. Hubbard at *café*. I wanted the sugar, and she would give it to me only on condition that I would go out to walk some time during the day.

Wednesday, April 1

April-fooling has quite exploded in America excepting among children, but "Le Poisson d'Avril" is considered a good thing here. Accordingly this morning at *café,* Madame rapped at Mr. Lampman's door and told him that Dr. Eldridge awaited him in the salon. Not long after, Mr. Lampman

emerged from his chamber looking unusually slick, having performed his *toilette* with extra expedition not to keep the reverend gentleman waiting, and bidding us all a general good-morning, traversed the dining-room with an elastic step, put on an agreeable expression, and opened the door of the salon; but before he had entirely disappeared from view, returned and took his seat at the table, while the persons present laughed immoderately.

Went to Munroe and Co.'s and afterwards did some shopping, which occupied all the morning until *déjeuner*. Master Robert boasted at the table that no one could get a *poisson* off on him. Mr. Lampman told him not to be too sure, as he intended to try it immediately after *déjeuner* and advised him to be on his guard. Robert laughed incredulously at the idea, especially as Mr. Lampman had been so indiscreet as to inform him of his intentions. Notwithstanding, after *déjeuner,* Mr. Lampman and Robert having gone to their respective rooms, Mr. Lampman, after reading for a few minutes, suddenly called out, "Bob! find the definition of this word for me in the dictionary," telling a made-up word. Poor Bob, as unsuspecting as he is honest and obliging, searched for some time without success, but presently hearing a suppressed laugh from Mr. Lampman, suddenly realized that he had been hunting a *poisson,* much to his chagrin; and he declared, half-laughing in spite of himself, that it was "not fair!"

Accompanied Monsieur Chevalier at four to the house of his *petit disciple,* where Madame was engaged in giving him a German lesson. She joined me presently, and we went to walk on the *Champs Elysées,* where we met the young couple whom we saw married some time ago. We walked for a long distance down the Avenue de l'Impératrice and at last sat down to watch the myriads of carriages and horseback-riders. It is

not conventional for one lady or even two to ride in an open carriage by themselves. Madame pointed out as they passed, the equipages that she chanced to know, and she knew a great many. It was very entertaining. "There is the Princess Metternich, the wife of the Austrian Ambassador. There goes the Countess ——— and the Princess ——— somebody, and that splendid horseman just passing is Mackenzie, the finest horseman in Paris, whose movements are in such perfect harmony with the beautiful animal he rides that you begin to think that Centaurs are not myths after all."

We came back just in season to dress for dinner, and found that Monsieur had already returned with Prince Léon, who was to dine with us.

At dinner, Prince Léon, whose individual salt had been filled with sugar, sweetened his soup and ate it without perceiving the difference, but thought his meat was not improved by the application.

After dinner, as we all sat in the salon, Monsieur commenced a play by saying, "Monsieur le Curé n'aime pas les Os; que faut-il lui donner?" You must respond by mentioning some article of food that has no bones in it nor letter O in its spelling. The "Os" is ambiguous and may mean either bones or the letter O, and many did not answer correctly and had to deposit a *gage* in the big ornamental flower-box on the table. For the forfeits, Monsieur Léon had to sing a song and pull Mr. Lampman's hair, Mr. Lampman had to cull a bouquet, and he proceeded to name Monsieur Léon a "dandelion," Monsieur Chevalier a "chou," Mrs. Hubbard a "lily of the valley," Ellie a "rose," Mrs. Dodd a "white lily," Dr. Dodd "épinards," Robert a "cauliflower," and myself a "nosegay," which last was intended as a pun upon a remark made at the breakfast table. After this, we played a game of "Muggins," and

Robert was the victim. Poor Bob! It was well known by *tout le monde* at that time that the neck and sleeves of his *chemise de nuit* had been sewed up, and his bed arranged so that he could only half get into it. As it drew near ten o'clock, he bade us all good-night and proceeded to his room, where a few minutes after, Monsieur went on a reconnoitering expedition and returned saying his door was closed, so it would be safe for us all to adjourn to Mrs. Hubbard's chamber opposite, to wait for the *dénoument,* which we accordingly did, and while Monsieur placed himself as guard at the door to listen for the first sounds, Mr. Lampman and Dr. Dodd amused us by telling college-stories. Dr. Dodd said one of the students had been very much annoyed by crickets that had from time to time entered his chamber and kept him awake by their chirping. This same student had a very elegant gold watch, and one night he had been out rather late, and returned home in a state of intoxication, which left him only sense enough to get into bed, hardly that, and place his watch on a little table close by. After a short nap he awoke just enough to be disturbed by the ticking of his watch, which he thought proceeded from a cricket. So he got up and seized his boot and after listening attentively for a moment to discover the place whence the sound proceeded, he dashed his boot with all his force upon his watch, and as it didn't chirp any more, went back to bed and slept quietly the rest of the night. His consternation can be better imagined than described, on seeing the remains of the harmless insect in the morning.

This story reminded Mr. Lampman of one of the students at Yale, who had a watch that he would not allow anyone to wind. He was brought home by his companions one night quite intoxicated, and from the force of habit, attempted to wind his watch, but instead of placing the key right, he put

it on the place for regulating the hands, which flew round and round for several minutes, much to the amusement of his comrades who were watching him! Dr. Dodd remarked that he guessed the young man must have thought before he got through that his watch would run for awhile.

Another story was of one of the students who sent a bouquet of flowers to a young lady friend of his named "Katy." After he had it all nicely arranged he heard a katydid chirp, and was fortunate enough after a short search to secure the little insect, which he tied into the center of the bouquet and sent to the room of the young lady. Just as soon as it was dark, the katydid began its song, but ceased when a light was brought. The young lady was kept awake by the sound, her efforts to find the originator being unsuccessful. The next morning she bethought herself of the bouquet, and threw it out of the window.

This story was hastily finished as we heard the sounds of life proceeding from Robert's room. "Who has been sewing up my nightgown?" (more exclamatory than otherwise). "Mr. Lampman! Mr. Lampman!"

"What is it, Bob?"

"Somebody's been sewing up my nightgown, and I shall be late to bed!"

It is a rule of his tutor that Bob must be in bed by ten o'clock. Mr. Lampman, magnanimously:

"Well, Bob, get into bed as soon as you can." As he looked in upon him, he returned laughing and remarked, "Bob always puts his light out before getting into bed." We had only a moment more to wait before most unmistakable sounds of laughing indignation greeted us, and Mr. Lampman, Monsieur Chevalier, Dr. Dodd and Monsieur Léon entered Robert's room pell-mell. Mr. Lampman struck a light, which

revealed Master Bob sitting up in bed looking so ludicrously helpless that they all roared with laughter, in which they were joined by the ladies in Mrs. Hubbard's room.

Thursday, April 2

Bob declares that he will play some trick upon somebody before the year is out, but he does not exactly know what or upon whom to play it.

Mr. Lampman has been reading Lamartine's "Jocelyn," and goes into ecstasies over it. Lamartine still lives, but, sad to relate, is a recipient of public charity, that is to say, is supported by voluntary contributions. He lives in Paris during the winter, and has a château at St. Point. It is from here that Monsieur obtains his table-wine for the spring and summer. Every now and then the poet puts a notice in the public journals to the effect that his creditors are pressing him for money, and suggesting that he will be willing to accept aid from any who may feel disposed to contribute, that he may not be obliged to sell his beautiful vineyards. The French people, who are proud of his genius, respond to the call, which occurs about once a year.

Had to-day at *déjeuner* the usual Friday religious discussion conducted by Dr. Dodd, Madame Chevalier and Mr. Lampman. The auditors all left except Mrs. Dodd and me; we waited till the end. As I was about going to my room, Madame called me into her chamber to show me some books. While I was there, Master Robert brought me a message from Monsieur Chevalier saying that Mrs. Hubbard was going to take only a *dictée,* and he would go to walk with us if agreeable and would be ready *à une heure et demie,* which is to say half-past one. I mistook the message for *"dans une heure et demie,"* in an hour and a half, and was consequently much

astonished when Monsieur entered at the appointed time expecting to find us all ready to start; and he was equally surprised to find me still talking to Madame, thinking I had at least an hour more. However, as soon as possible we started, taking with us La Fontaine's Fables for the purpose of getting them bound.

We proceeded to the Bois, and after walking about for a while, sat down on the grass under the shade of some evergreens, which we found deliciously agreeable. Monsieur advised us to go there every day with our books and study. We were sorry as the time drew near, three o'clock, when Monsieur must go, as usual, to give his *petit disciple* his lessons.

Mrs. Hubbard, Dr. and Mrs. Dodd have been having their photographs taken, and for a week past, proofs of the numerous sittings have been sent home from time to time by the patient and persevering artist. Mrs. Hubbard's are not good at all, but the others do very well. Mrs. Hubbard had a headache, and I bathed her head for about half an hour, as Monsieur Chevalier was engaged with a caller, and I could not take my lesson. Mrs. Dodd during the time read aloud a letter which Mrs. Hubbard had that day received from Miss Rice, giving an account of her visits to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, and her good fortune in getting a view of the little "dumpy Queen," etc., etc.

Monsieur Chevalier was at liberty at a quarter before nine, when I took my lesson, after which he translated some more of "Topsy" into English.

Saturday, April 4

Mrs. Dodd, Mrs. Hubbard and Robert came to our room after *déjeuner* to see about some photographs.

Another beautiful day, so warm that a shade seems agree-

able. In the middle of the afternoon, Mrs. Hubbard came in with a headache, tired and hungry from shopping. She sat down, and Ellie went upstairs to order some wine and cake for her. So she sat with us and chatted while eating and read a letter full of commissions from her sister-in-law. The letter was very interesting.

Sunday, April 5

Attended service at the French chapel and heard Rev. Monsieur E. de Pressensé, who preached from John 10:33, "Mais prenez courage; j'ai vaincu le monde." Walked both ways and found it very warm. Two Frenchmen slightly intoxicated followed us for some distance, calling us "angels" or "monkeys," we were undecided which, "singe" and "ange" sounding so much alike.

It is Palm Sunday, and women and children with their arms full of palm branches stand in the rues and boulevards soliciting patronage. The omnibuses and water-carts are bedecked and nearly every one you meet carries a sprig of palm.

To-day is the commemoration of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem. One of the expounders of Scripture, explaining this passage, said that "Notwithstanding all the obstacles thrown in His way, our Saviour succeeded in effecting an entrance into the Holy City!"

All had been to *café* when we arrived at home except Mrs. Dodd. After *café* I took a nap while Ellie and Robert read together "A Mine Explored."

About half-past three Mrs. Dodd came in and asked me to go to the Bois de Boulogne for a walk before dinner. I did not feel much like it, but we went. I did not enjoy it as much as I should have if it had been a quieter place. *Tout le monde* was there riding, walking, or sitting in the chairs which lined

the avenues. We went up by a lake where we sat down and admired the shadows in the water, watched the ducks and the stately swans with their long, flexible necks, as they sailed majestically upon the water. Just as we were about leaving the Bois, we saw the sun setting in such splendor that we sat down on a seat to watch his glorious disappearance. We were late to dinner in consequence. Met Dr. Dodd at the head of the stairs leading from the dining-room, who informed us that the chicken was all eaten. We found the table deserted by all but Madame, who awaited us. We enjoyed our dinner exceedingly, notwithstanding the ominous insinuations of Madame in regard to the scarcity and frigidity of the viands, which were immediately followed up by Anna with delicious soup, rice, chicken, and various et ceteras.

Heard Dr. Dodd singing with Monsieur Chevalier in the chamber of the latter. Mrs. Dodd went in to look after him, while I was intercepted and prevented from descending to my room by Monsieur Chevalier, who overtook and brought me back. Went into the room of Robert, whose window was open opposite Madame's room, where Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Dodd, Mr. Lampman, Robert, Ellie and I sat and sang hymns, while Monsieur, Madame, and Dr. Dodd sat in the window opposite and "joined in." After a while Madame came also into Robert's room. We watcher the moon rising over the roofs and chimneys until she shed a silvery light over our faces. Madame went to her room to see how we looked by moonlight. She returned presently with some cakes which she distributed and then bade us good-night.

Mr. Lampman showed me a sketch of a view from his window and also one of Robert as he appeared, or rather disappeared, into his nightgown on the first of April, his sleeves hanging helplessly down; and a second view of him as he

sat up in bed. Mr. Lampman took his pipe and prepared for a *fume*. We talked awhile of Prof. Mark Bailey, and as it was nearly ten o'clock, separated for the night.

Tuesday, April 6

Started out alone this afternoon to do some shopping; after which I went over to the other side of the river to call on the Griswolds, who were out. I rested a few minutes and returned via the *Champs Elysées*. Met the Emperor's carriage just returning from the Bois.

At dinner Monsieur Chevalier and Mr. Lampman told original stories, competing with each other to see who could tell the "biggest." The object was to prove the superior richness and fertility of the soil of their respective countries. Monsieur Chevalier said that he saw a cabbage which grew in the south of France, so large that the heart of it fed a regiment of soldiers for six months, and the rest of it was set up as a tent, the different leaves forming the separate partitions, where the poor of the village were sheltered during the winter!

Mr. Lampman was not at all surprisd at that. He said one warm summer's day, when he was on his grandfather's farm in Coxsackie, he felt tired, and taking a book, lay down on the grass to read. He fell asleep, and when he awoke, he found himself reposing among the branches of a tree several hundred feet high, which had pushed up through the ground under him while he was asleep. "Ah-h," said Monsieur, with an accent of the utmost credulity, his usual response after one of Mr. Lampman's big stories.

Went into Mrs. Hubbard's room to see her new white alpaca morning-dress. After she had put it on, Mr. Lampman and Monsieur Chevalier came in to see it. Mr. Lampman said, "Oh! it is cunning, Mrs. Hubbard!" with an accent so comi-

cally flat that we all burst out laughing. He said he did not think those "wrinkles in the back" looked well, and if it were his, he should have it "fixed," then added, "But there! it looks cunning, Mrs. Hubbard!"

"When are you going to wear it?" he continued.

"Oh, early in the morning, Mr. Lampman."

"Yes, before you are up," added another, referring to his habit of late rising.

"Yes," said he, "I thought that was the kind of dress, but I never saw one so much trimmed before!" Exit Mr. Lampman with Mrs. Hubbard after him.

Wednesday, April 8

Monsieur Léon dined here. Played squails and whist. Madame has a new *cuisinière* in place of Armadine, who left some time ago. Her name is Julie, and she has a very pleasant face and handsome eyes. She went with Ellie to light her lamp for her to go to bed and made many inquiries of her in regard to the manners and customs in America. Among other things Ellie told her that the Sabbath was much more observed at home than it was here, when she innocently asked, how often we observed it. Ellie told her once a week only. "Oh," she said, "We do that here!"

Thursday, April 9

Sunshine and shade. Had a fish for dinner brought in on a board covered with a white cloth. It looked quite imposing in its green trimmings. Madame came in from church while I was studying my *dictée* and sat talking until after twelve o'clock about religions, Protestant vs. Catholic. She says she has a small piece of the real cross! It was given her by a Prince, in whose family it had been handed down for

generations, and it was presented to the family of this Prince by a Cardinal, who was a relative. The true cross was discovered in this way: The mother of Constantine the Great, St. Helena, was very ill once upon a time and said that she should recover if she could be laid upon the true cross. Three crosses were found buried beside each other near the place of the crucifixion; they were beyond doubt the three mentioned in the history of the crucifixion. Ste. Helena discovered which of the three was the cross of our Saviour. She was laid upon two of these crosses without any beneficial effects, but being laid upon the third, she was immediately restored to health! This is the first foolish belief I have ever heard Madame express, and I wonder any one so intelligent can credit anything so absurd.

Friday, April 10

Good Friday. There was a severe snowstorm, which lasted about ten minutes this morning. The flakes were at least "two inches in diameter," so says Master Robert.

The effects of Mrs. Hubbard's and Mrs. Dodd's shopping-expedition were manifested this morning by the arrival of various dresses, bonnets, etc., and quite a little excitement was occasioned by the "tryings-on."

Went to Notre Dame with Monsieur this evening to hear Père Felix, the celebrated priest in the Romish church. He was very animated and eloquent and spoke in a voice so clear as to be heard distinctly in this great cathedral. The whole body of the edifice was filled with men, and no women were admitted inside the railings. We went first to the left and then to the right in search of an agreeable standing-place, but not being successful, we decided to go up into one of the galleries. The entrance to the galleries was outside the cathedral

in a sort of court. We counted 84 steps as we mounted. We were admitted by paying the required fee to an old woman who stood at the entrance. Flights of steps at different intervals led to a staging which was placed in the rear of the balustrade. One of these Monsieur mounted in advance of me. He encountered an obstacle at the top stair in the shape of a long-necked, light-haired nymph, who sat in a chair listening to Père Felix with an attention apparently so absorbed as to be quite oblivious of her own identity or of the existence of anyone near her, but in reality she was very much annoyed at being disturbed and responded very snappishly, "Où voulez-vous que j'aille!" to Monsieur's polite "Pardon, Madame, will you please move a little that we may pass?" Monsieur suggested that she move somewhere that she might not serve as a barricade to the passage, and left her to her own reflections.

The cathedral looked beautiful from this high point of view, the candles and the sea of heads so far below, and the graceful architecture above.

After the Père Felix had finished, the Stabat Mater was chanted by the choir, and then the Holy Relics were paraded around the church upon the shoulders of several priests in white robes, preceded by boys holding long tapers. We watched them until they disappeared from view in the sacristy, and the exercises being over, we left the church.

It was a magnificent night, and we decided to walk home, notwithstanding it was rather a long distance. The lights on the Seine were beautifully reflected in the water as we passed over the bridge.

Saturday, April 11

I went into Mrs. Hubbard's room after *café* and read

aloud from a little book of quaint old English ballads to Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Dodd while the former finished the packing of her trunks.

In the afternoon had a hair-dressing performance in Mrs. Hubbard's room where the *enfant terrible,* Robert, caused us "great and fiery trials." Mrs. Dodd was made beautiful by having her light golden hair arranged in curls and tied with a blue ribbon.

At dinner to-day Mr. Lampman attacked Madame upon her absurd belief in regard to possession of a piece of the true cross. Madame exclaimed "Quelle horreur!" as Mr. Lampman went on with his remarks. Monsieur Chevalier, who has a happy tact of turning the conversation when it becomes too earnest, when Mr. Lampman said to Madame, "I am sure you are too sensible to believe anything so absurd," and Madame responded, "Yes, I believe it, but I can't show it to you for you mock at it," remarked: "I have a piece of the true cross too," pointing to Madame who was just then busily engaged in talking German with Dr. Dodd. the rest of us burst into a peal of laughter, Mr. Lampman clapping his hands in ecstasy, "Pol" laughing too. "Pol" is the contraction for Léopold, and is Madame's pet name for Monsieur.

Sunday, April 12

Went with Monsieur and Madame Chevalier to Notre Dame to witness the Vesper Service. It was conducted with great pomp and ceremony, one of the Archbishops being present. The cathedral was filled with people, and the service had already commenced when we entered, but we obtained good places for seeing the great official pass and repass in his robes of state from the church to the sacristy, escorted

by boys with lighted tapers, priests in embroidered robes, followed by the cuisiniers in awkward black gowns, white caps, and aprons. The altar-service was conducted in the usual manner, a priest chanting in Latin and the people responding, while two young men were employed in front of the altar in tossing up the brazen censers until the house was filled with fragrant odor. The Archbishop, having doffed his mitre and placed it in the keeping of a little page, another taking charge of the cross, pronounced the benediction. The deep tones of the grand organ, which is played only on state occasions, reverberated through the aisles and filled the magnificent edifice with such a melody of music that you seemed to be floating on a sea of sound. The service ended, the Archbishop resumed his mitre and cross, and with his train passed from the scene of action. The candles before the altar were extinguished, and the people left the church.

As there were five in the carriage and places for only four, Monsieur took Ellie on his knee. In passing the Palace of the Tuileries we noticed quite a concourse of people in the street, who seemed to be interested in looking at something. It was not to witness the passing of our carriage, as one of the occupants suggested it might be, but to see the Emperor, who in company with three gentlemen, was out on the terrace.

After dinner we went into the salon, where Monsieur and Madame sang to us the "Miséréré," the "Stabat Mater," and other selections. Madame has been quite a singer, and Monsieur has a very pleasant voice and a cultivated ear.

Monday, April 13

Went to witness the races at Longchamps in company with Monsieur and Madame Chevalier. Enjoyed the walk through the Bois, notwithstanding it was rather long. Madame stopped

every now and then to pick the flowers she spied in the grass at her feet. The trees looked charming in their fresh green foliage and "the earth sent up a pleasant smell."

The races had commenced when we arrived, but as there were yet three courses remaining, we paid the franc required to admit us to the inner circle.

The horses were beautiful animals, and it was perfectly exciting when they rushed by us like the wind, their hoofs throwing the earth high in the air. The jockeys who rode them were dressed in different-colored suits and were easily recognized by the "betters," who watched with the most intense interest the steeds upon which they had staked so many francs. Between the courses we were scarcely less entertaind in watching the elegantly dressed occupants of the various carriages; some of them were very beautiful. It was so late, and, moreover, so uncomfortably cold, that we followed the example of many others and left the grounds before the last course.

On our way out we met the young Prince de Berghes, with whom Madame stopped to speak. He pointed out to her a beautiful young lady, seated in an elegant carriage, as his companion for the day, and suggested to Madame that she need not deliver the lecture he knew she had ready, for he knew all she would say. Madame says he is one of the most charming persons, and next to Monsieur she loves him best of anybody in the world. He tells her all his affairs, has not a secret from her.

On the way home she told me some of the manners and customs in France, which shocked my ideas of propriety.

Spent a pleasant evening in the *salon* with the rest of the family. Dr. Dodd read aloud a piece from the Atlantic Monthly entitled "The Young Desperado," by T. B. Aldrich,

very amusing and finely written, and we laughed immoderately over Johnny's pranks simply because we couldn't help it. He also read from the Continental Gazette, an American paper published in Paris, a letter from Africa, also exceedingly droll.

Madame then told some court items which had been told her by the *dames d'honneur* and were therefore reliable. The Empress dressed herself one evening for a masquerade, taking the character of Diana. She was very beautiful, but was "too much dressed" to please the Emperor, who entering the chamber, said, "Madame, you will not go to-night in that dress," and she did not go. Madame says the Empress, and the ladies of the court, stand during the ceremony of taking coffee after dinner.

Mr. Lampman returned from the races with a bouquet of most beautiful rosebuds half-blown, of which he gave each of us one to wear in our buttonholes.

Tuesday, April 14

Madame invited Monsieur Léon and a former pupil of Monsieur Chevalier's, Marcel de Germany, a young Count, to dine with us. Monsieur Léon came, but the other gentleman sent a note to say that he was suffering from an indisposition. The note was delayed by some fault of the concierge, and Madame sat down to dinner rather indignant at what she considered a decided breach of etiquette, expressing herself to that effect. Monsieur Léon wore a "swallow-tail" and was in full dress. He left at about half-past eight to attend a *soirée* given by one of the ladies of the court, with whom he often dines. The gentlemen went out to a game of billiards leaving the *salon* to the ladies.

Wednesday, April 15

Went into Mrs. Dodd's salon after *café,* where Mrs. Hubbard read aloud from my journal, regretting all the while that she had not kept a similar one, until Anna came in to announce *déjeuner.* Anna, by the way, is an excellent domestic, very honest and faithful. She has a remarkable talent at clearing-up, which she exercises in putting away things in the most unheard-of places, causing the owners much loss of time in hunting them up, but they are sure of finding them all safe at last if they persevere to the end. Dr. Dodd says that every morning she very faithfully squeezes out and places to dry a sponge which lies in a saucer. He tries to keep the sponge wet for the purpose of wiping his pen upon it.

This evening Dr. Dodd received tickets of admittance to the Hôtel de Ville and invited us to accompany him there to-morrow.

The doctor, who had been making some inquiries of Ellie about Manchester, N. H., U. S. A., greeted me as I descended to my room after *déjeuner* with, "So you know the Ellises, do you? We traveled with them through Italy and a part of Switzerland." He wished to know the address of Mr. Ellis, with whom he was very much pleased.

Mrs. Dodd brought into our room a little Swiss shoemaker's shop beautifully carved from wood, the proprietor and his customer both being bears. The proprietor in leather apron and spectacles, was just about to take the measure of his patron, who was sitting upon a bench holding up one foot in the most natural manner. The shop was furnished completely throughout with everything pertaining to this branch of business; benches, awls, pegs, lasts, etc. In one corner was a large roll of leather, while specimens of the shoemaker's

handiwork in the shape of boots, shoes and upper leathers were arranged very naturally.

Thursday, April 16

Did not go to the Hôtel de Ville, as it was rainy.

Friday, April 17

Mrs. Hubbard read again in my journal. In the afternoon I went with her and Mrs. Dodd to the Bon Marché and the Petit St. Thomas on a shopping tour, and tried to find a pattern for a polonaise to send to London. They will cut patterns from material for garments, but they will not sell patterns at any price.

The daughter of General Dix, our Minister to France, was married to-day. Mrs. Hubbard's friends, the Farnhams, who had invitations to the ceremony, sent for her to come and see them after they were all dressed for the occasion. Mrs. Hubbard said they were dressed most elegantly, Mrs. Farnham in silk, lace, and diamonds with a very elaborate *coiffure;* her daughter in a changeable rose-and-blue silk with a Marie Antoinette fichu, the loveliest rose-colored gloves to match, and a little hat with a very long lace-trimming.

In the evening, I accompanied Monsieur Chevalier, who went out to search for Julie, to get her to come again and officiate in the kitchen, as the cook, who has taken her place, is not satisfactory to Madame. But the address was not correct, and the search was fruitless. We called at a house situated behind a church, which we thought might be the one, as it had no number. Monsieur pulled the bell at the gate twice before we could obtain admittance. The gate at last flew open, and we entered a garden, ascended a flight of broad stone steps, which led to a handsome glass vestibule, and found at the

door two women in white caps, probably servants, who had come to see who was there at that late hour, it being after nine o'clock. They had a half-frightened air, but Monsieur's polite apology for troubling them, followed by a statement of his errand, set them at ease. They knew nothing concerning the whereabout of Julie; so we gave up the search, and after a short walk on the *Champs Elysées,* returned home, just in time to escape a heavy shower.

Saturday, April 18

Madame Chevalier came down to sit with me awhile, bringing her tatting. She says they call this sort of work *frivolité* here.

Mrs. Hubbard, Dr. and Mrs. Dodd went to Fontainebleau early this morning. Mrs. Hubbard went for her little boys, as they sail soon for America. They came home in season for dinner. Willie and Harry are pretty boys, and it is pleasant to see them again. Madame Chevalier says they speak French perfectly now. When they were here before, they preferred to speak English, but now, to their mamma's delight, they sometimes begin a sentence in English and unconsciously finish it in French; the language has become so familiar to them.

Mrs. Hubbard sails in the China a week from to-day and will leave here next Wednesday morning.

To-day Robert brought down his journal, a ruler, and some red ink with a request that I should mark the marginal lines for him. Just as I had finished, the ink-bottle, by some unknown force was overturned, the contents fortunately confining themselves to the woodwork of the table.

After dinner Monsieur came in to replace one of the castors of an easy-chair, and while he was thus engaged, Anna brought in his coffee, much to our amusement. So he sat

down, and while he drank it, Mr. Lampman came in to ask Monsieur to accompany Dr. Dodd and him to a game of billiards. This reminds me, the other evening, as they were taking their coffee in the *salon,* Dr. Dodd inquired, "Are you going out for a game of billiards this evening, Mr. Lampman?"

"No," replied Mr. Lampman, applying a match to his freshly filled pipe as he settled himself in an easy-chair for a *fume.*

"I am going to the Young Men's Christian Association this evening, Doctor."

The response was such a contrast to what one was led to expect from the question, and struck us so ludicrously that I could not help laughing, when forthwith, Mr. Lampman began a serious remonstrance.

"Now Mademoiselle Stanton, there is nothing wrong in billiards; I used to think — " He had arrived at this point when Mrs. Hubbard, setting her cup down, remarked:

"I heard a lady say the other day that she thought Mr. Lampman would be a pretty liberal minister."

This evening looked over an illustrated edition of Goëthe's "Reynard, the Fox."

Sunday, April 19

Rainy. Did not go to church. Sat in the *salon* all the morning and listened while Madame read from Lamartine's *Jocelyn. Café* was announced before I had any idea it was ready, and I went to the table quite *en déshabille.* Mr. Lampman remarked that my hair looked very nice, but he did not believe I had brushed it three hundred times.

After *café* Mrs. Dodd came downstairs with me and we arranged ourselves comfortably upon the bed, where I read aloud from my extract-book until it was time to dress for

Mrs. Hubbard

dinner. While I was in the midst of arranging my hair, there came a rap at the door, and, thinking it was Anna, Ellie said, "Entrez," when who should appear but Monsieur Chevalier, who came to ask me to go up to the *salon* and continue the reading in Jocelyn. He had in his hands his photograph proofs which had just been sent, and they were excellent.

Monday, April 20

Last evening Mrs. Hubbard turned a bottle of ink over her new gray walking-costume, much to her dismay, as she had been so choice of it that it might be fresh and elegant in America.

This morning we adjourned from *café* to hold a consultation over the injury to the gray dress. It was decided that a new front breadth should be put in, and Madame Chevalier's seamstress, Angelina, will arrange it for her.

Monsieur Chevalier breakfasted with us to-day, which is an exception to the general rule.

Robert Olyphant has taken up the new habit of sitting upon the two legs of his chair lately, and little Henry Hubbard has been "trying it on."

We have given up the custom paying forfeits for speaking English, as we so seldom break the rule. The little green *tirelire,* which for many days past has rested undisturbed in a cupboard of the sideboard, was brought to light to-day, and seemed like a familiar friend. The contents were counted and amounted to about five francs, which we expended in ice-cream, as the poor woman who was the recipient of our former contributions has been placed in the *Maison des Petites Soeurs des Pauvres,* where she will be made comfortable for the rest of her life.

While we were deciding this matter, Master Olyphant,

often alluded to, came down upon the floor rather forcibly in company with a chair which refused to support him on two legs. Monsieur assisted him to rise, while the rest of us indulged in a laugh at his expense. No bones were broken, especially in the chair. As I write, Robert has entered our chamber and keeps me in a continual state of expectation that he will break the wardrobe or some other article of furniture in his philosophical experiments. He has just now stopped, quite out of breath, in the midst of a swift race around a chair, which at the same time he was whirling violently on one of its legs as an axis, illustrating the revolutions of some of the heavenly bodies, to deliver himself of the following obscure remark:

"The satellites of Uranus revolve in a direction contrary to the direction of any of the planets or their satellites, or the direction in which the sun revolves on its axis, or of the sun's revolution around the great center of the universe!" Willie and Harry Hubbard have come for him to go to a bath, and I can once more breathe freely.

Our little *blanchisseuse* has brought us to-day a white gillyflower in blossom. The other beautiful little plant has been blossoming ever since she brought it, giving to our room a bright, cheerful air, but now has only its fresh green leaves to recommend it to notice.

At eight o'clock this evening had ice-cream, cake, and oranges in honor of Mrs. Hubbard's near departure. Little Harry came down to my room and rang the bell to give me a good-night. He is a darling little boy. After dinner the children had a frolic in the salon with Monsieur Chevalier, who seemed to enjoy it as much as any of them. Recited my lesson as usual.

Tuesday, April 21

Went with Ellie, Robert, and the little Hubbards to the photographer's, where the last three had their pictures taken. The artist was a small boy whose clothes seemed to suffer from his profession, as they were mostly eaten by chemicals. Robert patronized him because his terms were so cheap. His *salon* was very unpretentious, but he seemed to have all the machinery for taking pictures. His first effort was to take the street, all of us being ranged in front of his door. It was accomplished just as our position had begun to attract too much attention to be agreeable. While we were there, Dr. and Mrs. Dodd and Mrs. Hubbard called on their way down town. The establishment was being painted, a fact to which the new trousers of Master Willie bore witness.

This evening coffee was served in the *salon*. Mrs. Hubbard's cup was mysteriously affected, and she "enjoyed great trials" in getting it sweetened to her taste. The sugar which she placed in it lump after lump, by some queer combination unmentioned in chemistry, became suddenly transformed into "canards," which mysteriously drank her coffee and afterwards disappeared down the throats of any that had their mouths open, rendering them speechless for some time after.

Played two games of Muggins, a game in which the most unfair things are fairest, and where one's fortunes, depending upon a word or a look, change more rapidly than ever was known in a petroleum speculation. All retired early in order to rise betimes in the morning. Read a little in Jocelyn.

Wednesday, April 22

Mrs. Hubbard left here at eight o'clock this morning. According to promise, Madame awoke me at half-past four,

just as I was dreaming that I ought to wake up but couldn't. They were all seated at *café* when I entered the dining-room excepting Dr. and Mrs. Dodd, even to Mr. Lampman, who protested against such an early appearance, by declaring his intention of going to bed again and having something to eat after he got up.

Café over, and Mrs. Hubbard's cup being as full as at the commencement, we all followed Mrs. Hubbard to her desolate-looking room, where we stood trying to be cheerful, but "There's a sigh in the heart though the lips may be gay," and we did not know whether to be more glad or sorry, since part we must, when little Harry, who was keeping a general look-out, innocently made some remark about a small omnibus which had been waiting some time at the door, and which proved to be for them. So they are gone, and there will be no more fears that Mrs. Hubbard will not finish her affairs in time for *déjeuner,* and that Anna won't keep the potatoes and the omelet hot for her.

After *déjeuner,* Mrs. Dodd and I went to call on Mrs. Hubbard's room. Anna had got it into a sort of crysalis state, the bed made, the carpet swept, but the chairs were in general confusion and everything was covered with dust. We were soon joined by Robert, Monsieur Chevalier, Madame, and Mr. Lampman, the last coming in with the air of a proprietor, which air was explained in a few words from Monsieur Chevalier, who informed us that this was Mr. Lampman's room now. Mrs. Dodd commenced dusting vigorously. Seeing the door into Mr. Lampman's room open, she took a survey there, and finding a vest of his on a chair, she abstracted thereform my long-stolen pocket-pincushion, which he has sported for several months.

After I had returned to my room, Dr. Dodd sent in some

pictures for us to look at, and soon after came in himself to write their names on them. Before he left, I discovered that my watch was missing, and when I expressed my surprise, he took himself away rather hastily without exhibiting the least sympathy, which rather aroused my suspicions. Ellie went upstairs to inquire of Anna respecting its whereabouts, but Anna knew nothing about it; Mrs. Dodd, however, who was in the *salon* with Madame Chevalier taking her lesson, sent down word for me to "hunt," and she would come and help me very soon. So I did not hunt any more, being sure she knew where it was. It seems that there was a conspiracy against me, with Mrs. Dodd at its head, for going out and leaving my room door open.

Went this afternoon to the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*. The day was superb, and the Bois seemed almost like a land of dreams. The long and beautiful rows of trees in their early spring dress cast an agreeable shade. Lines of forsaken carriages waited for the occupants, who had left them for a promenade down the avenues, or a stroll upon the greensward. Women with baskets by their sides, sat in little groups upon the grass, some with children playing about them, playing themselves with little fat, black-eyed babies that laughed and crowed gleefully, some industriously sewing, and all looking so happy and rural that it seemed a perfect Arcadia.

We paid our franc and found ourselves in the *Jardin*, the entrance to which was adorned with gay flags. It was an exposition day of the *poulets*. We visited the various places of attraction upon the grounds, the first being a conservatory filled with shrubs and flowers. In the center was a pond with goldfish. Callas and water-plants in blossom grew in the pond, which had its source in a little waterfall that gushed from a rock, and was spanned by a tiny bridge. Another establishment

was filled with different kinds of birds, mostly cockatoos which chattered and screamed most unmusically. It was droll to see them hold their heads to each other to be scratched, taking turns in performing this generous work.

The *poulet* department was quite extensive. I saw the different inventions for hatching eggs by heat. One of these was being explained by the proprietor, who held the cover up to exhibit the interior, and revealed one solitary little chicken. It was immediately snapped up by a little roguish black-eyed girl standing nearby. After administering an affectionate caress to the frightened little fowl and soliciting it for a second to hold it up to her father, she yielded to his expostulations and placed it in the box. The crowers were rather noisy, and Dr. Dodd would set the whole establishment on the *qui vive* by performing a "cock-i-doo-dle-doo-o-o" so naturally that it met with an immediate response. We passed the ducks and the swans and the geese, swimming in the ponds provided for their benefit, and stood a long time watching some little kids skipping over the backs of dromedaries that were kneeling on the ground lazily chewing their cuds, and seeming quite contented with or quite oblivious of the depredations of their little companions, who in their innocence probably mistook their huge humps and uneven backs for the natural scenery of mountains and valleys. Three or four of these playful little creatures were scrambling over one of these landscapes, when all at once it rose upon its feet, and down they went tumbling helter-skelter amid the laughter of the spectators.

We finally visited the aquarium, where we watched for some time the sea-horses, the corals, and the perambulating shells, after which we started for home, where we arrived just in time for dinner.

Poor Mr. Lampman looks so desolate and lonely that we cannot help pitying him in spite of his general *méchanceté.* It is the more noticeable as he puts on an air of contented gaiety, the falsity of which we readily excuse under the circumstances.

Instead of writing a *dictée* this evening, after reciting my lesson, I accompanied Monsieur Chevalier on a promenade. Just before we returned, the rain fell in torrents, but having taken the precaution to provide ourselves with umbrellas before starting, we escaped a ducking.

Thursday, April 23

Went with Mrs. Dodd and Ellie to the Tomb of the Emperor. The day was so beautiful that we walked both ways. Called on Mrs. Griswold, while Ellie and Mrs. Dodd walked on to the tomb, where I joined them. On our way home we entered a *café* on the *Champs Elysées* and ordered some ice-cream. Mrs. Dodd purchased a comb at a little shop, and after we returned home, I began "doin" her hair as Mrs. Hubbard once arranged it, but just as we had it nicely combed over her shoulders, some visiting-cards were sent in, bearing the names of two of the "seven," and she was obliged to put it up most expeditiously.

Met Robert on the *Champs Elysées,* and he informed us that he was in search of a flower to send to Mrs. Hubbard, but did not know whether he would be allowed to pick it; we suggested that there were plenty of flowers free in the Bois de Bouolgne, but he said it must be picked from the *Champs Elysées.*

At dinner in answer to inquiries, we told where we had been shocking Madame's ideas of conventionality. Monsieur said we did perfectly right, but Madame said it was highly

improper for us to go into a *café,* considering that we were all so "young and handsome." The ice-cream and cakes were so very nice, we concluded that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," though we would not do it again.

Monsieur went with Dr. Dodd to a library to purchase some books. At dinner, in alluding to the circumstances, Monsieur Chevalier ventured to remark that the library they had visited was a very large and extensive establishment, when Mr. Lampman informed him that we had many in America four times as large, and pronounced Parisian shops generally small affairs in comparison with ours. Monsieur only said "Ah-h-h," with the peculiar intonation he is accustomed to use on receiving an astounding piece of information. Mr. Lampman continued:

"Which is your largest establishment for dry-goods?"

"The Louvre! They have at this *magasin,* for the purpose of protecting it from robbers, a subterranean machine, which being turned round and round, lets the building down into the earth so that no trace of it is visible"!

"That is something," said Mr. Lampman, "like the machine they have at home at Stewart's in New York, a *magasin,* which, by the way, will be seven times larger than the Louvre, after it is finished. This machine raises the establishment, instead of lowering it, so high that it would be impossible for burglars to reach it!"

Robert added that they hung it on the horns of the moon. Mr. Lampman said that was a mistake of Robert's, as the establishment was so heavy that it would pull the moon down. Monsieur Chevalier suggested that if they should do that, the inhabitants of that satellite might come down to earth. Mr. Lampman said:

"Oh, they have come down. They are seen quite frequently in America. We have one in our place."

"Yes," said Robert, "there are a good many lunatics in Coxsackie," a joke astonishingly successful for Monsieur "Bobe," who is usually obliged to explain his efforts in that line before they are understood.

After dinner, adjourned to the *salon*. While we were reciting our lesson, Mr. Lampman came to get the cards for a game of solitaire. He is terribly lonely, I know.

Friday, April 24

All of us wrote to Mrs. Hubbard and sent to Queenstown, except Monsieur Chevalier, who had not the time. Robert was very anxious lest the letters should not be mailed in season. Recited our lesson and then looked over with Monsieur an illustrated edition of the Songs of Béranger, many of which Monsieur sang to us. One especially beautiful, both in regard to words and music, was "L'Etoile qui file." They say that the shooting of a star indicates the flight of a soul. There was an illustration for each verse. Monsieur says he will teach me the tune if I would like to learn it, and I am sure I should.

Saturday, April 25

Went to Versailles with Dr. and Mrs. Dodd. It was cloudy and dull when we started, but the day proved agreeable. In the same *wagon* with us was an old Count, who kept up a very animated conversation with his friends, laughing and gesticulating and shrugging his shoulders after the manner of his countrymen.

On arriving at Versailles, Dr. Dodd engaged a carriage, the *cocher* at first asking two francs, to which the doctor objected as being too much, and started off to find another

conveyance when the *cocher* called in a loud voice after him, "J'ai une autre habitude monsieur," and ended by charging a franc and a half; Dr. Dodd approving of the "autre habitude" engaged him to take us to the Grand Trianon. The guide into whose hands we fell proved very interesting, as he did not hurry us through the rooms. Among other things we saw rings taken from the fingers of some of Hannibal's soldiers after a battle. Visited again the carriage-house and afterwards walked through the lovely grounds of the Little Trianon, and were shown over the Château. Walked along the banks of a stream until we came to the Swiss Village. The houses are used for barracks at present, but they looked picturesque and romantic.

The Empress Eugénie takes much interest in everything relating to Marie Antoinette, and is trying to restore the *Petite Trianon* to its former beauty by replacing to the utmost of her power the things of former times.

After taking a lunch of cake and wine at a little *boutique* near the grounds, superintended by a Jewish maiden of most unromantic appearance, we walked to the Palace.

The grounds are magnificent, and the view from one of the terraces is almost unlimited. The canal stretching far away is bordered on either side by grand old trees.

Our tickets admitted us to the private apartments of the palace, the *Salle de la Pendule,* the Confessional of Louis XIV., the bath-room, dressing-room, and boudoir of Marie Antoinette, her private library and the *bibliothèque* of Louis XIV. In the boudoir was a sofa, set in the midst of mirrors so arranged as to multiply the reflections repeatedly, one person forming a perfect crowd. Our guide remarked that the Queen reclined upon this sofa when tired.

As we were passing through a gallery of statues, the guide

called our attention to two lean nymphs in marble, remarking that those were made just after *Carême,* which accounted for their extremely thin appearance, after which witticism, we were transferred to another guide in waiting who took us down to the theater. This completed our sight-seeing for the day.

The palace at present is inhabited principally by guides in livery who stand about in each room ready to show every attention in their power to the many visitors, lifting their *chapeaux* with an air of polite deference each time they are addressed, until that article of dress has acquired an unsettled air as if in momentary expectation of being disturbed. These guides have acquired a sort of waddling gait from walking over the polished floors, like a duck out of its native element.

As we were leaving the grounds, we were met by a little beggar-boy whose ragged apron was full of bread, which was piled nearly to his chin. I asked him if he was hungry, to which he responded, *"Oui, Madame,"* in a tone so ludicrously pitiful that we could only laugh, hard-hearted and unfeeling wretches that we were. Returned to Paris by a different *chemin de fer* and along the route obtained fine views of the city.

Sat a part of the evening with Dr. and Mrs. Dodd, discussing Ananias and Sapphira, jewelry, etc. Monsieur and Madame de la Vilette dined with us, and we had no lesson.

Sunday, April 26

Rainy and disagreeable. Sat in the salon after breakfast and read with Monsieur in "Jocelyn." Madame came in from market bringing me a beautiful bunch of lilies of the valley. Attended service in the afternoon at the Rue de Berri chapel with Mrs. Dodd. There were very few people present, and

the singing was principally performed by Mrs. Dr. Eldridge, two gentlement, and myself. Robert came to church alone and sat in the pew with us. After the service, stopped to speak with Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Griswold, and little Annie.

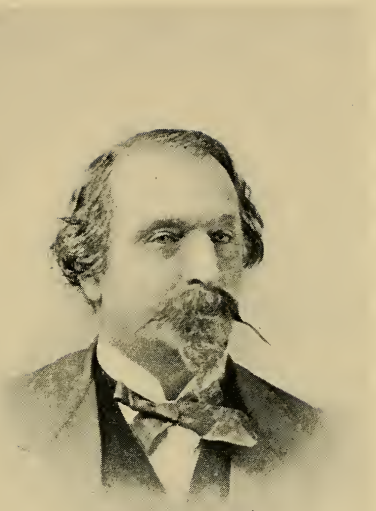
Monday, April 27

Went shopping in the afternoon with Ellie and Mrs. Dodd, but did not buy anything; tried to find a pretty walking-costume for Ellie, but was unsuccessful. Took an open carriage on the *Rue de Bac,* by the hour, intending to drive in the Bois, but the *cocher* was so impudent that we dismissed him with only two sous for *pourboire.* He walked his horse very slowly the whole distance, and when I requested him to drive faster, turned around and said *"Pourquoi faire?"* still continuing the same slow pace. After a while I spoke to him again, saying that all the other carriages passed us, and even the foot-passengers, when he said he did not wish to tire his horse. We arrived home just as the hour expired, and after paying him left him grumbling because we had not given him more.

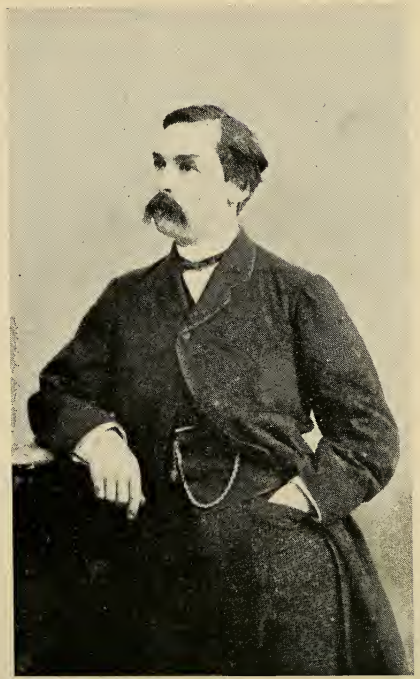
Tuesday, April 28

Mr. Lampman has got possession of my little new Scotch-wood pocket-pincushion and refuses to give it up unless I return the old one.

This afternoon we went out, first to Mr. Pepper's to see about Monsieur Chevalier's photographs. Sat out in the garden in some chairs which were arranged around a rustic table in the center, while Monsieur went to see about the pictures; but it began to rain, and Mr. Pepper came out and invited us all in. Monsieur sat down to show us the expression he had had taken, and after looking at various specimens of his art,



Napoleon III



Dr. Dodd

Mrs. Dr. Dodd

we took our leave of Mr. Pepper, and proceeded to the Bois, where Madame soon had her hands full of flowers. Took a half-hour ride on the lake in a rowboat, first supplying ourselves with bread at a little *boutique* for the purpose of feeding the ducks and swans. We passed between lovely green islands inhabited only by ducks, which with their little broods came out for the bread, sailing close up to the sides of the boat. One old swan gave my fingers a severe squeezing in trying to take some bread from them.

On our way home through the Bois, Robert amused us all in his attempts to reckon up each one's share of the expense of the boat-ride. He had great difficulty in finding out "how many times four persons would go into three francs."

At dinner Dr. Dodd and Mr. Lampman had an animated political discussion, the doctor being a Republican and Mr. Lampman a Democrat, the former getting quite fiery, but Mr. Lampman preserving his usual cool manner.

Wednesday, April 29

Went with Dr. and Mrs. Dodd to Saint Cloud. Took the "American horse cars" in the Avenue Joséphine. Madame put up a lunch for us of sandwiches, ginger-snaps and oranges, which we enjoyed after our journey of less than an hour. We ate it in the open air in the beautiful park upon a seat which commanded a view of the château. Our guide was a stupid person, but in spite of him we enjoyed the trip over the château, which is the most beautiful palace I have yet visited. One room was especially interesting, the "Swiss Salle," the walls and chimney-piece of which were in Swiss woodwork most exquisitely carved in graceful garlands and festoons of flowers, hanging as naturally as if they were real flowers. The floor was in beautiful colored wood-mosaic, so highly polished

that it seemed like glass. In the entrance hall is a large painting in oil of the Reception of Queen Victoria at St. Cloud. The stairway is grand, its windows hung with heavy crimson-velvet curtains. The Salon of Apollo has a ceiling most elaborately frescoed. It is very long and at the farther end upon a pedestal between two windows is a marble statue of the Empress Joséphine, representing her as younger than I have ever seen her before.

Their Majesties' dining-room is in rich, dark wood and hung with Gobelin tapestries. The sideboards are handsomely carved, and I fancied how beautifully the silver would contrast with the dark wood when they are furnished. The Emperor's bedchamber opens upon a lovely part of the garden, the foreground a green lawn terminating in a long avenue of majestic trees, whose branches interlace overhead. Here the Emperor takes his morning promenade unattended, like any of his subjects. The walls of the chamber are lined with crimson and white damask matching the bed-curtains. A *toilette* table furnished with Sèvres china stands at the foot of the bed, while over the fireplace is a larger purple vase of the same ware, ornamented with a vignette of the Empress Eugénie, which is matched by another of the Emperor.

From the windows of each of the rooms is a different view of the magnificent grounds. From one are seen lovely lawns ornamented with statuary and basins of various fountains; from another the entrances to broad avenues lined on either side with magnificent trees, whose tops interlacing, form perfect arbors as far as the eye can reach.

The walls of many of the rooms are completely covered with Gobelin tapestries. The apartments of the Empress, which are in another wing of the palace, are not open to the public.

After finishing the tour of the château we obtained permission to walk in the private grounds, our stupid guide being superseded by a soldier wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor and other decorations, who made himself very agreeable, as he unlocked various gates opening into different parts of this modern Garden of Eden. He conducted us to a "kiosk" in the midst of flowers and shrubbery, erected for the little Prince as a sort of study-house and occupied by himself and his preceptor a certain part of each morning when the Court sits at St. Cloud. It is a picturesque-looking affair with windows of stained glass which admit the light in softened colors.

The interior as seen from the balcony is handsomely furnished and looks fascinatingly attractive. In another part of the garden is his playground in which is a miniature *chemin de fer,* a station, a picturesque bridge, etc., the construction costing 25,000 francs. It once had an egine and *wagons,* but they are among the things that were. A circular plat of ground was announced as "His Little Majesty's *Salle à Manger,*" where he often takes his meals in the open air.

It is impossible to describe these lovely grounds. They are a dreamland of beauty and excel all flights of the imagination.

I must return to the château and describe the bibliothèque and the chapel. The former is lighted by a glass ceiling and looks not too magnificent to be comfortable and inviting. The walls are lined with shelves filled with elegantly bound volumes stamped with the letter "N." A long, plain, mahogany writing-table, upon one side of which are various easy-chairs, extends along one side. It would seem the most natural thing in the world to sit there and write a letter.

The chapel is severely plain and unattractive. The gold

and crimson chairs of their Majesties are placed behind a balcony commanding a view of the altar. Dr. Dodd rejoices that he is not Emperor, as he would not know which palace to choose, and would be unhappy that he could not live in all at the same time. I think I should choose St. Cloud.

From the grounds is a magnificent view of Paris.

We did not go to Sèvres, as we at first thought of doing, but returned by the same omnibus in which we came, as the doctor tried in vain to hire a carriage.

Thursday, April 30

After *déjeuner* went to Munroe's accompanied by Monsieur Chevalier. Put my name down on the book of arrivals and expect to see it Saturday in the Continental Gazette. Went with Monsieur to the Bourse and afterwards to a lace manufacturer's, where he had some business in reference to purchasing a residence in Fontainebleau for Monsieur Léon's grandmother. By the way, Count Mniszech, M. Léon's father, has gone to Poland to visit his mother whom he has not seen for many years, having previously received a despatch announcing that she was at the point of death and wished to see her long-absent son before she died. The old Countess was so overjoyed at the sight of him that instead of dying immediately, she was restored to health, and now wishes to leave Poland and have a summer residence near Paris.

The gentleman whom Monsieur wished to meet was not in town, but a pretty woman with her hair arranged in the style of the Empress Joséphine, announced herself as his *femme* and said she understood the business. She conducted us into a little back-salon where she and Monsieur talked for about half an hour. She was very graceful and pretty, and I enjoyed hearing her talk.

Purchased a little trefoil-shaped Scotch-wood *pelotte à épingles* on the way home to fill the place of the one Mr. Lampman has taken. Arrived home at a little after five o'clock. Monsieur, with his usual thoughtfulness, brought in an orange, lest I might be tempted to drink too much water after our rapid promenade.

After *dîner* went for a walk down the *Champs Elysées* with Mrs. Dodd, Monsieur and Madame Chevalier. The concerts in the open air have commenced, and the avenue blazed with lights. Madame Chevalier made a call on the Duchesse de Berghes, while Mrs. Dodd, Monsieur and I took seats under some trees to wait for her. When she joined us again we all went to a *café-concert* where we sat until after ten o'clock. These concerts are free, only one is expected to buy some kind of refreshments. Mrs. Dodd and I took ice-creams and Monsieur and Madame each a glass of beer. Monsieur's glass remained untouched, and when I asked him why he did not drink it, he said it would make the *bonheur* of Madame Chevalier if he did not, and he immediately placed his glass before her, removing her own, which was nearly empty, and taking from it a slight sip. Madame smiled upon him, graciously remarking that "Pol" always did so. She told us one day the little romance of her falling in love. She was first interested in Monsieur by observing that he only tasted the wine, while the other young men drank glass after glass. While taking our creams and beer, we were entertained by the music.

Upon a sort of ornamental balcony of the playhouse, which was brilliantly lighted, were seated the "dramatis personae," composed of women dressed mostly in pink and white shawls. The orchestra was arranged below and played the accompaniments, as one after another of these pink damsels came forward to act her part. Some of the voices were very

fine. A young man in sailor costume came out and sang and danced, and afterwards a poor *bossu,* who seemed, with good reason, to be quite a favorite of the public. He sang a mountaineer song, imitating to perfection the Swiss mountaineers, so said Mrs. Dodd who has heard them. The last performance which we saw was a skating duet; so graceful and gliding were the figures they cut, that they seemed like fairies dancing in the moonlight. After this the curtain fell, and we retired during the entr'acte, and found ourselves tired enough on arriving home from our long promenade.

Friday, May 1

This morning, Dr. Dodd, in accordance with his usual custom, rapped upon the door which is between his salon and our chamber to tell us that it was time to get up. Madame Chevalier was not at *café* this morning, having a visitor in the salon. Monsieur came in, but even his presence was not enough to keep Mrs. Dodd's spirit of mischief tranquil. Mr. Lampman, as usual, was very late. As the coffee and sugar were in my vicinity, I attempted to retain them until he would promise to restore my little pincushion, but Monsieur Chevalier took his part. After *café,* went into Dr. Dodd's salon where I looked over his interesting collection of rare coins. One of them, a Polish coin, is stamped with the face of Prince Léon's grandfather, who was Alexander II., King of Poland. Went out in the evening with Monsieur for a promenade. Between the moonlight and the street lights, it was almost like daylight.

Saturday, May 2

The glazier came to take the measure of the window-glass that broke so mysteriously yesterday when neither Robert nor

Ellie was touching it. It was before *café* that Madame came to see if we would let him in. She was dressed for a walk and was going out to give Monsieur Léon his lesson and said, as she would not be here to take her *café,* I could sit in her place and be Madame Chevalier and do the honors, which I did accordingly and *tu-toied* Monsieur in the most approved style, called him "Pol," and administered a *coup de pied* under the table when he did not pay attention, at which he was highly amused, as were we all. Mr. Lampman did not appear at *café.*

In the evening went to the Bois with Mrs. Dodd, Monsieur Chevalier, Robert, and Ellie. Had a trial at running. Mrs. Dodd runs like a witch, and of course beat. After that we had a game of "Puss, Puss, in the corner!" Robert and Ellie returned home early, Monsieur accompanying them as far as the "barrier," while Mrs. Dodd and I waited on a bench until he came back. It was a perfectly lovely evening, warm as summer, and almost as bright as day. The avenue was gay with carriages, and we took a path a little removed where the trees arched above us, the moonlight falling between their trunks. We sauntered along, singing or silent as we felt the mood. Made the tour of the lake, admired the shadows in the water, explored a dark grotto near the borders, Monsieur striking a match to illuminate its dark recesses. We found at the extremity, comfortable seats, of which we availed ourselves. From our cavern we could see distinctly the lake, and after resting awhile and imagining how we could frighten anyone who chanced to pass, by growling, we emerged into the moonlight. We caused Monsieur "great trials" by getting into the boats that were fastened on either side of a little quay, upon which were placed some inviting seats. We took the time when he was engaged in lighting his cigar to run, each for a

separate boat, and between the two, he was quite at a loss what to do, and in his bewilderment we were both successful in accomplishing our object. We plashed the oars and rocked. The ducks sailed up to see what was the matter, and presently a boat from the opposite shore started out towards us, which led us to take a hasty leave. Went to a *café* and sat at one of the little tables placed out on the grass in the moonlight, while the *garçon* in attendance brought on the beer and cake which Monsieur ordered. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we started for home. Monsieur sang for our edification several airs, — "Les Etoiles qui filent," "Le Petit Oiseau" and the "Marseillaise." We were almost sorry when we arrived home.

Sunday, May 3

Lovely day. Very warm. Attended service at the French chapel and heard an eloquent sermon by Dr. Bercier from Luke 12:37. "Heureux ces serviteurs qui le Maître trouvera veillants quand il arrivera."

The fountains play to-day at Versailles. Monsieur offered to accompany us there, and thinks we are quite mistaken in considering it wrong to go to-day, as they never play excepting on Sundays or some great fête day, and it is a sight well worth seeing. They cost the government 50,000 francs every time they play. Robert listened to the arguments used to induce us to go, with an expression on his countenance as if he feared we might be overcome by them. Did not go out in the afternoon. They have a new minister at the Rue de Berri, Dr. Robinson, successor to Dr. Eldridge, who has resigned. He is a dear friend of Samu's and an acquaintance of Mr. Lampman's. Monsieur found his copy of "Les Etoiles qui filent" last night in his library, where he has searched before unsuccessfully, and copied it into my extract-book. After

dinner went with him to the church St. Ferdinand but found it closed. Many people were waiting to enter, but for some reason there was not the usual service. Returned home after a short walk.

Monday, May 4

The birds are singing and chirping in the court, as happy as the day is bright. Our little "voisin" sits industriously studying at his window opposite, dressed, as usual, in his blue frock and belt. He paints, draws, and studies a big dictionary. Madame says his sister gives him his lessons. Very warm today. After dinner stood by the dining-room window and watched the "chauve-souris" that were flying about the court. Mrs. Dodd, Ellie, and Robert went for a walk down the *Champs Elysées,* but I had a lame foot and did not accompany them. Went with Madame Chevalier to her room, and as we sat by the window making ourselves comfortable, Monsieur came in to ask us to go to walk, as it was a beautiful day, too beautiful to stay in the house. I pleaded my lame foot, but Monsieur said it would cure it to walk a little. Madame advised me to put on my slippers, as slippers are very fashionable for an evening promenade, and she thought my foot would be well enough to take a short walk. "Yes, yes, Mademoiselle, quick! and put on your hat." I obeyed accordingly, notwithstanding my foot, and soon found myself in the midst of the gaiety and brilliance of the *Champs Elysées.* We looked for Mrs. Dodd and the rest, but did not see them and were spared their reproaches.

Tuesday, May 5

Started in our "yaller silk gown and red 'rocco shoes," that is to say, in full dress, to attend a private fair at the

hôtel of the Princess de Wittgenstein. This fair was intended as a pleasant social reunion of those concerned, though its primary and ostensible object was for the benefit of some charitable institution. Madame Chevalier, who was invited by a young friend of hers whom she calls "Marie," a Countess of one of the most noble Polish families, kindly asked us to accompany her. We proceeded first to the hatter's to assist Monsieur in the selection of a new "extinguisher," which he immediately donned, and we all started for the Petit St. Thomas where Madame and Robert provided themselves each with a new pair of gloves, into which they plunged at once, giving themselves an extremely improved appearance.

Arrived at the house of the Princess in question, we traversed a paved court-yard and entered a large hall decorated with pages and footmen in livery, who were awaiting the return of the proprietors of the various elegant equipages standing outside.

At the door of the ante-room stood a stout, pompous porter in all the glory of powder and livery, who duly announced the arrivals. As the occasion proved to be more grand than frock-coats and felt hats would warrant, Monsieur Chevalier, who rejoiced in the one, and Master "Bobe," who was overshadowed by the other, decided to deprive the Princess of their presence, notwithstanding their new purchases, and walk about somewhere during our absence.

Madame encountered at the door two of her friends, the Duchess Touwlkoska and her daughter, the Princess Touwlkoska, who were just taking their leave. They paused a moment for a pleasant greeting and to give a short description of what was within. With a "Bon jour, Madame," to the daughter, Madame Chevalier led the way to the interior salon.

The room appeared rather small, but was arranged in the

perfection of taste. Several tables of different sizes, covered with a great variety of pretty and graceful et ceteras and presided over by titled dames, were placed along the sides and in the center of the room. A profusion of flowers in vases and pots added fragrance and beauty to the scene. An open door revealed a grassy lawn upon which were refreshment-tables, where were groups chatting gaily. The graveled walks led to old trees and dense shrubbery, almost like a miniature wild forest. At one table in the salon, the Countess Lorskorenska, the aunt of Monsieur Léon, and the most graceful and aristocratic appearing of all the dames present, presided, in a long trailing robe of black silk, a velvet mantle and a black bonnet with purple flowers. She is yet in mourning for her mother, who died about six months ago. The Duchesse de Germany, a haughty-looking matron, and her two daughters, one the young Countess de Germany, whose wedding we attended some time ago, and the other a sweet-looking young lady of about seventeen years, were present. Prince Léon Mniszech and his friend Marcel, Count de Germany, were among the young gentlemen there.

"Combien, Mademoiselle?" asked the latter of a beautiful young American in a pink dress with pink trimmings, who sat beside her table of *bijouterie,* as he held up a cigar-case.

"Cinquante francs, Monsieur."

"And this?" as he replaced it and took up an exquisite paper-cutter.

"Cinquante francs aussi, Monsieur."

"And this?"

"Cinquante francs, Monsieur."

"Tourjours cinquante francs?" said the young Count inquiringly, as he opened his purse and placed the shining gold in her hand, taking again the attractive cigar-case.

"Oui, Monsieur," responded the damsel with a bewitching smile. "I have nothing on my table of less value."

After looking about as much as we wished and taking a walk around the lovely garden in company with Madame Chevalier and the two young countesses, Marie and the Countess de Germany, we took our leave, having been, as Madame Chevalier assured us, in the best Parisian society. We were presently joined by Monsieur Chevalier and Robert, and we all proceeded up the *Champs Elysées,* entered a *café,* and ordered ice-creams and water-ices, which were refreshingly cool after our hot promenade. Master "Bobe," in whose hands all inanimate things seemed to be possessed with an uncontrollable spirit of animation, again received a new proof of their total depravity, as a china saucer which held his glass of ice sprang from his hand and spread itself in a most unsociable state of want of affinity before his astonished and downcast eyes. He groaned in spirit as the vision of new postage stamps to add to his cherished album vanished, and realized that his pocket allowance for the week would be invested in crockery ware. Poor Bob! always so unfortunate!

Dr. and Mrs. Dodd leave Paris in the morning. Mr. Lampman, who enjoys his morning nap, made his adieus this evening. Dr. Dodd made the remark that although he was glad to go, he hated to leave.

"Ah!" said Mr. Lampman with a sigh, "it is for us who are left behind, who see one after another taken from our pleasant circle, to mourn at the breaking up of the associations of a winter together. I don't know but we shall be reduced to the extremity of throwing ourselves into each other's arms, Mademoiselle!" I told him I trusted not!

Wednesday, May 6

Rose early to see Dr. and Mrs. Dodd off. They took coffee in their salon where were assembled all the family except Mr. Lampman. They go first to the Isle of Wight, then to London, make a hasty tour through the British Isles, and sail for America the sixth of June. I shall miss Mrs. Dodd; she is gentle and lovely, and I really feel very much attached to her, considering our short acquaintance. I wonder if I shall ever see her again.

Just before *déjeuner* entered the room which is to be occupied by Samu and Louey, where I found Madame and Anna standing over a miscellaneous collection of et ceteras of which Anna had suddenly become proprietress by the recent will of Mrs. Dodd.

Samu, Louey and Mr. Holden arrived from London at about half-past six, and Madame waited dinner until that time. They had had a rough passage and were very tired. It was refreshing to look once more on their faces after so long a separation.

Thursday, May 7

Started directly after *café* for Levitsky's, where Samu, Louey, and Mr. Holden sat for their pictures. The gentlemen with Ellie for interpreter started first, leaving Louey and me to come when we were ready, which was in the course of an hour.

We took an open carriage and enjoyed the sensation of being in Paris together. Went to the boot-maker's where Mr. Holden kept us laughing at his droll speeches while he was getting fitted to a pair of boots. Samu was impervious to being impressed with the superior qualities of patent leather.

Mr. Holden was so proud of his new boots that he immediately donned them, and we next proceeded to "Charley's" where we breakfasted on beefsteak and buckwheat cakes, and then took an open carriage and rode to the Bois. Stopped in a shady place near a *café* where we found seats at a little table and rested ourselves. A white-aproned *garçon* soon made his appearance to ask what refreshments we would have, and after a short disappearance, returned with a waiter full of ice-creams, cakes, et cetera. We enjoyed sitting in such a delightful place, quite secluded ourselves, but where we could see all the gay promenaders in carriages and on foot.

While our carriage waited, we strolled along the borders of the lake, fed the swans and ducks with sugar, visited the cascade under which we stood and tried to imagine ourselves at Niagara Falls. The Bois was filled with people returning from the races, which they had witnessed at Longchamps. The Avenue de l'Impératrice had four lines of carriages on their way to and from the Bois de Boulogne. Met a gay carriage and was surprised at receiving a graceful nod of recognition from one of the occupants, who proved at a second glance to be Prince Léon and his friend, the Count Marcel de Germany, with others whom I did not know. Rode down the "Scamps Elizas," as Louey designates the *Champs Elysées,* hoping to see the Emperor's carriage, but were disappointed in this.

Friday, May 8

Louey and I remained in the house until evening when we started with the others for the "Concert Musard." These concerts are held in the open air, and the music is entirely instrumental and of a high order. The scene was purely French, brilliant, graceful, charming.

Over the entrance to the enclosure, the lights were ar-

The Hotel de Ville

ranged in the form of a harp. The orchestra was on a circular platform in the midst of the grounds, all around which and high up were festooned globes of light. The grounds were illuminated, making it as bright as day. Portable seats were placed all about the platform for the benefit of those who preferred sitting to promenading. This is a pleasant and convenable resort, where one may see elegantly dressed ladies and the latest Parisian fashions. Mr. Holden, finding a vacant chair in front of him, took the opportunity of occupying it with his new, square-toed boots, of which he is immensely proud. This act rather shocked Madame's ideas of conventionality, to say nothing of Monsieur's ideas of French etiquette. We remained until the orchestra had played Weber's "Overture to Der Freischütz," which was the last piece but one on the program, when we left for home.

Saturday, May 9

Went to the Louvre, Robert officiating as escort. Visited there for the first time the new gallery of sculpture, which had been recently opened. Saw the celebrated "Venus de Milo" which was rescued from th ruins of Milos in 1820. It is minus both arms, but what remains is the perfection of sculpture. The face is so full of expression that it seems almost living in its fascinating beauty.

From the Louvre we took carriages and visited *"Les Buttes Chaumont,"* a sort of public park on the other side of Paris, after the style of Central Park in New York. It is not finished, but is already a charming place with its hills, valleys, lakes, cascades, and caves. We left the carriages and walked over the suspension bridge and down a steep hill which led to a lake where swans and ducks were sailing. Entered a sort of grotto, down which tumbled a waterfall, the source of which

we were somewhat troubled to find, but finally discovered it high above.

On the return home Mr. Holden gave me a description of his house, its location and style of architecture. It must be very handsome. Mr. Holden wishes us all to go with him to Switzerland next week. We passed a flower-shop at which Samu stopped and returned with his hands full of lilies of the valley. On arriving home, I arranged three bunches severally for Madame Chevalier, Mr. Lampman, and Robert. Madame was out, but Monsieur took charge of them. When I went up a short time after to continue my reading in "Jocelyn," he had them all arranged with much taste in a little vase awaiting Madame's approval.

Sunday, May 10

Attended service at the Rue de Berri in the morning and heard an interesting sermon from the new minister, Dr. Robinson. Remained at home in the afternoon. After *café* Louey and I lay down on the bed to rest and talk, and it seemed so nice and pleasant, quite like old times. She told me about Rev. Newman Hall's lecture on America and his first sermon after his return home. Attended service in the evening on the Rue Royale and listened to the Rev. Mr. Hart, whose discourse seemed to have a somniferous effect upon some of his congregation. Deacon Lockie led the singing in his usual spirited manner, sacrificing the words to the tune in the most outrageous fashion, and delivered his accustomed speech at the close of the service, to the effect that the chapel is supported by voluntary contributions, and for this purpose persons are stationed at the door with plates, a fact which he hoped would be heeded by all. We found our *cocher* still in attendance, as he had refused to accept what was offered him

for the "course," having attempted to follow us into the church, but Samu concluded to pay him by the hour, and the affair terminated peaceably.

Monday, May 11

Started in good season with Samu and Louey to accompany Mr. Holden and Ellie to the station, who were to leave for Tours, where Mr. Holden's cousin, Miss Ida Holden, a young lady very near Ellie's age, is being educated at a convent. Our carriage was delayed in front of the *Hôtel des Invalides,* where there seemed to be a review of soldiers, until we were too late for the train, much to the disappointment of Mr. Holden, which he bore with praiseworthy good nature.

Went to the Petit St. Thomas to look at silks and satins, but left our investigations to be continued after *déjeuner*. We returned after a lunch, having donned our waterproofs, and spent the afternoon in shopping. It is decided that we go to Switzerland, and in anticipation of that event, I bought myself a new traveling costume ready-made, which needed only a slight alteration to fit me. Mr. Holden purchased a beautiful velvet paletot for Mrs. Holden, which was fitted to me, as I am about her size. The girl who exhibited these garments was so charming that we were all quite fascinated with her.

The proprietors of the various large establishments here, as well as in London, furnish for the girls they hire elegant silk dresses, which they are allowed to wear only while engaged in the shops, putting them on when they come in the morning and taking them off when they leave at night.

Started again to accompany Mr. Holden and Ellie to the station, but the fates seem to be against their prospective journey. This time the coachman was stupid, and although he had received definite directions, he drove to the wrong sta-

tion, and when we arrived at the right one at last the train had been gone fifteen minutes. We dismissed the stupid fellow and took another, an Italian, in spite of the warning that was given us "free gratis" and unsolicited by one of the same trade, who offered us the use of his own horse and carriage.

Breakfasted at a restaurant. The potatoes giving out, we ordered baked beans, which we found very nice, that is, Louey and I did, as none of the rest patronized them. Louey flavored hers with cognac, thinking it was vinegar, to the astonishment of the waiter, who doubtless thought Americans had peculiar tastes.

Went to the Bon Marché and again to the Petit St. Thomas where we purchased three satin dresses and one silk, the latter for Louey in anticipation of Georgie Warner's wedding. Started for home in good season, but found so many attractions on the way that we arrived only in time for dinner. Called and engaged the services of a dressmaker. As Samu and Louey were marching on in front, Mr. Holden, Ellie and I entered a candy-shop and ordered some chocolate-drops, intending to be so expeditious as not to be missed; but the woman who waited on us was so deliberate in her movements that when we emerged into the street again, there was no vestige of them to be seen. We consoled ourselves to the best of our ability with the chocolate-drops, when to our delight, we spied them turning a corner engaged in looking us up.

Next we proceeded to the Palais Royale, and while Samu and Ellie went into the grounds to listen to the music, the rest of us preferred to walk slowly along the sidewalk looking in at the various windows, where were displayed curious and wonderful things. On going by a window filled with a profusion of fans, I remarked in passing, upon seeing one with an "N" painted on it, "I think that is mine, as I see my

initial." "Is it?" said Mr. Holden; "well, I will go right in and ask for it," which he forthwith did to my consternation, and returned with it in his hand!

Wednesday, May 13

Mr. Holden and Ellie are finally off. Louey and I stayed at home to receive visits from the "Petit St. Thomas," who returned our recent calls. In the evening Samu, Louey and I, accompanied by Monsieur and Madame Chevalier, went to see the display on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince Murat to a Mongolian Princess. The ceremony had been performed in the morning at the Chapelle of the Tuileries in the presence of their Majesties, the Emperor and the Empress, but there was another ceremony more public in the evening in the Russian Church. We were on the spot in good season, and from an elevation within a stable opposite the church, which the proprietor kindly allowed us to share with him, we had a very good view of the various equipages as they drove into the enclosure and deposited the guests upon the steps to the entrance.

The enclosure was brilliantly illuminated, much to the fright of the horses that pranced and reared as they approached. The street was plentifully besprinkled with *sergeants de ville,* who kept everything in order, that is to say, were there in case their services were needed, for the prevailing sentiment in a French crowd seems to be a decorous observance of the rules of propriety. There was a fine display of spirit in the beautiful horses, as well as of bravery and courage on the part of their drivers. Usually when a span of horses began to plunge and rear before the lights, the reins were grasped by two *sergeants de ville* who stood on either side of the gate; but often the drivers would not allow their steeds

to be touched, but would spring from their boxes in a twinkling and calm the frightened pets, conducting them safely through. During about an hour there was a continual stream of carriages entering at one gate and going out at another, until we wondered where in that small church there was room for so many people. The last arrivals remained upon the steps where they were conspicuous in their elegant robes. The equipage of the Prince Murat was magnificent as it drove up, the steeds prancing, and the liveries of gold lace sparkling in the lights. The footmen evidently felt themselves the heroes of the evening, as they strutted about the enclosure before the admiring eyes of their brethren of the profession less high in rank.

The gilded spires and dome of the beautiful church flashed in the light, and from the open door one could see a fluttering of robes, a glimmering of lights, all hazy and indistinct, rendering the whole scene exceedingly brilliant and dreamy. We did not remain to witness the exeunt, but descended from our lofty height where we began to feel somewhat cramped and started towards the *Parc de Monceau.* The streets were lined with carriages in waiting as far as the eye could reach. Found the Parc closed on arriving, as it was past eleven, so instead of the intended walk, took the shortest way home.

Thursday, May 14

Remained at home and made preparations to go to Switzerland, provided that Mr. Holden returned from Tours in season at five P. M., which he did not.

Friday, May 15

Mr. Holden and Ellie returned last evening before *dîner.* It has been decided to delay our journey to Switzerland until

the first of next month; so I had all my preparations to unmake.

Went to-day to the Hôtel de Cluny. It was a more comfortable visit than the one of last winter, which I have already described. The grounds which were then frost-nipped and covered with a sprinkling of snow, to-day were beautiful, and we spent some time in walking about in them. The Palais des Thermes, which is connected with this Hôtel, is an old Roman palace and was constructed by Julian the Apostate or his grandson, Constantinus Chlorus towards the end of the sixth century. The ruins are very picturesque. Among them are the rooms for hot and cold baths. The bathing-water was conveyed by means of an aqueduct, and at present, under the ruins of this palace still exist subterranean passages and drains which were built to convey the water used for the bath, to the Seine. From here we went to the Conciergerie, the place where Marie Antoinette was imprisoned during the last days of her life. Our guide conducted us along the gloomy passages to the very cell. It is not more than eight feet square, and the single window high up commands a view of the prison yard. The furniture consists of one chair and a little table upon which stands the crucifix before which she said her prayers. This cell was separated from another of the same size where the guards were stationed, only by a curtain. Upon the wall is a large oil-painting of this very cell and its appurtenances, which represents Marie Antoinette taking leave of her two children and Madame Elizabeth. Another painting shows her receiving the sacrament just before her execution. Adjoining the cell in which she was imprisoned is the cell of Robespierre.

We next went to the Tomb of the Emperor. Though it was not one of the regular days for admitting visitors, we obtained an entrance on applying at the Hôtel des Invalides,

as this was Mr. Holden's only chance of seeing it. As we walked down one of the long corridors, we encountered the drummer who perambulated all around, vigorously beating his instrument, probably to summon the Invalides to dinner. I was convinced at this time that I could be very easily drummed to death, the sensation was so painful to my heart. Louey seated herself upon one of the steps of the corridor extending around the inner court, while Samu and Ellie dodged in and out of the various doors and recesses, searching for some person of authority who could give us the desired admission, Mr. Holden and I meanwhile carrying on a short flirtation or rather the breeze carried on a flirtation with our drapery as we promenaded to and fro, although I will briefly add that Mr. Holden's coat-tail was stoically impervious to the slightest fluctuation. After some time Samu and Ellie appeared triumphantly, escorted by a polite Captain who had recently come into authority, so recently indeed, that he had not himself, as yet, seen the tomb of the Emperor, and with true French politeness gave us to understand that he considered it a highly fortunate circumstance that we had given him an opportunity not only to show it to us but to see it for himself. I learned to-day what I did not know before, that the sarcophagus is not a cenotaph, but contains the body of Napoleon. We admired again the beautiful appearance of the colored lights falling upon the bronze altar, giving it the effect of gold. Mr. Holden called my attention to the sympathy in style of the Captain's pantaloons and Ellie's dress as they walked along in front of us.

Our next visit was to the Panorama of the Battle of Solferino. The building, which was constructed especially for panoramas, is situated in the Rond Point of the *Champs Elysées*. It is circular, and upon entering it, we found our-

selves upon the summit of Mount Alto, overlooking the town of Solferino and the surrounding country. All around us were the appurtenances of battle, soldiers on the march, in ambush, in action. On one side was the terrific explosion of a mine, in the near vicinity of which was Napoleon III. on horseback at the head of his troops. The portraits were all true to life, and it was impossible not to feel that you were looking upon a real scene and not a picture. The perspective stretched away for miles and miles, and it is not an exaggeration to say that it was not necessary to draw upon your imagination to make it a reality. This Mount Alto upon which we were standing was constructed of real soil, and upon it were real fragments of disabled cannon, broken artillery-wagons, and exploded bomb-shells, but I should have equally mistaken them for a part of the painting, or the painting beyond them for the reality!

Took a carriage and rode up the *Champs Elysées,* stopping at the *Arc de Triomphe* to make arrangements with the guard about going up on the top in the evening. While we were waiting for Samu, Mr. Holden proposed to go up in the balloon with me, an offer which I accepted at once, not supposing he was in earnest. He immediately jumped out of the carriage and began to lighten himself of certain articles of ballast in the shape of an opera-glass, books, and so forth. But I decided not to go. This balloon is a monstrous vehicle and is all day long going up and down for the benefit of those who wish to get a bird's-eye view of Paris.

Samu at last joined us with the intelligence that we could go up to the top of the Arc in the evening by paying ten francs and we could take as many up with us as we pleased. From this place Samu walked home, leaving the rest of us to take a ride in the Bois before dinner.

In the evening a party composed of Monsieur and Madame Chevalier, Mr. Lampman and two young lady friends of his, the Prince Léon Mniszech, Robert, Ellie, Mr. Holden, Samu, myself and Anna, who, Madame said, would enjoy it, started at about nine o'clock for our triumphal march. Louey was too weary with the excitements of the day, especially with the Battle of Solferino, to think of accompanying us, and we left her soundly sleeping. The view from the top was unique. Long avenues of lights radiated from the Arc as far as the eye could reach. The Avenue de la Grande Armée had itself six rows of lights, and the fluctuating lights of the moving carriages added to the brilliance of the scene. It was a magnificent sight, one long to be remembered. We seemed to be suspended between two firmaments of stars competing with each other in brilliancy.

Saturday, May 16

Spent the day at Versailles going by the American horse-cars, which we found rather a disagreeable means of conveyance, owing to the transportation of fish- and market-women who seemed to patronize them extensively. The country through which we passed was not beautiful enough to compensate, and we rejoiced when we arrived at the end of our journey.

Enjoyed the tour over the palace and understood better from our previous visits how to see.

In the Salle of the Crusaders are two especially beautiful paintings: one, the Crossing of the Bosphorus, and the other a portrait of Peter the Hermit. In another place is the Coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims, 19th of July, 1429, by Vinchon. Joan of Arc, who had predicted this ceremony, stands by the side of the King, her banner in her hand. Her

father and brother, who had come from Domrémy, are among the spectators. The charm of the picture is the face of the young shepherdess, which wears an expression of absorbed inspiration. The Battle of Hohenlinden brought to memory the old poem of our school-days,

> "On Linden, when the sun was low,
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
> And dark as the winter was the flow
> Of Iser rolling rapidly!"

"St. Louis, Louis IX. of France, administering Justice under the Oak of Vincennes" represents this good King reposing, as he loved to do, under the shade of an oak. Here he allowed his subjects to approach and lay their complaints before him. Another painting represents him as the mediator between the King of England, Henry III. and his barons in 1264. Another by the same artist, Rouget, represents him attacked by the plague and dying before Tunis, surrounded by his family, Aug. 25, 1270.

The grounds about the palace are in all their beauty. In our stroll we came across an old woman who had her fruit-stand in a delightfully shady and inviting place; we purchased of her some oranges and a substitute for lemonade. Later in the day, with Samu and Louey, we ate our lunch in a still more delightful place. Started for the station a little after five to be home in season for dinner, but being attacked by an officious guide who offered to conduct us to the best restaurant in Versailles, we were not proof against his wiles and the pangs of hunger, and consequently, not long after, found ourselves seated in the second story of a tidy little *café* in a room devoted to eating purposes, where were various tables

covered with clean white linen. A pretty French maid attended to our orders, and we were presently luxuriating upon a "diet of worms," beefsteak and potatoes.

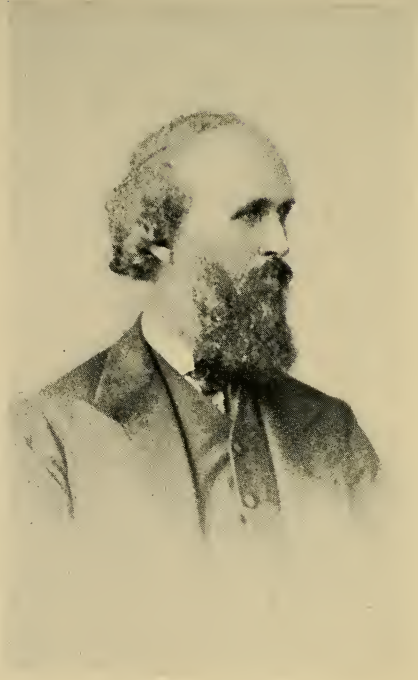
During our repast the rain fell in torrents, but ceased before we were ready to start. We arrived in Paris soon after seven o'clock, when we drove to the Rue de Rivoli to select some photographs and stereoscopic views. The proprietor of the establishment very kindly offered to send a quantity to the house, where we could select more advantageously. Our drive home was made entertaining by the conversation of Samu and Mr. Holden, who described in a most amusing manner some of the different aspects of Paris. Arrived home just before the pictures and spent the rest of the time until almost midnight in looking at views. Mr. Lampman and Robert came down, the latter having just waked up from a nap. He used this nap as an argument to influence Mr. Lampman to allow him to sit up an hour later than usual, but did not succeed in convincing that gentleman of its strength.

Sunday, May 17

After *café,* Louey, Samu, Monsieur Chevalier, Mr. Holden, and Ellie went to *Père la Chaise,* but I was too tired to go. Read "Jocelyn" in the evening and finished it.

Monday, May 18

After *déjeuner* our party divided, Samu, Louey and Ellie going to Levitsky's and afterwards to the *Bois de Vincennes,* while Mr. Holden and I took an open carriage to St. Denis, where we visited the Cathedral. It was a delightful day, too hot for everybody except myself. The ride was exceedingly agreeable, although the rough pavements and dusty road outside the city, were a poor exchange for the



Mr. Samuel Stanton
"Samu"

Mrs. Samuel Stanton
"Louey"

cool, shady, well-watered streets of this lovely Paris. We enjoyed the pleasant green fields when we were not so enveloped in dust as to cut off the view. The houses along the way, Mr. Holden says, are very much like the structures to be seen in Lower Canada, or as it is now called, the "Province of Quebec," and the inhabitants of that country retain many of the old French customs. They have a curious fashion of dressing their babies here. They roll them up tightly with the exception of their heads and arms which remain sticking out, giving them an odd appearance not unlike the old-fashioned bed-wrench! They carry them under their arms with their heads or heels in front, just as it happens!

I was much more impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the Cathedral than in my first visit. It has been undergoing repairs for some time, and during the last few months they have made much advancement. There is a picture at Versailles in one of the "Salles of the Crusaders" of Philip Augustus taking the oriflamme at St. Denis, June 24, 1196, where a part of this Cathedral near the altar is represented, but it is impossible, beautiful as it is, to gain from it any idea of the gorgeous effect of the richly stained glass and the graceful arches. Our former guide was afflicted with a set of clattering teeth, and this one had a nose so brilliant that he might have headed a torchlight procession with no other luminary.

The picture-gallery was this time free from smoke, much to our satisfaction. Mr. Holden said he should have been very sorry to leave Paris without seeing this interesting place, but added that he supposed he should not have known how much he would have lost.

We drove home by a different route and entered the Bois

de Boulogne. As Mr. Holden said, he had done sightseeing enough for one day, we drove about here until dinner-time. He told me of Mrs. Holden, and his sisters, of his narrow escapes from fire and horses, and of various other interesting things.

In the evening, Samu and Mr. Holden were busy in packing their traveling-bags in anticipation of an early departure in the morning.

Received this evening a circular announcing the death of Prince Léon's grandmother. When her son left her, her health, which had seemed so much improved failed, and the Count Mniszech had scarcely arrived in Paris when he received a telegram containing the news of her death. He was about purchasing for her, at her request, a summer residence at Fontainebleau.

Tuesday, May 19

Samu and Mr. Holden left Paris this morning. After the adieus had all been said, and while the rest of us were taking *café* at a somewhat earlier hour than usual, owing to our early rising, we conceived the project of taking a carriage and surprising them with another view of us at the station, particularly as we had not been invited to accompany them, and, what was more, Samu had had the presumption to say that they should have invited us had they wanted us! Monsieur Chevalier, who entered into the spirit of our grievances, offered to accompany us; so, with a little dispatch, we soon found ourselves "en route" in the gayest of moods. We arrived at our destination about five minutes before the train started. The guard at first demurred about allowing any of us to pass the gates, finally giving the permission for two to pass. In a moment we decided upon

Monsieur and Ellie, Louey and I waiting outside. They soon reappeared followed by our two travelers, who had only time to bestow upon us an unutterable look of surprise when the warning-bell sounded, and they beat a hasty retreat, much to the amusement of the guard, who had been quietly watching the proceedings. Our revenge being accomplished, we started with light hearts for the Rue de Rivoli, where we paid a little bill, notwithstanding it was rather earlier than the shop-people were accustomed to receive callers.

The shop was undergoing a sweeping and dusting operation, and most of the goods were under cover.

We dismissed our carriage and crossed over to the Garden of the Tuileries for a walk. It was perfectly lovely, the morning air was so clear and warm. The garden is a forest of trees, and the avenues are adorned with statues. We came out on the Place de la Concorde, where we took another carriage and drove to the Bois de Boulogne.

Wednesday, May 20

Very warm. Remained in doors and wrote letters. Mr. Lampman has had his hair cut, which rather impairs his beauty.

This afternoon there was an alarm of fire, a very rare occurrence in Paris. We all went out to see it. After about half an hour there came a violent ring at the door. Upon opening it, we beheld Master "Bobe," who exclaimed, "I've escaped!" I asked him where the others were. "I don't know, but I've escaped from those *sergeants de ville.*" He was quite out of breath with his hasty progress, but came in, and taking off his hat, continued, with a long breath of satisfaction, "They allowed no idle spectators on the spot, but all were immediately impressed into the service of

passing pails of water." He had left Mr. Lampman, surrounded by *sergeants de ville,* so he supposed he was busy at work. As for himself he passed one pail, quite to the detriment of his new trousers; here he paused to bestow a deprecating glance at his leg, and when he had a good chance, he ran away.

At dinner Mr. Lampman and Monsieur Chevalier had a good deal of sport at Robert's expense. Monsieur Chevalier, who having Ellie with him had not been impressed into the service, left her for a moment to expostulate with the *sergeants de ville* in reference to Mr. Lampman and Robert, who, he informed them, were strangers in Paris and not familiar with the customs of the country, etc. The *sergeant* thought if they were not acquainted with the customs of the country, they knew enough to pass a pail of water when it was handed to them, and suggested to Monsieur that he would better assist in the business. That gentleman thought it was not discreet to argue the question, owing to the turn the conversation had taken, and withdrew his bodily presence as unostentatiously as possible. He says it is the custom here in case of a fire to impress every one into the service; even the Emperor himself would not be spared should he come along. The houses here are almost fireproof owing to the materials of which they are built. The one in question was a paint-shop.

Madame cut her finger to-night with her new carving-knife. She hastened to press the dissected parts together, remarking in English that she did not wish the blood to "jump out." Mr. Lampman finished carving the meat for her, and considering that his hair was in such a brief state, displayed remarkable feats of strength.

Thursday, May 21

Have changed my room and room-mate and sleep with Louey. Instead of the usual morning cry of *"Mourons pour les petits oiseaux,"* I am awakened by the hideous screamings of a "jay" in one of the neighboring windows, which sounds very much like the screamings of a cat when some one steps upon her tail. The sparrows are also very annoying, chirping from three o'clock in the morning until it is time to rise. The bells were ringing merrily as we sat at *café,* and Madame says it is Ascension Day.

Went out to do some shopping, but found the shops closed. After *déjeuner,* wrote until three o'clock, when we went to ride in the Bois de Boulogne. Monsieur Chevalier having a holiday, accompanied us. The usual sights of elegant equipages, handsome *toilettes* and shady avenues were duly enjoyed. We stopped a few moments at the Pré Catélan, where the children were having a ball in the open air, and descended from the carriage to see them dance. A band of music stationed at a short distance was playing for them. The scene was gay and perfectly French; the children might have been mistaken for fairies, had it been moonlight, as they skipped about light-footed and graceful in the mazy dance. A *sergeant de ville* was just ordering the carriages off as we returned to ours. There was quite a crowd of them and he shouted, "Drive on! drive on! no stops here!" Returned home by the Ave de l'Impératrice and rode a short distance down the "Scamps Elizas."

Went shopping with Louey at the Louvre, where I bought a white alpaca dress for Georgie Warner's wedding. She is to be married the thirteenth of June and goes to the Isle of Wight on a "bridle tower." Read in "La Belle Gabrielle" in

the evening with Monsieur. Do not have time to study nowadays, but read aloud every evening for the purpose of acquiring a good pronunciation.

Saturday, May 23

Louey and I enjoyed a quiet day at home. Read with Monsieur in the afternoon instead of the evening, as we were going to have company to dinner, General and Madame de Lavalette, cousins of Monsieur Chevalier.

Sunday May 24

Did not go to church but spent the day at home sneezing and going through the usual program accompanying a cold in the "ed."

Monday, May 25

After *déjeuner* Louey and I dressed to go to the banker's, Bowles and Brothers, 12 Rue de la Paix. Just as we were ready to start, Monsieur sent a message down that he should be at liberty that afternoon until six o'clock, at which hour he had an invitation to dine with his cousin, Gen. de Lavalette, and, if agreeable, he would go with us to select a French dictionary and a copy of "La Belle Gabrielle." Monsieur Chevalier is one of the most obliging and unselfish persons I ever knew, always ready to do a kind action for every one. We accordingly started, taking an open carriage for the "Scamps Elizas." The conveyance was attached to rather an architectural-looking steed that refused to quicken his pace, notwithstanding the very frequent applications of the whip by the driver, who showed a remarkable desire to heed Monsieur's request that he would use as much dispatch as possible, as we were afraid of being too late for banking-hours. The

whip seemed to make about as much impression upon this Pegasus as a feather would falling upon the hide of a rhinoceros, for at each application he would only look more stoically meek and budge along at the same slow pace. As we were proceeding on the Rue de la Paix, down he tumbled, the poor beast, and rolled over upon his side just in front of a large druggist's establishment. Monsieur, who sat with his back turned to the driver facing Louey and me, was not aware that we were not progressing at the usual pace, and thought I was not in earnest when I announced that the horse had fallen down. After waiting for him to jump out, and finding him inclined to remain tranquil, I commenced descending in a deliberate and dignified manner to the sidewalk, while Louey, who could not see the spectacle from her side of the carriage, and did not at first comprehend the state of affairs, sprang out at the other side, just as Monsieur, beginning to realize that something unusual was going on, as the shopmen ran to their doors and the carriage gave a strange sort of lurch, started from his seat in a twinkling caught me from the carriage-step and sprang to the sidewalk, where he placed me and turned to meet Louey, who was coming towards him with open arms and a face full of concentrated emotions. The proprietor of the shop came out and invited us in; poor Louey sank into a chair and burst into tears, trembling with fright. He kindly and expeditiously poured out a glass of wine, which she did not take, and it was not long before we were on our way again, this time on the sure basis of our feet. We left our equipage surrounded by a crowd of curious people, who dropped from nobody knows where; the architectural Pegasus was detached from the carriage and looked as full of life as ever.

We were not successful in finding a copy of "La Belle

Gabrielle,'' but bought a French and English dictionary by Contanseau.

We passed through many streets, some of them narrow and odd-looking, that we had never seen before, entered a *café* and refreshed ourselves with ice-creams, after which, Monsiur put us into a cab and rode with us as far as the Place de la Concorde, where he left us, and we arrived home without further adventure. Madame waited dinner for us for more than half an hour, not knowing that we had entered and were wondering why Anna did not call us.

Mr. Lampman showed us some photographs he had been purchasing, most of them copies from paintings by the old masters at the Louvre: St. Michael standing upon the dragon is beautiful. He had copies of nearly all the celebrated Madonnas. There was one of ''Silence,'' which reminded me of home.

Tuesday, May 26

Very warm to-day. Had a heavy thunder shower during *déjeuner*. After *dîner* took a carriage-drive to the bookseller's and purchased some letter-paper; from there to the dressmaker's, and, finally, made a call upon the Griswolds. It was dark before we arrived home, but we had greatly enjoyed our ride. Had green peas and strawberries for the first time this season for dinner. Read in ''La Belle Gabrielle'' until after eleven o'clock.

Wednesday, May 27

Spent the day alternately writing and ''sporting,'' all joining in the hunt. The spoils were many, but the ''unspoiled'' were more! Louey is busy making the ruffles for her new silk dress.

The dinner-table chat was very interesting. Mr. Lampman expressed unreservedly his opinion of the French ladies whom he encounters in his daily walks on the *Champs Elysées*. He thinks them composed mainly of paint, powder, and moustaches! Madame assures him they are not the real St. Germain aristocracy! Madame believes in French taste and things "convenable."

Our little dressmaker came this evening. She had displayed much taste in the work she has already done for us. Heard Monsieur at his window, which is just above, singing "Les Etoiles qui filent." Read in "La Belle Gabrielle," and on coming down to my room found Louey in bed. The evening was glorious, and it seemed such a pity to go bed! Stood at the window and admired the sky. The moon, which had hardly attained its first quarter, hung like a silver bow, the queen of the night, the man in it not being visible.

Presently "Monsieur Bobe" appeared at his window one story higher, opposite, and announced that he had just returned from the Concert Musard. The sound of voices outside brought Monsieur to his window to see what was going on, and he was so enchanted with the beauty of the night that he remained there until the moon went down. I suggested that he awaken Madame, and that we should all go for a walk, but he said that Paris would be lost if Madame should be awakened. Studied astronomy under his tuition, discussing the moon, the big and little bears and the Polar star. He suggested that I jump from my window to his. I suggested the vice versa. He said he was nearer the *ciel* than I was, and he would stretch out a hand to pull me up, — an allusion to a conversation we had last winter about the *Champs Elysées* vs the Infernos, — I told him the chimney-tops were nearer yet, at which he was much amused. Anna, in

the meantime, sat in her little room industriously sewing on her new dress. Monsieur advised her to retire, as she must rise early in the morning. The moon having disappeared below the horizon, we bade each other a general "bonne nuit" and separated.

Thursday, May 28

The hottest day yet. Our court is quite an aviary. From morning until night we hear the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of doves, the talking of cockatoos, the singing of canaries, the screaming of the jay, the whistling of a *merle,* to say nothing of hand-organs and categorical concerts. This afternoon while I was dressing for dinner in all the freedom of open doors, the bell rang. Thinking it was Ellie, who had just come down from taking her lesson, Louey went to the door to let her in, when Monsieur Léon, who had come to dine, thinking he was in the apartment above, deliberately walked in, much to Ellie's astonishment. I heard her saying "Are you coming in here?" Monsieur Léon, who was no doubt surprised at the question, seemed to think he was. He advanced to the door of the room corresponding to the sleeping-chamber of Monsieur and Madame Chevalier in the apartment above; this was in the most admired disorder, and quickly becoming aware of his mistake, he uttered an involuntary exclamation of consternation at his unfortunate distraction, and beat a hasty retreat. I took refuge behind an impromptu screen composed of an easy-chair with a dressing gown accidentally thrown over it, where I waited with anxiety the termination of this unexpected invasion.

Read aloud in Mrs. Stowe's "Little Foxes" to Louey after dinner, and afterwards to Monsieur Chevalier in "L. B. G." and finished the first part of it.

Friday, May 29

Hot. Took a covered carriage with Ellie and Louey for the Petit St. Thomas to do some shopping. On our way we passed the Palais d'Industrie in front of which are placed in large green boxes a row of orange trees covered with blossoms which filled the air with fragrance.

Just before dinner, the sky grew dark, and there was a violent storm of wind which raised clouds of dust. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and after a time the rain fell in torrents, refreshing the air. We all went into Madame's room where we sat for an hour or two enjoying the storm.

Commenced cutting a portfolio for Madame. After *déjeuner* blew soap-bubbles, in which recreation we were joined by Monsieur, who came down with his pipe, and soon after Robert, spying us from his window, came down in great haste to assist. Monsieur conceived the idea of blowing smoke into the bubbles, which was immediately carried out with great success, and it was curious to see them sailing about in the air for some time, burst and end in a puff of smoke.

Saturday, May 30

Received a call from Mrs. Gleason and Mrs. Griswold. They leave Paris very soon for Switzerland. Our little "couturière" came after dinner to try on our dresses.

Sunday, May 31

Attended service at the Rue de Berri and heard Dr. Robinson. The choir sang a hymn to the tune of "Autumn" which sounded sweet and homelike. About the middle of

the service the sexton came in escorting Prince Léon to Mr. Lampman's pew. After service Prince Léon took *café* with us in anticipation of Mr. Lampman's and Robert's near departure. Received a letter from Samu, which decided that our trip to Switzerland will not be made this year, as Mr. Holden will not finish his tour of Scotland in time. Am rather glad than otherwise.

Retired about nine o'clock. Monsieur Chevalier and Mr. Lampman were sitting in Robert's room smoking and talking. After a long nap, woke and heard them still talking, talking, and Robert too. It is their last siesta.

Monday, June 1

Mr. Lampman and Robert started for Switzerland this morning. Thus the last link of our pleasant winter family is broken. Next Friday, instead of there being nine at table, Monsieur and Madame will sit opposite at dinner alone. Monsieur Chevalier goes soon to Fontainebleau or to St. Germain with his "petit disciple" for the summer.

After dinner went with Ellie and Louey to the Parc de Monceau for a walk. The evening was charming, and the park was filled with people. We walked along the avenues and over the little bridge, where we stopped to watch some ducks swimming in the water. While we were standing there, two little girls came along and climbed upon the woodwork of the bridge for a better view, one exclaiming, "Voici le petit canard!"

There is one feature in the public parks which has great need of being improved, and that is the water. The lakes all appear muddy and stagnant, and they are not at all ornamental to the scenery.

The flowers and the foliage are in the perfection of

their beauty. Monday is a sort of playday for the workmen, who may be encountered in flocks in their white and blue blouses as you pass along the streets, in the parks, everywhere. We arrived home just before nine, and I went up immediately to take my reading lesson.

Tuesday, June 2

Remained indoors. Louey sewed upon her ruffles, and I finished cutting the portfolio for Madame. In the afternoon, Monsieur came in on his usual "pendule" expedition, with his accompanying bunch of keys. After winding up all the clocks, advancing one, retarding another, and setting them all in unison with his watch, and therefore by the Bourse, he sat down in our room, and we consulted about the best route to be taken on our projected picnic-expedition to St. Germain on the morrow. He then assisted me in writing a note to our little *couturière,* and afterwards left to give Monsieur Léon his lesson. Read in the evening in La Belle Gabrielle, which Monsieur has given me, regretting that he will not have time to get it bound before we leave Paris.

Wednesday, June 3

Settled rainy weather, so that we had no hesitation in giving up our trip to St. Germain. Began our packing. In the afternoon, took a carriage to Bowles' Bros. and Co., bankers, to get a check cashed, after which did some shopping at the Louvre and the Petit St. Thomas. Were rather late to dinner, which we regretted, as Monsieur and Madame were going out to spend the evening. Lined and finished my portofolio for Madame. It is very pretty indeed.

Thursday, June 4

Spent most of the day in packing. While we were at *déjeuner,* our dressmaker, milliner, and boot-maker were severally announced. After breakfast continued packing operations until about four o'clock, when they were in such a state of advancement that they could be completed in a few minutes. Went out to finish our shopping and say adieu to Paris, as we leave early in the morning. Made a laughable financial arrangement with Monsieur and Madame, during which Madame sewed and Monsieur smoked his pipe, while I sat on a little tabouret by the window. Madame wishes to make Monsieur a present of a set of shaving materials, and as steel articles are not of so good a quality in France as in England, she wishes me to ask my brother to buy the razors and send them to her. She intends it to be a surprise to Monsieur; so we made this arrangement in English, but I fancy our conversation was not entirely Greek to that gentleman, although he maintained a very neutral expression and asked no questions.

Had dinner at seven o'clock, an hour later than usual, for convenience, and afterwards adjourned to the salon to enjoy our last "sociable" for some months to come. Gave the portfolio to Madame, and she seemed much pleased with it. In the evening a friend of Mr. Lampman called, whom Monsieur Chevalier mistook for his tailor, it being rather dusky in the antechamber. Did not read, but played a game of chess with Monsieur and beat him. He attempted to detract from the glory of my victory, by saying it had been so long since he had played that he had forgotten everything excepting "how to push the pieces," and I told him I had even forgotten the names of the pieces and did not know the

bishops from the knights! Went down about eleven o'clock and waited until nearly midnight for the dressmaker, who came at last with my dress all completed excepting a part of the trimming.

Friday, June 5

Rose at half-past four. Dull and rainy. Dressed in my "Swiss costume." Finished packing and left the concierge and the *cocher,* with Anna, to strap and lock our trunks and valise, while we went up to *café,* which was ready at half-past five.

Monsieur accompanied us to the station where we arrived in good season. After purchasing our tickets, and getting the baggage registered, we chased about for some time in search of the "chief" to obtain permission for Monsieur to pass the gate and attend us to the *wagon,* but were unsuccessful and concluded to give it up. One of the guards allowed him to pass into the waiting-room with us and told him he might accompany us to the *wagon,* only if anyone should ask him any questions about it, to give no information, but say that he was a traveler. We concluded on the whole it was best for him not to attempt to pass, as only two or three minutes would be gained thereby.

Just then the whistle sounded, and we took all our small baggages and a hasty leave of Monsieur and started for the *wagon* where we were well and agreeably arranged with all our effects in company with three gentlemen, one of whom, an elderly, amiable-looking personage, remarked in reference to a wooden box which contained our Parisian bonnets and therefore to be "taken up tenderly and lifted with care," "I would recommend you, Madame, to put that under the seat." We followed his recommendation, which

struck us as being wise in the extreme and concluded, after a *coup d'oeil* at his extensive proportions, that he was the famous "Atlas," who, tired with carrying the world upon his shoulders, had placed it upon his legs! Another *compagnon de voyage* would have put Mrs. Hubbard in a passion directly with his strong English accent. He was dressed in a seedy-looking suit, with kid gloves, and had for baggage numberless canes of various rustic patterns and a continuation of his gray suit strapped up with a traveling-shawl. The third seemed to be a brainless personage, who remained in a state of happy oblivion in regard to his exceedingly uncomfortable-looking posture in one corner of the *wagon*.

At Amiens the train stopped for twenty minutes, a circumstance of which we took advantage by providing ourselves with some refreshments in the shape of strawberries, oranges, cakes, etc.

The weather brightened up for a few miles, but the sky was gray again when we arrived at Boulogne.

We saw the towers of the Cathedral in the distance but had not time to visit it before the boat would leave. Were transported in an omnibus to the pier, where we embarked and seated ourselves on deck. We appeased the wrath of "Old Nep" by a voluntary offering of some rolls previously to their being eaten, and our passage which we feared might be somewhat uneven to say the least, was undisturbed by a ripple, and we watched the shores of LA BELLE FRANCE until they grew dim in the distance and completely faded from our vision.

Saturday, November 14

Left London this morning at half-past seven. It was market day, and unfortunately, the cabman took a street

so crowded with wagons it was with difficulty that we could progress, consequently we arrived at the station too late to have our baggage registered through to Paris.

Narrowly escaped being put into a compartment with a crying baby. It lifted up its voice and wept just as we were about to enter; so we beat a hasty retreat, the guard kindly unlocking another compartment occupied by a gentleman and lady. Here we located ourselves comfortably till we arrived at Dover Pier, where we embarked for Calais.

The Channel was rough, and we had been out but a few minutes when I had only strength to congratulate myself that I was not on the New Haven and Dieppe route. We seated ourselves on deck under the shelter of a lifeboat, exactly in the same place we occupied a little more than a year ago, — the same steamer, the same captain. One of the sailors wrapped us up carefully in oilskins and left us to our meditations, which became more and more solemn in proportion as the rolling and pitching of the boat increased, and the waves splashed over the vessel's side. It mizzled, rained, and finally poured in torrents, when I rose to descend to the cabin, suggesting to Ellie, who sat speechless beside me, that she follow my example; but she preferred to remain where she was, and as my feelings were too deep for utterance, but rapidly becoming more shallow, I did not expostulate but staggered to the cabin door just opposite, stopped for a moment to steady myself before descending into the regions below, then made a rapid tour over the stairs, the speed increasing as I neared the bottom until the last four steps were taken in one flying leap, owing to an unlucky plunge of the boat, and I found myself suddenly seated at the bottom in the midst of numerous bowls and basins at the threshold of the cabin.

The groaning and pallid occupants extended upon the couches had other matters to attend to, and my sudden, unceremonious appearance was quite unnoticed. I passed the next half-hour with them in the most sympathetic manner! About fifteen minutes after my entrée into the Infernals, I was joined by Ellie, who finally, driven by the rain, came down the stairs in utter disdain of the various steps, taking them all in one leap from top to bottom! She was followed by the captain in scarcely less haste, though with less precipitation. He had caught her by the skirt of her dress, but had wisely concluded not to detain her. Fortunately she was not in the least hurt, the stairway and entry being narrow and her arms filled with a traveling-rug and other outer wrappings, which broke the fall.

On leaving the boat, we were met by a "commissionaire," who conducted us in a pouring rain to the railway station within view of the pier, attended to our baggage, getting it checked to Paris, and finally escorted us to a *wagon* for "dames seules," then after receiving a fee for his attentions, left us to go on our way rejoicing.

The train started at half-past twelve, and we arrived in Paris at half-past six. We had for traveling-companions two "dames seules," one English, the other French, the latter having been one of the occupants of the Infernals, whom I had noticed particularly as seeming to enjoy her voyage much less than the others.

Arrived in Paris, we were delayed at the station more than three-quarters of an hour before we could find our baggage, going here and there in vain search, aided at last by an official who addressed me as "Ma petite Madame." The delay was occasioned no doubt by our own fault, as when it was announced that the baggage registered from

London was "par ici," we followed in that direction, forgetting that ours was registered from Calais until we were reminded of the fact on presenting our billet. In the meantime the baggage from Calais being distributed in another place and ours remaining unclaimed, it was probably put into the little baggage-room to be out of the way until called for. Here we found it.

Took a carriage for Madame Ducrot's, No. 23 Avenue de l'Impératrice, where we arrived a few minutes before eight o'clock.

We ascended four flights of stairs, and after pulling the bell, were ushered into a cheerful room where three young ladies and a young gentleman were at dinner, the last mentioned having a green *perruche* on his shoulder. All rose as we entered and adjourned with us to the salon, where a bright fire was burning in the grate. We sat and warmed ourselves for a few minutes, the others in the meantime making themselves agreeable. Madame Ducrot had retired with a slight indisposition, and Mademoiselle Ducrot, who in her absence did the honors, introduced to us two young ladies, one of whom, Francine, took the *perruche* on her finger and expanded on the subject of its accomplishments, saying it spoke French without an accent, that it did not speak English, but that she would teach it to say, "Vive l'Amérique!" for our benefit.

The other young lady was introduced as "Mlle. Chapoteau, ma cousine," and the young gentleman as "Monsieur Chapoteau, mon cousin."

We were shown to our room by Mlle. Ducrot to arrange our toilet, a little before dinner. She said they would have waited longer for us, but they thought it too late and had

given up expecting us. We were tired after our long journey and went to bed soon after dinner.

Our chamber is small but prettily furnished, and hung with family portraits, some in oil and some in crayon. Over the door in a gilt frame upon a groundwork of black velvet is a crucifix in relief, the cross being of wood and the figure of ivory. On either side of the window hang respectively in large, gilt oval frames, portraits of Monsieur and Madame Ducrot, the former over the head of the bed. Beside it is a little "bénitier" or holy-water basin formed of a shell, which is attached to an ebony-framed, white-plaster crucifix behind a convex glass. Over the sides of the bed are portraits of the brother of Madame and the mother of Monsieur Ducrot. Mlle. Hélène in oil smiles down from the opposite wall, with a crayon portrait of her sister Francine and her grandmother on either side. Opposite the window and between the door and the fireplace is a neat little *"armoire"* upon the top of which is a collection of stuffed birds, and minerals, the birds having all been, with the exception of the woodpecker, pets of Madame Ducrot. One of them is a parrot with such a vicious expression that I was not surprised to learn that its evil disposition occasioned its death. A glass case enclosing a curious box made of straw, cones, shells and pebbles, surmounted by some small stuffed animals forms the center of the collection, and Mlle. Francine looks down complacently from above them. A grinning little girl supposed to resemble Mlle. Hélène at the age of three, and a match picture of her little brother aged seven, hang on either side of the *"armoire"* and complete the family portraits. Over the fireplace of black and white marble are a large gilt mirror and the indispensable clock, with a vase on each side. A little marble-topped table at the head of the bed, a toilet-stand in

which is a mirror, a stuffed arm-chair, two small chairs, and two tabourets complete the furniture.

The floor is covered with a Brussels carpet somewhat faded and the worse for wear. The window looks out upon the garden of a house which fronts the Avenue d'Eylau.

Sunday, November 15

Took my coffee in bed, as that seems to be the custom here. Just as I had finished dressing, Louise, the domestic, came to tell me that a Mr. Burr from London was in the salon and would like to see me. He was the gentleman for whom a small package had been sent by us. Upon entering the salon, I found in addition to the company of last evening, Madame Ducrot, a comfortable, motherly-looking, black-eyed lady in black silk, with little fat, white hands. She welcomed us cordially and wished us to feel quite at home.

Did not go to church. Received a call from Monsieur Chevalier, who thinks we have grown *maigre*. All the family went to Mass, it being an unpardonable sin according to their religion to neglect this duty, after which all can amuse themselves as they like.

Mademoiselle Hélène went out to give a lesson, and her sister, who is an artist, sat down with her crayons to design a foot of a lady in different positions.

Rossini, the great musical composer, died to-day.

Monday, November 16

Called at the "Maison du Printemps" to leave a little traveling-bag for Mr. Burr to take back to London. Returned by the Rue de Rivoli, walked through the garden of the Tuileries and up the *Champs Elysées* home. There was no

flag displayed from the dome of the palace, which indicates that the Emperor is not in town.

It is delightful to be in Paris again; everything is so fresh and beautiful, and the dear old *Arc de Triomphe* seems like a familiar friend. In the evening Mademoiselle Francine read aloud from "L'Avocat Patelin," a *comédie.*

Tuesday, November 17

The Chapoteaus live in a house just across the garden, and Mademoiselle Juliette and her brother, whom they call "Le Petit Emile," although he is a whiskered young man of twenty, take their meals and spend their evenings at Madame Ducrot's, as their mother is away visiting a sick relative. Mademoiselle Juliette, they say, has a fine voice, and takes singing-lessons from one of the finest masters in the city, Monsieur Henri Lager. She is very plain, looking more like a German than a French girl, but has magnificent hair and an interesting face when she is animated.

Went to-day with Mademoiselle Hélène to a *modiste* and ordered a green velvet bonnet; then to the *fourrier,* where I left my muff to be lined. Took a carriage home, and on the way, Madmoiselle Hélène told me a little of their history. Their father died about six years ago, and they lost their fortune at the same time, and with it many who professed to be their friends. Since then she and her sister had given lessons, and they have received at their house a few boarders, who, like ourselves, wished to acquire the French language. She asked me if I thought her sister handsome; she seemed to take it as a matter of course that I did, and said when they were rich, they had many admirers, and Francine many suitors, but these pretended friends had all left them, and she knew now that all they cared for was their money. She

says that if by any chance she should be rich again, she would never marry a Frenchman.

Mademoiselle Francine finished reading the *comédie* in the evening, after which we played a game of "spilikins," or jackstraws.

Wednesday, November 18

Monsieur Chevalier called, and it seemed almost as nice to see his good face as to see Paris. He took the time out of Prince Léon's lesson to run over, as he is engaged from early morning until after nine in the evening. He regrets that we should be in Paris and not at his house, but thinks, as there are only men-boarders there, we should find it pleasanter here.

Accompanied Mademoiselle Hélène to Dr. Parmeley's, an American dentist, where she had a tooth examined. The omnibuses were so full that we could not get places together, so I took one to the bureau of the Madeleine where I waited about twenty minutes before she rejoined me. Called to see about my bonnet, which had been sent home in the morning with an enormous price attached to it. Obtained a reduction of seven francs all at one descent! Went into the church of St. Roch where I had witnessed the "Messe de Minuit" last Christmas eve. Mademoiselle Ducrot "made prayers" before the different altars, crossing herself many times devoutly. After leaving the church, we went through a narrow alley close beside it and up numerous flights of stairs, passing through various *mauvaises odeurs,* until we came to a little apartment occupied by a Frenchman and his wife who repair clothes. Mademoiselle Ducrot consulted the woman about doing over her cloak and trimming it with fur, after which we separated, and I returned home alone.

In the evening a little girl, Jeanne Sarrico, one of

Mademoiselle Hélène's pupils who lives in the house across the garden, came in to get some assistance about writing a little address to her father on his *jour de fête*. She is a Hollandaise, and the lady who has adopted her treats her very unkindly, but her adopted father is less severe. She is a bright, rosy-cheeked girl, and does not look in the least starved.

Friday, November 20

Madame Chapoteau has returned home, and she and her daughter spent the evening here. Madame reminds us very much of my mother. Mademoiselle Juliette sang "La Séparation" by Rossini, beautifully. Mademoiselle Francine wonders if the soul of the great composer is aware that his works have made him renowned and that his name will always be remembered.

Went to the "Bureau de Poste," Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe, to mail a letter that was too late for the small "bureaux." It seemed so natural to be on that rue that it made me feel almost homesick to turn away. But we find it very pleasant at Madame Ducrot's. The people are lively and interesting, and the sisters seem to think the world of each other. They are both talented, both artists, both musicians.

The salon and *salle à manger* are ornamented with portraits and other specimens of their talent. Among others the portrait of an Italian lady painted by Mademoiselle Francine when in Italy is beautiful, and the coloring very soft and life-like. Mademoiselle Hélène gave me a funny account of the manner in which she and Francine and their "cousin and cousine" spent the evening of our arrival while expecting us, speculating as to whether we should be agreeable additions to their family or otherwise. They pretended to be in great trepidation at every little noise they heard on the stairs. I

thought they had a suddenly subdued air about them when I entered, and they inquired where my aunt was, thinking I was the niece.

Madame Ducrot and Francine have gone to the theater this evening. Just before going home Madame Chapoteau accidentally broke the shade to the hanging-lamp. It was some time in falling, and the expression of earnest consternation depicted upon her countenance before the final smash was so droll to see that the rest of us simultaneously burst into a peal of laughter.

Saturday, November 21

Went with Ellie to buy her a hat, going first to the Faubourg St. Honoré, where we found the prices too exorbitant to admit of our patronage. Met Madame Chapoteau and her daughter, who were returning from the funeral of Rossini. Mademoiselle Juliette had a white porcelain lamp-shade on her arm to replace the broken one. Spent the evening at Madame Chapoteau's.

Sunday, November 22

Attended service at the Rue de Berri, where Dr. Goodrich of Cleveland, Ohio, preached from the text found in Psalms 31:15.

Monday, November 23

Rainy. Madame Ducrot had several callers, one an American lady, Miss Cameron from New York, who is a pupil of Monsieur Levasseur's in the same *École de Dessin* with Mademoiselle Francine; another lady, English, who formerly boarded here, but who left because Nora told her that Madame Ducrot was going to buy a little pig for a bedfellow for her

which was to be kept in the *salon.* Her head is not exactly "straight," and, believing the story and other extravagant ones improvised by the same author, she left for another boarding-place. She was in the habit of making the extraordinary announcement, "Je suis femme" when she was hungry, meaning, "J'ai faim." Apropos of this, Nora, from accounts I hear, must have been an *enfant terrible.* She is from the South, an American, and her father was one of the "rebel Generals," Lawton by name. She hates all Yankees with a bitter hatred and says that when the command in the Bible to "love your enemies" was given, the "Yankee' had not been invented! They lost 500 slaves by the Emancipation Proclamation. She is only thirteen years old and a most depraved child, though, as they say, with "beaucoup d'esprit," and in spite of her faults, which were hardly less than crimes, was a general favorite. Her sister, Lulu, a few years older, they say, was remarkably lovely. Madame Ducrot's boarders have been mostly from the South, and bitter secessionists. Madame Ducrot does not sympathize with them, or if she does, is sufficiently diplomatic when conversing with me, not to seem to. She says that Lulu and Nora told her that one night after a terrible battle in which the South was victorious, their father took them to the battlefield strewn with dead bodies, mostly "Yankees." They there searched the pockets and kicked the faces of the dead soldiers, trampled upon their bodies, and finally carried off a head as a trophy, which they used as a plaything in their garden, tossing and kicking it about like a ball for several days until it became unendurable! Madame expressed her horror and disbelief of such a story, but they assured her that it was true, and they "hate the Yankees."

Tuesday, November 24

A magnificent day. Went to walk with Ellie after dinner, down the *Champs Elysées*. Encountered a crowd in front of the hôtel of the Queen of Spain, and when I inquired the reason, a woman answered that the Queen was about to come out. The two large entrance-gates were thrown wide-open and guarded by *sergeants de ville,* and as we happened to be in an excellent position for seeing, we concluded to wait and get a view of

"Isabella, Queen of Spain [who]
Mizzled when she could not reign!"

In about three minutes, an open carriage drawn by two horses, with coachman and footman in plain blue livery with silver buttons, drove out at one gate and in at the other, close beside which we were standing. It appeared again presently, occupied by two ladies and two gentlemen, and the lady nearest us I recognized immediately as the "Last of the Bourbons" from her resemblance to the engravings with which the various public journals have been recently illustrated, although she looked very much better, her face when she bowed and smiled being really attractive. The carriage drove down the *Champs Elysées* and was soon lost in the distance.

By the way, the *rez-de-chaussée* and the *premier étage* of our boarding-house are occupied by a part of the suite of her dethroned Majesty, and we often see one of the ladies and a little girl promenading in the garden.

Wednesday, November 25

Had a little soirée this evening. The young ladies have announced their intention of having one every week. There

were several young ladies and five young gentlemen present, including a Marquis sporting a large ring outside the little finger of his delicate kid. None of the gentlemen were introduced to the ladies, it not being the custom in France so to do, but we could talk all the same. The *salle à manger* was converted into a *"salle de bal"* for the occasion, where they waltzed, polkaed, danced, and galoped away an hour or so, Mademoiselles Hélène and Juliette officiating individually at the piano. We played different games, among them "La Toilette de Madame," which is similar to the game known as "Stage-Coach" at home. The little Jeanne, one of Mademoiselle's pupils, amused us much by calling for *Madame's fausses dents,* her *oeil de verre,* her *faux palais,* etc., on the whole giving Madame a very artificial character. When Madame desires *toute la toilette,* it has the same effect as the "breaking-down of the stage-coach." This same little Jeanne has an adopted mother who is very unkind to her, but she dresses her prettily and gives her enough to eat. She has the reddest cheeks imaginable, and they shine as if they had been polished. After refreshments, including tea, coffee and chocolate, our soirée broke up, it being nearly midnight.

Thursday, November 26

Thanksgiving Day. Received a nice letter from Lizzie before I was up. Had *déjeuner* at half-past ten, as on Sabbath mornings, in order to be in season for the service at the Rue de Berri. Listened to an excellent sermon by Dr. Robinson. The choir sang a beautiful Thanksgiving hymn, and the exercises were homelike and interesting. Dr. Robinson read the one hundred third Psalm, remarking that the Rev. John Angell James was accustomed to read the same every Saturday evening aloud to his family. Met Monsieur Chevalier on the

Champs Elysées as we were returning home. He took a little walk with us, leaving us at the head of our avenue, where we met Mademoiselle Hélène.

Friday, November 27

Foggy. Miss Evelyn Bailey, an American from the South, dined here. She is very wealthy, and notwithstanding she has red hair and white eyelashes, is very pretty indeed. Her hair is magnificent in spite of its color. She is a friend of the Lawtons and probably hates "Yankees." She expressed her intention of joining the Roman Catholic Church; "Protestant churches are so cold in their form of worship" that she cannot really pray when she is in one of them. She is as yet undecided whether to join the Russian or the Roman Catholic Church; does not quite see how it is "right for the Pope to grant indulgences to the rich and withhold them from the poor." Mademoiselle Francine told her that Père ——— somebody would instruct her and explain all the things she did not understand. She spoke of losing "cent" (or "cinq") francs the other night in playing cards!

Saturday, November 28

Have taken my coffee in bed mornings, on the principle that "when you are with the Romans you must do as the Romans do," but think I shall not continue the practice. I am ready at nine o'clock to take my lesson and after that read for an hour or so with Madame to improve in pronunciation. Mademoiselle Francine goes away to her *Ecole de Dessin* every morning before eight o'clock and returns about half-past five. Mademoiselle Hélène is out from ten till nearly seven, giving lessons in French and music, only coming home

to *déjeuner* at noon. She has several Americans among her pupils.

Louise always announces the meals by saying, *Madame est servie;* she is a remarkable servant; besides all her other duties she officiates as *femme de chambre* to the young ladies, arranging their hair and lacing their boots. She is an excellent cook, tidy and expeditious, honest as the days are long and saving of "candle ends and sich." Madame says she pays her forty-five francs per month.

Mademoiselle Hélène can speak a little English. To-day just as she was going out, she popped her head in at the door to say, "Goodbye, darling ladies," with the prettiest accent imaginable. She has a very sweet voice and is always kind and pleasant. I wonder if "broken French" sounds as charming as "broken English." I'm afraid not. This evening Mademoiselle Francine told me of the models at Monsieur Levasseur's *École de Dessin,* an account rather shocking to my unsophisticated ears.

Sunday, November 29

Sombre. Dr. Robinson's morning address was founded upon 1st Kings 20:40. Among other things he said that during the seven months of his ministry in this chapel, he had never been called to stand by a death-bed, or officiate at a funeral! In the afternoon he gave an account of his visit to Rome during Holy Week, and of the services of Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel. It was a realization of the dreams of his youth. His powers of description are wonderfully fine. He took us to Rome, where we saw the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel and that remarkable painting of Michael Angelo's, "The Last Judgment," the Pope, the Cardinals, and we could seem to hear the sad, sweet strains of the "Miséréré" for our-

selves. He says the "Miséréré," to be appreciated, must be heard in the Sistine Chapel; one needs all the surroundings to feel its full effect.

On returning home, I found Mademoiselle Hélène all dressed ready to attend a grand dinner-party at the house of Madame Paiva d'Andrada, a Portuguese lady. It was the first time I had seen her in her long dress.

Monday, November 30

Mademoiselle Hélène gave me a description of the party she attended last evening. The ladies were beautifully dressed; there was music and dancing, and, to cap the climax of the festivities, one of the gentlemen present received the order of Knighthood from the hand of Madame Paiva d'Andrada, who had been appointed by the Queen of Portugal to officiate in her name, the husband of Madame Paiva d'Andrada being the Portuguese Ambassador. It was a perfect surprise to the gentleman in question, who was thus rewarded for some act of valor appreciated by his sovereign. The gentlemen kissed the hands of the ladies on being introduced to them, which is a much more graceful custom than the French, of not being introduced at all.

Tuesday, December 1

Madame Chapoteau and her daughter called to invite us to go to walk with them in the Bois de Boulogne. Paris is not very gay at present, as the Emperor is in the country, this being the hunting season, and there were fewer carriages than usual. There were some handsome turnouts, however, and it seems to be the style to decorate the horses' heads with gay ribbons, which match in color the dresses of the ladies in the carriage. We made the tour of the lake. Passed a cascade

of hot water which seemed such a strange thing that Madame put her hand in the lake to assure herself that it was really hot. Other cascades seemed to be surrounded by the same steamy atmosphere, which indicated that the water was also hot. How it is heated in such large quantities is a mystery to me. Stopped to feed the ducks and swans. Saw a curious affair, a sort of velocipede for the water. Velocipedes are quite the rage here for young gentlemen. They are droll-looking affairs, a sort of walking shadows, having length without breadth or thickness.

After returning from our walk called on Madame Chevalier. She was alone, and our call was rather long, as she would not allow us to go when we first started. Monsieur Chevalier was away as usual at that time; so we did not have the pleasure of seeing him.

Wednesday, December 2

Went to the furrier's to get my muff. In the evening Madame Montagis and her daughter, Alice, who live on the same floor, came in and sat awhile.

Thursday, December 3

Took a promenade *toute seule* to the Rue de Paix. The walking was shocking. Had no soirée this evening, but we played a game called *vingt-et-un*. There was not much to it, but the company was pleasant, and we all chattered a great deal of French. Mademoiselle Hélène related a droll incident. She said she and Mrs. Colkit frightened a French lady almost out of her wits once when they were traveling in the cars. Thinking that she could not understand English, they amused themselves by talking together in that language, about thrusting an umbrella through her body and throwing her out of the

window, as the most direct method of possessing themselves of her *chignon* of which they had need. The poor woman was petrified with fright, but took the opportunity to escape from such a terrible fate the first time the train stopped, for she had understood all they had said and was afraid to remain alone with them any longer. Francine was very gay this evening and explained to us the signification of the various pantomimes in vogue among the Paris gamins. She looks upon everything to-day in the philosophical light that "It will be all the same to me and when I am dead" and allows none of the vexatious incidents of the day to put her out of humor. Took a promenade down the *Champs Elysées.* There were few people out, as the weather is rather dismal and the streets are very muddy.

Saturday, December 5

Rainy. Took my lesson as usual and afterwards read aloud for an hour to Madame Ducroit. In the evening gave a lesson in English to Mademoiselle Hélène and le petit Emile.

Sunday, December 6

Windy. Did not attend the morning service. The sacrament is administered the first Sabbath in every month. Dr. Robinson was assisted in the service to-day by a gentleman who made some excellent remarks, to which he himself made some happy additions. Dr. Robinson is a decided contrast to his predecessor; is full of life and animation, and the society seems to be in a much more flourishing condition than it was a year ago. The church has at present forty-nine members. The singing this afternoon was very good in spite of the absence of the choir, Dr. Robinson who has a fine voice, and, I should judge, considerable musical ability, beginning the

tunes on the right pitch. In the course of his remarks, he mentioned the fact that two days after death the "ruling passion" is stamped upon the face. He spoke of the prayer-meeting as the "thermometer of the church." If the prayer-meeting is thin, it indicates a cold and lifeless state of the church. If we confine our labors to a narrow sphere, our spiritual life must suffer. If an acorn is planted in a bucket, either the bucket must split or the oak must die.

Monday, December 7

We had *déjeuner* at ten o'clock, in order to be in season at the opening lecture of the course to be delivered before the *Collège de France* by Monsieur Edouard Laboulaye. Started soon after eleven, accompanied by Madame Chapoteau and Mlle. Juliette. Took a carriage from the *Champs Elysées,* arriving at the Collège about twenty minutes before the doors were open. Found many ladies, some sitting and others standing in the vestibule near the doors, which were at last thrown open, and a polite rush was made for the few seats in the hall which are reserved for ladies, namely, the two rows in front and at the sides of the platform, the rest of the hall being devoted to the gentlemen, who came rushing in from an opposite *entrée.* The hall was filled in a twinkling, and many were obliged to content themselves with seats in the vestibule or go away disappointed. After waiting until the hands of the clock announced *midi et demie,* the time for the lecture to commence, the audience folded papers and books and laid them aside, preliminary to note-taking, the assembly assuming an attitude of expectancy. The rustle of impatience changed into cheers of applause, as the lecturer appeared upon the platform.

After bowing his acknowledgements, he seated himself

in the chair waiting for him which he occupied during his lecture. Monsieur Laboulaye is over sixty years of age, with thin hair slightly gray and rather long, parted at the side and combed smoothly over his head. A stray lock falls forward now and then, which he puts back with the air of one accustomed to handle all subjects with care and consideration. He is one of the great men of France, a savant, who has doubtless already heard his distant footsteps echoing in the "corriodors of Time." He has occupied that chair for the last thirty years.

The lectures are a continuation of the course last winter, the subject being the "French Revolution." They are free to the public, the lecturer being paid by the government, notwithstanding that the sentiments he expresses are often strongly Republican. He was imprisoned several months during the early part of the reign of the present Emperor, for his Republican sentiments. He is now very popular both as a speaker and writer, is the author of "Paris en Amérique" and various other works, scientific and miscellaneous. He has translated the works of Franklin and others into French, and in his younger days, traveled much for a Frenchman and resided some time in America.

This first lecture upon "Le Droit Naturel" was merely an introduction to those which are to follow, he having only conducted us, as he said, to the threshold of the door, which in his next, he should throw open to us. His remarks were full of spirit, a combination of wit and humor, philosophy and originality, and he was often interrupted by cheers, which he received with the air of an *habitué,* merely pausing until the enthusiasm had subsided quietly resuming the thread of discourse as though it had not been broken. After a grave and learned dissertation from which he deducted

the fact that all nations have a language by which they can communicate their ideas, which he expressed in the concise form of "All men talk," he added with a glance at the feminine portion of his audience, "and some women, too!" It was so utterly irrelevant to what he had been saying, and so unexpected, that there was a simultaneous outburst of laughter, we poor dames not knowing whether to be more provoked at the laugh raised at our expense, or gratified that the great man, who had before seemed quite oblivious of our presence, had at last condescended to notice us, even in such a way.

He lectures every Wednesday upon some scientific subject, ladies not attending, as such subjects are supposed to be beyond their comprehension.

After the lecture, we proceeded to the Bon Marché, passing on our way the church of St. Sulpice, one of the largest in Paris, which we entered. The chapel to the Virgin is very beautiful. The light falls from above upon a figure of the *Sainte Vierge* in marble or plaster. She is holding the Infant in her arms, her feet resting upon a globe which seems to be upheld by the clouds, surrounded by angels and worshipping figures, the whole arrangement having the effect of floating in the air, and you almost expect the whole affair to disappear while you gaze. There are many other smaller chapels to different saints, each beautiful, which we only glanced at in passing.

The crowd at the Bon Marché was something fearful, a mixture of nations and a Babel of tongues. We purchased an umbrella for which we had immediate use, some ribbon and canvas, and beat a hasty retreat. It was raining very fast, and after many difficulties in finding the different cabstands empty, we at last engaged a carriage that was just

depositing a trunk and some other baggage, much to the chagrin of the *cocher,* who did not like the idea of taking such a long course in a violent storm of rain.

This evening played "hide and seek" with Cocotte, who is very expert at the game, Madame Ducrot on one side of the fire-place and I on the other. Cocotte marches along the mantle-piece to find us, as we are not in sight. The space between the clock and edge of the mantle-piece is too narrow for him to walk along, so he lets himself down by catching hold of the fringe of the mantle drapery and drawing himself up on the other side, going to the end and peering over when he spies the one hiding, and sets up a laugh and scream and starts for the other end, going through the same performance, and laughs and screams out his success, seeming to enjoy the fun as much as a human being.

Thursday, December 8

During *déjeuner* the sky suddenly clouded over, and we had quite a tempest. Took a walk in the afternoon and purchased some letter-paper. The Chapoteaus dined here; charades in the evening; one word was "piano" the actors being Madamoiselle Hélène and "le petit Emile."

Wednesday, December 9

This evening Madamoiselle Hélène received an invoice of letter-paper and envelopes, and on going to put it in the drawer of the secretary, found the place monopolized as a jewel depository. She immediately began removing the *bijoux* to another drawer, much to the disapproval of her sister, who watched the proceedings with a dolorous expression on her pretty face, now and then offering a gentle expostulation. There were beautiful chains, bracelets, rings,

ear-ornaments, brooches, etc., some of them of rare workmanship, especially an Egyptian bracelet of wrought gold, a present to Madamoiselle Francine from her godmother. After they were all nicely arranged, Madamoiselle Francine seemed quite reconciled to the change. Mademoiselle Hélène then took from a little box some incense which she lighted and placed in the drawer for her paper, and when the drawer was sufficiently scented gave it to me to put in my writing desk.

Thursday, December 10

Ellie called on Madame Chevalier and found her ill with the toothache. In the evening the Chapoteaus came, and we had singing and charades, one of the words being "Vincennes."

Gave a lesson in English to my two pupils, to whom I told the story of the little boy whose mother sent him for the cow, which they repeated afterwards in French. Hélène has given more attention to English than le petit Emile and has succeeded rather better than he in repeating it. He began in this way: "Wonce ther vas ah leetil by, ond hees mother zend heem fur the cow." I have to translate the same story into French for a part of my lesson to-day.

Friday, December 11

A bright windy morning, a certain precursor of a rainy day, so says Madame Ducrot, who is quite a weather-prophet. Mademoiselle Francine gave me my *dictée* this morning, as she has a holiday. The rain fell in torrents at dinner-time. Mademoiselle Francine kept us laughing at the table because of the droll description she gave of one of her friends in Bourgogne. For a more vivid illustration she took a tumbler and

a knife to represent their appearance while dancing together, her friend being the tumbler and she the knife.

Saturday, December 12

Rainy. Recited my lesson and read. Took a short walk and gave a lesson in English in the evening. The story of the little boy whose mother sent him for the cow — in French:

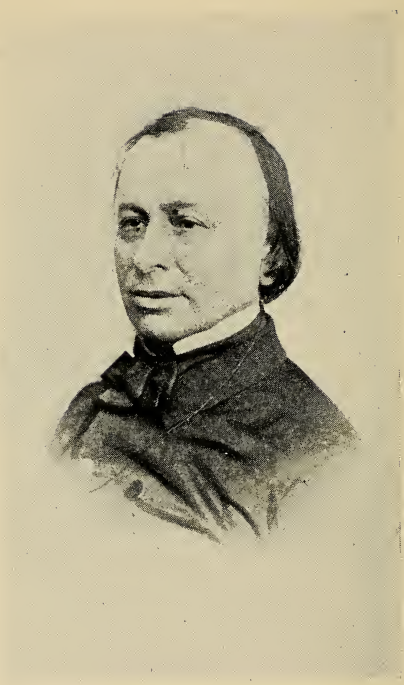
"Il y avait une fois un petit garçon. Sa mère l'envoya chercher une vache. En y allant il trouva un grand trou dans le champ. Il pensa qu'il descendrait pour voir ce qu'il y avait là C'était une tanière d'ours. Il se coucha sur le lit de la vieille ourse, mais il était si dur qu'il ne put pas y rester. Il se coucha sur le lit du petit ours, et il était si doux qu'il l'écrasa tout entier. Il s'assit sur la chaise de la vieille ourse, mais elle était si dure qu'il ne put pas y rester. Il s'assit sur la chaise du petit ours, et elle était si douce qu'il l' écrasa tout entier. Alors il descendit dans la cave et il goûta le lait de la vieille ourse, mais il était si aigre qu'il ne pouvait pas le boire. Il goûta le lait du petit ours, et il était si sucré qu'il le but tout entier. Tout à coup il entendit les ours, et il monta vite les marches et se cacha derrière la porte de la cave, d'ou il entendit la vieille ourse qui disait, dans une grosse voix: "Qui a été se coucher sur mon lit?" Et le petit ours, "Qui a été se coucher sur mon lit et l'a écrasé tout entier?" Et le vieille ourse, "Qui a été s'asseoir sur ma chaise?" Et le petit ours, "Qui a été s'asseoir sur ma chaise et l'a écrasée tout entier?" Après, les ours descendirent à la cave et la vieille ourse disait, "Qui a été goûter mon lait?" Et le petit ours, "Qui a été goûter mon lait et l'a bu tout entier?" Alors les ours commencèrent à chercher et ils trouvèrent le petit garçon derrière la porte de la cave; et la vieille ourse disait, "Allons le tuer et le manger." Mais le petit ours disait, "Non, Maman, nous

couperons un petit morceau de son oreille et lui donnerons un petit morceau de pain et de beurre et puis nous l'enverrons chez lui. Alors ils coupèrent un petit morceau de son oréille, lui donnèrent un petit morceau de pain et de beurre et l'envoyèrent chez lui."

Sunday, December 13

Dr. Robinson preached in the morning from II Samuel 14:14, the fourth of the seven parables in the Old Testament. In the afternoon he gave us an account of his visit to Egypt, choosing the text found in Ezek. 27:9. "And the land of Egypt shall be desolate and waste." He confined his descriptions to Alexandria and Cairo. He advises all travelers who have the intention of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, to lose no time but go at once before modern innovations have gained any more ground. He spoke of the incongruity of the steam-whistle, where the inhabitants are so deliberate in their movements. It seems as if two worlds were trying to struggle into one with more than two thousand years between them! It is painful to a sensitive ear to hear them shout out the stations "Bethsaida! Jerusalem!" or "Change cars for Nazareth!" and he says by no means go upon Lake Gennesaret in a steamboat! He finished by contrasting St. Mark and Alexander the Great.

This has been a superb day, as rare as a "day in June." It was quite a feat to accomplish the crossing from the head of this avenue to the *Arc de Triomphe,* for the carriages are innumerable. I stood for a moment deliberating whether or not to ask a *sergeant de ville* to escort me, but finally concluded to brave the danger on my own responsibility, and accordingly started, proceeding calmly and slowly, stopping every few steps as a carriage passed in opposite directions



Monsieur Laboulaye

on either side of me, and then marching on in the maze, my emotions gradually reaching a climax of sublimity until, the long distance accomplished, I stepped upon the wide circumference of the inner circle of the *Arc de Triomphe* and looked upon that grand work of art as a monument to my own personal efforts on that particular occasion.

Monday, December 14

Attended the second lecture of Monsieur Laboulaye. Arrived nearly an hour before the time and found many ladies waiting in the vestibule. Went in at the left-hand entrance and took a seat nearly facing the lecturer. This seat was not so agreeable as the one I occupied before. The room was overheated and I had a headache, and did not much enjoy the lecture, though from the frequent cheering and cries of "Très bien!" I judge that it was from no fault on the part of the lecturer.

Monsieur Laboulaye read a long political dissertation from the writings of Mirabeau. After the lecture accompanied Madame Chapoteau and Juliette on their search for a pretty embroidery pattern for a sofa-cushion. We visited many shops and saw some exquisite work, but the price was so high that we did not purchase. To prevent being annoyed by the persistent solicitations of the clerks, Madame Chapoteau informed them she was not selecting the pattern for herself, and she was not at liberty to pay so much; if it were for herself it would be another thing. She apologized to me afterwards by saying one was "obliged to tell all sorts of *mensonges* to the clerks" or one would never get away! Our last visit was at a little box of a shop, up several flights of dark stairs, where the proprietor in a blue blouse was ready to receive and execute orders, his business being to design patterns for em-

broidery. After a long consultation in which a certain pattern was agreed upon, the whole affair was suddenly terminated by a misunderstanding in regard to price, when we took our leave, much to the indignation of the "designing man" whose adieus were anything but polite. Went to the *teinturier's* and afterwards took an omnibus from the Bourse and returned home.

Tuesday, December 15

Rainy. Madame Ducrot, slightly indisposed, sits in a ruffled white cap in an easy-chair by the chimney-corner tending the fire, amusing herself sometimes with her embroidery, sometimes with the "cocotte," whose conversational and screeching powers are developing to a wonderful extent. His vocabulary consists of "Bonjour, Cocotte." "Venez, mon cocotte, la voilà la voilà!" "Bonjour, Monsieur Cocotte." "Viens donc, mon cocotte." "Oui, oui, oui, mon cocotte." "Louise! Louise! Louise!" "Viens donc, ma Francine!" "Hélène!" interspersed with screechings and screamings and imitations of kissings.

This morning Mademoiselle Hélène related to me a little historical incident which I am to write out in French:

It is a belief among the French peasantry that the first flower that blossoms upon a grave is a thought sent by the departed to the friends they have left behind. The story was of a soldier who deserted, to seek for the first flower that should blossom on the grave of his mother. The flower proved to be a myosotis, or "Ne m'oubliez pas." He had distinguished himself for his bravery and was beloved by his comrades and superiors, and deserted only after having begged permission three times for a short leave of absence, and having been refused, as it was on the eve of a battle. He returned afterwards,

was tried as a deserter and condemned to death, but was pardoned by the Emperor, Napoleon I., who heard the circumstances and appeared in person just as the young soldier was about to be executed.

Wednesday, December 16

It rained until about half-past four, when it cleared away, and I took a long walk. Mademoiselle Francine did not go to the "Cours" to-day and gave me my *dictée,* and worked upon a painting she has at home. She took out two huge portfolios of paintings, some of her first efforts. Among them were old ancestral portraits in oil almost faded out. One of them was a Cardinal and the other a Captain, both relatives of Madame Ducrot, whose family, I should infer, belonged to the nobility.

Thursday, December 17

Had a soirée this evening, the Chapoteaus, Pigots, and "la petite Jeanne" being present. Had charades, the actors really displaying a good deal of talent, especially le petit Emile (in one scene where he represented an old grandfather) and Mademoiselle Hélène and Monsieur Pigot. The words in the charades were "Camelia," "Metronome," and "Chienfou." Juliette Chapoteau sang several pieces, but the gem of all was "La Séparation" by Rossini, to which her voice seems especially adapted.

Friday, December 18

Called on the Griswolds who live at present at 141 Boulevard Péréires. Had some difficulty in finding the house, as the Boulevard is so rambling. The little Annie has grown a good deal in the last seven months. She is delighted with her little

sister who is not so large as her doll. They spent the summer in Lucerne and found the air of Switzerland beneficial to all.

I returned home by a *rue* which leads directly into the Avenue Wagram, a much shorter distance than the way I took in going. It was very populous and filled with small shops and children. One dirty little boy marched along in front of me, carrying under the soiled sleeve of his frock about two feet of bread, which I congratulated myself I didn't have to eat, though perhaps his facsimile brings the "staff of life" to Madame Ducrot every morning. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" has here a good application. Men, women, and children were upon the narrow sidewalks chatting in groups, and I was glad to escape from such a swarm of beings and find myself at last upon the broad avenue, at the head of which, in sublime grandeur towered the Arc de Triomphe, whose summit seemed to touch the moon, which hung over it in the shape of a silver bow.

Saturday, December 19

Started early this morning with Ellie and Madame Ducrot for the private chapel connected with the "Séminaire des Missionaires" on the Rue de Bac to witness the ceremony of ordaining Catholic priests for foreign missions. There were seven candidates for the priesthood, among them a nephew of Madame Ducrot, Monsieur Marcel Simon. The ceremonies began at half-past six, and they had already "renounced the world" when we arrived. The chapel was small but pretty, with stained-glass windows and hanging-lamps, pictures in oil with the subjects usual in Catholic churches, and three altars; the principal one which was at the farther extremity of the chapel was marked "Autel

privilégé,'' as also was one of the two smaller altars situated at the sides near the door. The place for spectators was rather restricted, but we found very good standing-room just under the gallery where the orchestra was stationed, and opposite the principal altar.

Extending along the sides of the chapel were four long rows of priests, two on each side, those on the outside lines dressed in black skirts and white *mousseline* tunics and black caps. The priests of the interior lines, which meeting at the end formed a semicircle, wore elegant robes of silk, satin, or velvet richly embroidered and having the usual figures of the cross extending the whole length of the back and across the shoulders, each robe in the line of a different color but matching with the one opposite. All the priests, besides having their faces shaved, had also a small circle shaved from the crown of the head, giving a very peculiar effect to the long line. At the side altars, priests, oblivious of the more elaborate ceremonies at the central altar, officiated on their own responsibility, going through the various pantomimes of the Mass, such as bowing, kneeling on one knee, holding up their hands and rolling up their eyes, crossing themselves and administering the wafer to a few communicants kneeling in their vicinity, drinking a glass of wine, with their backs turned upon the company; then wheeling suddenly about with their arms extended, they administered a pantomimic blessing, finally disappearing through a side exit, their places being supplied after a short time by others who went through the same routine.

The ceremony of ''renouncing the world,'' already alluded to, consists in having those who are to be ordained for the priesthood lie flat on their backs upon the floor as if dead, while the *prière des morts* is chanted over them; this

signifies that they are dead to the world. After this they rise and go through various other ceremonies. When they have arrived at a certain stage, an embroidered robe is put on each, pinned up in such a way as to conceal the figure of the cross upon the back, as they are not yet priests. During this embryo state, they seem to have committed some misdemeanor, and go one by one up the steps of the altar to the bishop, where they have their hands tied like naughty boys for a punishment, and come down again looking very downcast and sober. After standing for awhile, they again ascend the altar-steps where their hands are untied, their robes unpinned; they are washed and have a little piece of bread given them, and then come out full-blown priests! A priestly official stood upon the platform of the altar to regulate the movements of these priests stationed in rows. These, I believe, were not priests at all, but a lower order of church dignitaries, and their office seemed to be to regulate the kneeling, bowing, sitting, standing, or prostrating, as the occasion required. In the intervals he would suddenly leave his stand with no visible purpose to the uninitiated, march down the center of the chapel, make two or three bows in an abstracted manner and return to his place.

At one stage in the ceremony each one was supplied with a lighted candle, and after they had kissed all around, incense was offered, and the choir chanted.

The Bishop, who rejoiced in a heavy beard, was dressed in richly embroidered robes of purple velvet, with purple gloves and slippers, a mitre and a staff. He was surrounded by various assistants in long black petticoats and short white *mousseline* tunics, who busied themselves in a variety of ways, one taking off his mitre which another would hold for awhile, and replace again; then present his gilded staff

and taking it away again, holding up a great book to be read from, kneeling before him and finally undressing him and laying his rich robes upon the altar, and bearing away his shoes on a silver salver, after which he beat a hasty retreat at a side-door, followed by a few scattering priests and nondescripts; then the tapers were extinguished upon the altars and the ceremonies were ended.

Madame Ducrot introduced an English lady, Mrs. Flint, who was formerly a Protestant, but at present is a very devoted Catholic; she was much affected by the sight she had just witnessed, and thought it could not fail to impress all present, and I quite agreed with her, as she did not specify in what particular manner.

As Madame wished to speak to Monsieur Marcel, we went to the concierge, who informed her that it would be impossible until after dinner, much to Madame's indignation, notwithstanding she informed him she had something for Monsieur Marcel which it was necessary for him to have, a little fable invented for the occasion and minus a moral.

We proceeded to the Bon Marché, where after making some small purchases we left Madame in company with Mrs. Flint and took an omnibus home. Mademoiselle Hélène had just breakfasted alone and had her bonnet on ready to go out; she went across the garden to the Chapoteaus', where she waited until I called for her, and we started together for a shoe-shop, where we spent about an hour trying to get fitted to a pair of boots, for the little girl who waited on us would not admit any fault in their goods; it was always our feet that were too large or too short. From there we started for Père la Chaise, but on inquiring of a *sergeant-de-ville* at what hour it was closed, we learned that it was at four o'clock, and it being already past that time, we started

for the chapel St. Joseph on the Rue Corbeau where Mademoiselle Hélène was to meet her sister and make a confession of her seven sins to the Père Simon. Unfortunately Père Simon had taken his departure just before our arrival and would not return again to the confessional for two hours and a half. I decided not to wait with them, and they accompanied me to the omnibus station, as it was already dark.

This is one of the most thickly populated quarters of Paris and the streets were filled with people. As we passed along, a workman just descending from a ladder placed against one of the houses exclaimed on seeing us, "Les belles Anges!" in utter defiance of all rules of etiquette or grammar. I left the young ladies, who wished me to tell Louise to have "deux oeufs pour chaque" when they should arrrive home, which would probably be before nine o'clock.

Sunday, December 20

Dr. Robinson preached from St. Luke 2:15, a sermon in anticipation of Christmas. Attended the Sunday School Concert in the afternoon which was devoted entirely to teaching the children some hymns for Christmas.

Monday, December 21

Rainy and dismal. Did not go out. Read, wrote, and studied. Got out of patience with the "cocotte," who screamed in a manner unendurable. At *déjeuner* he climbed upon my dress to the table, marched up to my plate, and stole a piece of potato and ran away in triumph. He has taken a great fancy to me and is a "knowing critter." Madame Chapoteau and Juliette came in this evening. Juliette has begun her cushion and it is very handsome.

Tuesday, December 22

Studied and read. In the afternoon "la petite Jeanne" came to the house to take her lesson. Recited a little poem about Ruth and Naomi, which she afterwards partly copied with the assistance of Mademoiselle Hélène, who read the words for her to write. I found it a good lesson for me in pronunciation.

Mademoiselle Francine amused us much on her return from the "Cours" in recounting some of Monsieur Levasseur's peculiarities. He was impatient today and made poor Mademoiselle Cameron feel very bad by a remark he made in reference to her copy. Francine said she comforted her by telling her that Monsieur Levasseur had been cross with her just before, which she says was not true, as Monsieur never speaks crossly to her, but Mademoiselle believed it and did not feel so bad. Mademoiselle Francine takes her *déjeuner* with them every day, but provides her own food, only using their salt and water. The family consists of Monsieur Levasseur, his wife, and two sons. As Francine was talking, she was about to take a mouthful of meat, but stopped with it on her fork, to explain that that morsel was as large as they had for a whole family, and one potato was an ample provision in that line, but they had a great many different courses to make up for it.

Wednesday, December 23

Rainy. In the afternoon Madame Ducrot went out to make some calls, and just after her departure, Mrs. Flint came in, and we had a lively discussion upon Potestantism vs. Catholicism. Mrs. Flint says she enjoys her new religion so much, likes to be in Paris because she has here so

many more religious privileges, and it pleases her to be in the midst of Catholics as her sympathies are with them, and, more than all, one is so happy to have at last found out the true Church, the true religion, and expresses her opinion that all other religions must eventually go down and the Catholic Church triumph.

Thursday, December 24

Today Madame Ducrot received a letter announcing her mother's death, at which she was quite overcome and sank upon the sofa exclaiming "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" Madame Topin, hearing the exclamation, came in from the next room and sat down beside her, and the good Louise soon made her appearance with her face full of sympathy, bringing a glass of some sort of mixture for her to take. The gentleman who brought the note, and who proved to be a brother of Madame's whom she had not seen for seven years, was meanwhile in the ante-chamber waiting for permission to enter. At first Madame refused to see him, but finally gave an ungracious assent. There has been some trouble in the family, and although this brother lives but a short distance from here, the families have no intercourse.

The mother, who died very suddenly this morning, has lived until the last year with Madame Ducrot. She has been an invalid for several years, and the state of her health rendered it impossible for Mrs. Colquitt and some of Madame's other boarders to remain here unless she went away, and as Madame Ducrot has no fortune and is dependent upon this means of gaining money aided by her daughters, who give French and music lessons, she wished her mother to go and live with this brother until her boarders should leave in the spring when she could come back again.

This arrangement did not please the old lady, who was almost childish, and she left the house in anger, forbidding her daughter or her grandchildren ever to come to see her. The brother, too, who is very rich, tried to compel Madame Ducrot by a process of law to pay twenty francs a day for her mother's board while she should be at his house; in which, however, he did not succeed. This is one side of the story. Monsieur Lafouge, the brother, came to-day to ask her forgiveness, and she said he sobbed like a child. He is a fine-looking man, a retired officer of the French army. A few years ago he received an injury on his head from the kick of a horse, and Madame thinks he has never recovered from the effects of it. Not only does this belief render her no more lenient in regard to his faults, but it seems to have no weight with her, and she shows an unforgiving disposition. He asked permission to come again this evening to see his nieces, but she told him it would not be worth while to trouble himself to such an extent and positively refused to see him. Mademoiselles Hélène and Francine both had an "attack of nerves" this evening upon receiving the news of their grandmother's death. It seemed strange that a young lady of Francine's ability and attainments and dignity of character should not have more control over herself. Her sister, too, is talented and sensible but seems to have a much more nervous temperament.

Friday, December 25

Fête de Noël. Madame Ducrot's mother was buried to-day. Mademoiselle Francine did not attend the funeral, as she said she was liable to have an "attack of nerves" there. The others went, accompanied by the Chapoteaus. Madame Ducrot returned home alone, as she did not wish to

go to the cemetery, and later in the afternoon Hélène returned accompanied by her uncle, who does not seem inclined to be rebuffed in his attempts at a reconciliation.

This afternoon Ellie and I went to the Rue de Berri to see the Christmas tree for the Sunday School children. The chapel was very handsomely trimmed with evergreen and brilliantly lighted. Mr. Griswold seemed to be presiding over the children, keeping them quiet and receiving the various little packages that were thrown to him for them by a Santa Claus and Santa Clausess, who, dressed all in fur from their heads to their feet, were engaged in dismantling the tree. The children were jubilant, but seemed no more so than the grown-up people. We remained but a moment and then started to call on Monsieur and Madame Chevalier. Found Monsieur alone, Madame having accepted an invitation they had received to dine with the Duchesse de Berghes, Monsieur being so *sauvage* as to prefer to dine alone. We looked over the old photograph-book to see what new additions had been made, and when we started for home, he accompanied us.

Saturday, December 26

Bright day. The Chapoteaus spent the evening here as usual. Juliette has nearly completed her sofa-cushion, which she intends as a present to Madame Lager, the wife of her music-teacher. It is very handsome and has a great amount of work in it. This evening gave Hélène and le petit Emile an exercise in writing an English letter. They both set about it with much enthusiasm, and I nearly split my sides laughing at the letters after they were completed, especially the one composed and written by le petit Emile. Madam Ducrot, who sat as usual in the corner of the fireplace, amusing herself with the *cocotte,* startled us all by uttering a sudden scream and

announced that the *bête* had been trying to climb up her nose, beginning as usual by catching firmly hold with his bill. We could not help laughing, not even Madame herself, who will carry the marks for some time.

Sunday, December 27

Rainy and windy. Could not go to church. Madame Ducrot had callers as usual.

Monday, December 28

Attended the lecture at the Collège de France. Monsieur Laboulaye came before the public in his usual graceful manner, garbed in a swallow-tail coat, and took his chair amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an appreciative audience. He said there would be no lecture on the following Monday, as it followed so closely upon New Year's, and there were so many calls to be made and received. He would ask of the audience this *congé* as his *étrenne*. He was answered by cheers, after which he proceeded with the lecture. He spoke of Lafayette, Mirabeau, Verginaud, Petilion and Robespierre. Lafayette was the commander of the city militia. He added to them the French Guards, some Swiss, and a good number of soldiers who had deserted their regiments. These troops united took the name of "Compagnies du Centre." The City Militia was called the National Guard. They assumed a uniform and added to the red and blue, which were the colors of the city, the white, which was that of the King, thus compromising with the Royalists. This was the origin of the French tri-colored cockade.

Louis XVI. possessed all the attributes of a martyr, but was deficient in those of a King. He also alluded to the tak-

ing of the Bastille as an act that was not very well understood, and he was unable to throw more light upon it.

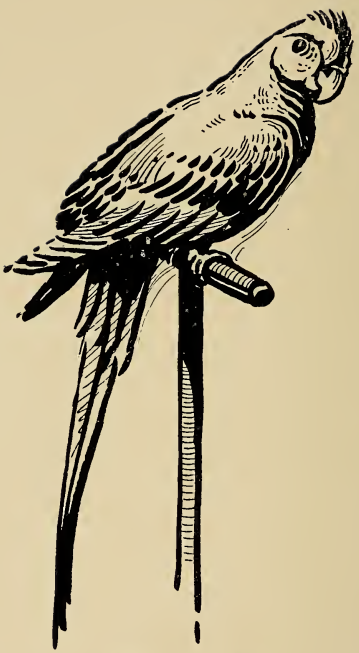
Did a little shopping on the way home. The boulevards look gay, the windows being arranged in the most attractive manner. Merchants on a small scale were busy in putting up and arranging their little boutiques along the outside of the sidewalks, some of them already fitted up with toys and knick-knacks of all sorts, and in full working order. Some of the faces of the proprietors were "round and red and fat as a pulpit-cushion," some of them old and wrinkled. Most of these proprietors were women who were just peering out from the midst of jumping-jacks, dancing dolls, Chinese jugglers, and various animals too numerous to mention, which were put through a course of gymnastics that would have made the eyes of Dr. Dio Lewis stick out of his head with astonishment had he done them the honor of stopping for a moment to look on. We lost our way once, but soon found it, and arrived home in time to escape the rain, which began to fall just as we entered the gate. The good Louise had our coffee and lunch all ready for us as usual.

Tuesday, December 29

Rainy and windy all day. Studied, read, and wrote. Took a walk down the "Scamps Elizas" as far as the Rue de Berri, where I turned about in as dignified and graceful manner as the times would permit and retraced my steps.

Wednesday, December 30

Windy. Francine has had a holiday. Gave me a *dictée* and then busied herself the rest of the day in sewing for Madame Topin's baby. To-day the *cocotte* climbed up on



The Cocotte

the drapery curtains to the top of the window where he began strutting and laughing and screaming most triumphantly to attract Madame Ducrot's attention. He knows very well that she does not allow him there. She tries to induce him to come down, but nothing avails until she goes to some one pretending to kiss by smacking her lips. *Cocotte* stops at once his laughing and screaming and hurries to descend, for this makes him very jealous. On reaching the floor he walks as fast as possible, climbs up on Madame's dress and along her arm and perches on her finger. He looks very cross, flattening the feathers on the top of his head, which he hangs down, pouting for a moment. Then the feathers bristle up again as he raises his head and offers his bill for a kiss. The trouble is all settled and he is gay again. He seems almost human.

Thursday, December 31

Lovely day, the last of the year. Went out alone on an exploring expedition, first to the Bank on the Rue de la Paix. Everything beautiful for New Year's. Bought a brooch for Ellie, "Little Toots" with a mouse in her paws. Purchased a *col-marin,* for myself which is at present *la mode,* and cuffs to match. In one shop the clerk understood me to say instead of *cols-marins, gants marrons,* and displayed to my astonished gaze some maroon-colored gloves! I thought of the printer's mistake, "For dumswizzle please read prominence." When I said *"marin,"* she said *"marron?"* to which I assented, thinking she was correcting my pronunciation, but very soon saw that the mistake was on her side instead of mine.

The little French children put their shoes on the hearth, instead of hanging up their stockings as they do in our country, and their Santa Claus is *Le Petit Noël,* which is another name for the Infant *Jésu,* and for New Year, it is *Le*

Père Janvier who fills the shoes with gifts. This custom is mentioned in *Les Misérables* in speaking of the wooden shoe of poor little Cosette in connection with the dainty slippers of the Thénardier children.

1869

Friday, January 1

Started for a bookstore on the Rue St. Honoré to see about a subscription for *"La Semaine des Enfants."* The morning was magnificent and our walk would have been delightful but for the beggars that beset us on all sides. It is a regular Fête-day for beggars! Begging is against the law, but the authorities are lenient on this first day of the year, and as everybody is supposed to be more generous and large-hearted, the poor beggars come in for their gifts. The first encounter was with a little Italian boy on the *Champs Elysées.* He had a pair of magnificent eyes in his head and a dilapidated music-box in his hands. He ran along beside me for some distance, the music-box every now and then emitting a dolorous squeak, and he simultaneously extending his hand, looking shyly and half roguishly from under his broad-brimmed hat, and saying, "Un petit sou." I gave him "un petit sou" and he left me to beset the next comer. We passed several churches, and the steps of those which were open were alive with wretched-looking creatures, who with outstretched hands solicited alms of those going in or coming out. It was a sickening sight, and they looked more wretched, if possible, than the London beggars, probably from the contrast, as everything around them was so bright and beautiful.

The doors of the Madeleine were hung with black, and we passed a private house, where funeral services were going on.

It is the custom for the friends of the family to call and

present their wishes for a Happy New Year, and it is considered very impolite if the family do not reward their callers by a kiss, even if they are gentlemen. The Ducrots received a good many callers. The Chapoteaus dined here and spent the evening, also the little godchild of Mademoiselle Hélène, with Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Moncharmon, her father, mother, and sister. She is a very pretty little black-eyed damsel of eleven years with light brown hair which was quirked up on the back of her head after the fashion worn by little girls at the convent. Her sister is a beautiful young lady with light hair and handsome soft black eyes and a remarkably fine forehead.

The little Hélène was delighted with the gift from her godmother, a sheepskin *commode* furnished with knife, scissors, pencils, pens, ink and sand-bottles.

While we were at dinner when everybody looked remarkably handsome, Madame de la Grandgène and her two sons, Edmond and Lucien, called. The evening passed in music and conversation. Hélène and Francine every now and then went the rounds with a new package of bonbons. Mademoiselle Hélène received from Madame Saurroco, the mother of one of her pupils, a bouquet composed of lilacs, camellias, jasmine, roses, and pinks. The perfume is so heavy as to be almost disagreeable. It is placed in a handsome bronze vase with which it contrasts very prettily, and stands on a little round table by the window. It seems to cause more regrets than pleasure that it must fade so soon when it cost so much.

Ellie found in her boot this morning a little Chinese nurse with a baby in her arms, and Francine gave me a curious-looking, ferocious sort of flying-bug with scarlet feathers for wings.

Saturday, January 2

Fine day, although the night, like many recently, was rainy and tempestuous. Went on the other side of the river to the library of Hachette et Cie. and from there to the office of *La Semaine des Enfants,* but it being a fête-day, the directors were away, and the serving-man was just on the point of locking up the establishment. Walked through the garden of the Luxembourg. Visited the great fountain. Polyphemus was still watching the two lovers in their ivy grotto, and I could not realize that a year had passed since I last saw them. The grand old trees that border the basin were linked together by graceful festoons of ivy. The only change I remarked was an iron fence around the basin of the fountain; this officiated instead of the *sergeant de ville* in guarding the visitors from accident. Waited more than half an hour at the omnibus bureau before we could make connection with our *correspondance.* Omnibus after omnibus arrived and departed before our *numéros* were called, and we left a crowd which seemed rather to increase than to diminish. The *numéros* correspond to the number of days that have passed in the year, for instance, those of last Thursday bore the number 366, last year being a leap-year, and to-day they were numbered 2, it being the second day in the year.

Two black-eyed Sisters of Charity in white, starched, winged bonnets and gray robes, were in the omnibus, one of them reminding me very much of Mrs. Brooks. One often meets on the *Champs Elysées* or in the parks and elsewhere little children dressed all in white or all in blue from head to foot, or in the two colors combined. Madame says these children are under the special protection of the *Sainte Vierge,* their mothers having made a vow to the Holy Virgin to dress

them in this manner until they are five or six years of age, blue and white being the colors of the *Sainte Vierge*. This evening Francine told my fortune, which is not to be very brilliant.

Sunday, January 3

Dr. Robinson introduced a minister from England, who preached from Phil. 3:17, 18, 19. His sermon was so long that several went out before he had finished, and the woman who assists in doing the honors of the chapel, who would be a "pew-opener," only the pews have no doors to open, popped her head in at the door twice with an expression of wonder and inquiry, as if she would say, "What is going on here all this time?" He was one of the groaning and shouting sort of Methodists or Freewill Baptists, who say "Oh-h-h" a great many times as if it came from the soles of their boots. He preached at least an hour and a half. Some boys who sat in the pew behind us became very uneasy, for which they were quite excusable. I heard one of them remark, when the preacher commenced anew as if he had just arrived at the beginning of his discourse, "Now he is blowing up — "

In the course of his remarks he said that he was short-sighted. Probably that was the reason he paid no regard to the clock, which indicated half-past one, and was just in front of him. The services are usually finished by one or before. "Oh-h-h God of Glory! Oh-h-h God of Jesus!"

The services of the afternoon were in striking contrast. Dr. Robinson seemed more than ever dignified and impressive. It was communion Sabbath, and he administered the ordinance for the first time as the pastor of the church. Two members were added on profession of their faith, and five as transient members with letters from other churches. Dr. Robinson

seems to feel fully the responsibility of his position, and his remarks were impressive and affecting from their humble earnestness. This is the week of prayer, and there will be services in the chapel every day from two till three.

It rained and blew when the service was over, but fortunately I had anticipated the storm and was provided with waterproof and umbrella. Company in the evening, but we retired early.

Monday, January 4

Fine day. Received cards from Monsieur and Madame Chevalier. Wrote a *dictée*. Read French and analyzed. While I write, the bell of the little *église* near here has just sounded the Angelus, that is the "Angelic Salutation," when all devout Catholics say the Ave Maria. It is sounded three times a day by all the church bells, at dawn, at noonday, and at twilight.

In the evening Francine showed me some of her *dessins*, which she had finished and brought home. The first, a foot of the Venus de Medici; second, an Amazon; third, a Venus de Medici; they were studies and beautifully done.

Tuesday, January 5

Read, wrote, studied, and retired early. Stormy.

Wednesday, January 6

Attended the prayer-meeting. There was quite a large number present. Dr. Robinson was just going out as we entered. Rev. Mr. Hart of the chapel on the Rue Royale was speaking, and after him a young man spoke in reference to Sunday schools. The subjects for prayer for the day were families, schools and colleges.

After service bought some *cartes de visite* at Amiot's, corner of Rue de Berri and Faubourg St. Honoré. Called on the Griswolds, whom we found at home. Annie is very proud of her little sister, whom she entreated us to kiss, as we were about taking our departure without having performed this act.

Monsieur Chevalier called while we were out. Louise said he looked very pale, that he had been ill and confined to his bed for ten days, and this was the first time he had been out.

Thursday, January 7

Warm and springlike. Madame Ducrot sighs over the weather, which she says is not natural at all at this season. The foliage on the honeysuckle is quite green in the garden, and the goldfish in the little pond are very lively.

This morning Mademoiselle Francine and I busied ourselves in preparing our *cartes de visite* to send to our friends in Paris, according to the custom at the beginning of the New Year. As there are but two families with whom I am acquainted, mine were very soon arranged, but Francine had a great many to address. After this she arranged a box of bonbons for a poor girl who attends Monsieur Levasseur's *Ecole de Dessin,* and who would not be likely to receive such a gift from any other source. It was a very pretty little white box that Francine had received herself the year before, full of bonbons, and it looked quite fresh and new with the gay rose-colored ribbon about it.

The Chapoteaus and Mademoiselle Alice Montagis spent the evening here. Mademoiselle Francine dined *en ville* at Judge Perkins's. She met Jeff Davis just descending the steps. He also had been making a call there. They are southerners and secessionists and think Jefferson Davis a saint. Francine says Jeff Davis has but one eye, having lost the

other by reason of his sufferings while a prisoner after the war!

Le petit Emile brought me in English the story I told him from memory a few evenings ago, of the fisherman and his wife who lived in a little pigsty. It ran as follows:

"Once there was a fisherman and his wife which inhabited in a little pigsty, and they were very unhappy. A day that the fisherman fished, he took a little fish and this said, 'I am too little for be eaten; leave me go out. I will be grateful.' The fisherman, astonished to hear him speaking, released him. When he came back at home he related at his wife that he had took a fish-fairy which could give to them the things whom we have want. 'Go quickly,' said the wife, 'and ask at this fish a little house with a garden around, because our pigsty is too indecent.' The fisherman returned the bord of the sea and said, 'My wife sent me toward you because she find that the house is not large and she ask a large castle with a park and household;' and the sea puff itself, and the fairy said, 'Come back at home; the wishes of your woman are exauced.' And he came back, and he found the wife in a beautiful castle. But before two days, she was tired to her new situation and said at her husband, 'Come back towards the fish-fairy and say to him that I will be queen.' And the fisherman come back, and at his approach the sea puffed up itself, and the fairy said 'Come back at home; your wife is queen.' And fisherman returning, found his wife on a throne; but she received him very hard and she sent him at kitchen, but after two days said, 'The sun has met my window and has waked me. Say at fish-fairy that I will no more the sun.' And fisherman came back at bord of the sea, and at his approach it went out to its bed, and a voice said, 'Come back at home; thou shalt find thy pigsty.' "

Friday, January 8

Stormy. Did not go out. Read, wrote, and studied. Mademoiselle Hélène came home from her lessons dripping-wet.

The admiring followers and imitators of Jean Jacques Rousseau, of whom the petit Emile is one, are not over-fastidious regarding their personal *toilettes,* the care of their hair and finger-nails apparently being a matter of indifference to them. One day while I was giving some instruction in English to this young person, his cousin Hélène, observing the index finger with which he was pointing to some words he was trying to pronounce, remarked, "I should think, petit Emile, you might show Mademoiselle Stanton the courtesy of making that one finger presentable before using it so conspicuously." His handsome face turned a deep crimson and the stray lock of hair drooped lower on his forehead; after this I noticed that his hands and nails were above criticism.

Saturday, January 9

Thick fog nearly all day; not a London "pea-soup," but like the fogs at home. Poor little Kit's eyes are *malade* so she can neither study nor read, but she is always patient.

We went out to walk, up the avenue towards the Arc, then turning into the broad walk, went to the Bois. It was sad and lonely there, no children, no carriages, scarcely a pedestrian; so after walking a little way down one of the avenues, we retraced our steps, meeting here and there a *sergeant de ville,* who was performing his beat in a slow and meditative manner, muffled up to the chin in his cloak, his face half hidden under the pointed brim of his two-cornered hat.

Traversed the Place d'Etoile and descended the

Champs Elysées, which was scarcely less deserted, as far as the Rond Point. Met some Chineses in their native dress and their pigtails. They are Ambassadors and lodge on the *Champs Elysées.*

In the evening Mademoiselle Francine showed some studies of hands and a Venus de Medici from different points of view. Received a card of invitation to be present at the distribution of prizes at Monsieur Levasseur's *Ecole de Dessin,* which will take place on Sunday, the 24th. Francine is one of the recipients.

Sunday, January 10

Dr. Robinson preached from the text found in 2 Cor. 4:2. It was pointed, eloquent, and full of practical good sense. He spoke of civility as one of the first virtues to be observed in the pulpit. A pastor has no right to talk to his people as if they were thieves or murderers. His duty is to preach the truth plainly but civilly. Mentioned the duties of a pastor to his people and vice versa; spoke of behavior in church. It puts a minister off his train of thought when persons come in late; when persons whisper, they wound his feelings, when they would not for the world except from thoughtless inattention. If you hear a dull sermon, you need to listen to it all the more to get the good out of it. If a fine one, it is well worth your while to listen, for it had cost thought and labor to prepare it. Among other things he remarked that Dr. Chalmers preached for four years, an unconverted man. In the afternoon he continued the history of his travels in Egypt, his subject being, "Memphis and the Pyramids." Spoke of the Nile, its immensity, the mystery in regard to its source, the interest which sacred history throws around it, his feelings when he found himself upon it. Perpetual Motion, the Elixir

of Life, and the Source of the Nile are almost synonymous terms, and the search after them will be useless for many years to come, as it has been for many years past. As he was borne along on its waters, the sight of the bulrushes growing upon the banks called to his mind the history of the infant Moses. How easily he could be hidden amongst these tall reeds in his little ark! And how easily that little ark could be made from them! Just beyond, that tall white building, — that might be the palace where the Princess came out with her maidens; if not the very palace, the foundations might be the same; or, at any rate, it was not far from here; and that embankment just to the left, — the little sister Miriam could safely conceal herself behind that in her anxious watch over her brother. And listen! Be a little imaginative; put your hand to your ear; is not that the wail of the infant that is borne on the breeze? These rushes are long, slender and reed-like; they grow to the height of thirteen or fourteen feet, and yet, slender as they are, — their largest circumference not exceeding that of one's little finger, — when held in the hand in a horizontal position, they will sustain themselves, only bending a little; but if the outside skin be cut or broken ever so slightly, even scarred by the hand of a child, the strength is gone. The least breeze will bend or break them and they are spoiled. This Old Testament promise, "A bruised reed shall he not break" came to me with new force and beauty. His remarks upon the Pyramids were highly interesting. He recommended us to read "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," should it ever fall into our hands, it being a work of great ingenuity and talent. It was written by Dr. Smith of Edinburgh, whose views upon the subject in question are worthy of consideration.

Monday, January 11

Attended the lecture of Monsieur Laboulaye. He has recently received a very brilliant offer from America to go there and deliver lectures; the terms being the payment of all his traveling and hotel bills, besides thirty-two pounds each for the lectures. Madmoiselle Francine predicts that he will not accept it, as he is not in need of money, and is too patriotic to leave the country at his time of life, and he will, she is sure, spend the remainder of his days in using his talents for the good and the glory of *La France.*

Tuesday, January 12

Was awakened, as usual, by the ringing of the Angelus. Rose as soon as it was light enough to see to dress. Took a *dictée* and read nearly two hours to Madame. Finished a work of one of the French poets, Alfred de Musset, containing stories entitled "Le Fils du Titien," "Fréderic et Bernerette," "Croiselles," "Margot," and others. Musset is one of the standard authors. His poems, however, are his best works.

This evening Francine related various items of interest relative to her school. They have a new *modèle vivant,* a perfect Venus in form and "very modest." She gave an entertaining and thrilling account, assisted by her sister Hélène, of being at a concert last winter in a great crowd. Monsieur Levasseur chanced to be near them when they were first seated, and being alone came to sit with them. When they went out of the concert-room, the crowd was very pressing, and Monsieur Levasseur kept them from being pushed by holding his arm out. But in spite of his efforts a very rude man pushed against them so insolently that Monsieur Levasseur with one wave of his strong arm, threw him down. Juliette Chapoteau

was so frightened, thinking there was going to be a fight, that she turned pale and fainted away, a most inconvenient proceeding under the circumstances. Monsieur Levasseur received her in his arms, and the crowd made way, announcing from one to another that a lady had fainted. Madame Chapoteau, who had been pushed considerably in advance, heard the news very calmly until she comprehended that the lady was her daughter, when she, too, turned pale and exclaimed "Oh! c'est ma fille; c'est ma fille! Oh-h-h-h!"

Wednesday, January 13

Foggy and very cold! The little pond of goldfish is frozen over, but the fishes swim about under the ice, which has been punched with air-holes; otherwise they would die. Took a rapid walk down the avenue to get warmed up. In the evening Madame Chapoteau and Juliette were here. Monsieur Levasseur came up as a subject of discussion, Francine taking his part very enthusiastically against Madame Chapoteau, who doesn't think him remarkably wonderful, even if he has been decorated.

Thursday, January 14

Lovely but cold. Hélène at home. Madame Ducrot went out to market, and on returning said the Empress was walking on the Avenue de l'Impératrice like any common person, in a short walking-dress of black silk. Had several callers, among them Mrs. Flint, whom Nora, the terrible infant, calls "bourrique," and just as she was about taking her leave, Madame Ducrot's brother, his wife, and two children came in. It was rather late, and was not very light in the salon; therefore Madame Lafouge, who did not know her nieces very well, mistook Ellie for Mademoiselle Francine, and shook her hand,

saying, "How do you do, Francine? Ellie told her she was not the young lady in question, and we left the salon to the possession of the family party. Madame Ducrot showed her sister-in-law the prizes received by Francine at her school of "dessin," three medals, two of bronze and one of silver, in three little mahogany boxes into which they just fit. Unfortunately, Madame Lafouge misunderstood their significance, and mistaking them for little boxes of bonbons for her children, immediately gave the two larger to her two boys present, at the time telling them to go and kiss their aunt, and put the third in her pocket to take home to the baby! This sudden and unexpected distribution of her daughter's prizes took Madame Ducrot so by surprise, that before she had sufficiently recovered herself to explain the mistake, they had gone! Mademoiselle recounted the affair to me at the dinner-table, half-crying with vexation lest they should be lost before she would have time to send for them, and laughing in spite of herself.

Friday, January 15

A perfect April day, — showers and sunshine. Did not venture out. Madame Ducrot sits near me, sometimes with her embroidery, bemoaning the unnatural sort of weather for this season of the year which she says is "très mal pour la santé," and sometimes with the *cocotte* on her finger, she sings, and the bird listens,

"J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière.
J'ai du bon tabac; tu n'en auras pas."

Saturday, January 16

Read, wrote and studied.

Went this afternoon to the banker's. It seemed as if the

four quarters of the globe were represented on the *Champs Elysées;* everybody was out on a promenade, the extremes of society, rich and poor, high and low, all the caricatures of humanity, all the pictures that illustrate the books of Dickens and Thackeray, seem to have congregated by common consent; the Dodd Family, Peter Coddle, Peggoty, Tony Weller and Sam, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Emperor and Empress, Shylock, and Jeff Davis.

Mademoiselle Hélène came home to *déjeuner* in a high state of indignation against the Emperor and Empress, especially the latter, in reference to whom she expressed the terrible wish that the next time she took a promenade on the *Champs Elysées* she would lose off her *chignon* in the face and eyes of all the world! Some one remarked that such an accident would be a calamity to all the promenaders in the Elysian Fields afterwards, as it would be likely to become "la mode" and be imitated by the followers of fashion, so that it would be difficult getting along! It seems that as the royal couple were riding up the *Champs Elysées* on their way to the Bois, a well-dressed woman who seemed to be in much distress, rushed in among the crowd of horses and carriages, thereby endangering her life, holding a letter in her hand which she offered to the Emperor. He waved his hand as a signal for her to be taken away, and the Empress imitated this graceful movement; at which the poor woman burst into tears and was assisted to the sidewalk by a *sergeant de ville,* who offered her his arm. Mademoiselle Hélène thinks that even if the Emperor was hard-hearted enough to refuse to receive the letter, the Empress showed herself very unwomanly in following his example.

This afternoon a scene of quite a different character was witnessed upon this same avenue, one of the actors being as famous, if less powerful, than their Majesties. It was the

meeting of Jeff Davis, who at present is dishonoring Paris by his presence, with some of his friends and admirers from the South, Mrs. Judge Perkins and her daughter, Evelyn Bailey. The young lady expressed herself as much shocked at being kissed by a gentleman in so public a place as the *Champs Elysées*. The "hero" has but one eye. They say the loss was occasioned by his sufferings and hardships during his imprisonment!

Purchased a bouquet to give to Madame Ducrot to-morrow, as it is the Fête of Saint Antoine, her patron, her name being Antoinette. She will be forty-seven years old in April.

We went through the flower-market of the Madeleine, and after passing many *boutiques* where flowers were displayed in varied arrangements, we found a pretty bouquet of blue violets mixed with moss, with a white camellia in the center. Madame Chevalier called while we were out and left her card for the *concierge* to take up. Was informed this evening that Mademoiselle Francine's greatest fault is capriciousness. Her face and character are perfectly French. She is piquante and original, fond of dress, handsome, but a little vain of her beauty, a fine artist and a good musician. Her sister, who is a little more than a year her senior, does not resemble her in the least, but is quite as much of a genius. If Francine is inclined to be a little coquettish in her dress, Hélène is negligent to a fault. If she has no claim to beauty, she rejoices in her sister's, as if it were her own. If her sister excels as an artist, she, in her turn, takes the palm as a musician. Francine practices grace as an art; her sister is graceful because she cannot help it, and excels because it is her nature. Her face is plain at first sight, even almost ugly, but when she is animated, she has so much expression that it is positively beauti-

ful! Her hands, white and dimpled, would serve as a model for a sculptor, and her touch at the piano is the poetry of motion. The crowning beauty in the character of the sisters in which, if possible, each excels the other, is her love for the other love. If one has a grief or a sorrow, it is the other who feels it most keenly. If one is unusually happy, it is the other that is the more gay.

Sunday, January 17

Did not attend service this morning. In the afternoon attended the Sunday School concert in spite of the rain. The children were addressed by Monsieur Sanglier, a missionary from St. Denis, who is a converted Catholic. He spoke in English, giving an account of his labors among the poor of St. Denis, and although he speaks the language very well for a foreigner, some of his expressions were amusing. For instance, he was telling a story of a girl who was brought to him, who, although naturally bright and intelligent, was deplorably ignorant of anything concerning Theology. He said, "I asked her if she could tell who made the world and her! She took up her eyes for a moment, then put them down again and answered very gently, 'No, sir.' I then asked her if she had ever heard of Jesus Christ; and she took up her eyes again and then put them down and answered very gently, 'No, sir.'" The remarks of a Mr. Sawyer, who spoke afterwards on "Jesus is our Captain," were very long and tedious. He tried for at least three-quarters of an hour to stop but could not seem to find a good place, and finally he "wound up" by "running down."

On returning, found Monsieur Levasseur and his family, who took dinner with Madame Ducrot. Monsieur Levasseur is a fine, distinguished-looking man. He has decidedly the air

of an artist, and the head and neck of an Apollo. His eldest son is exceedingly plain, with rather an un-intellectually shaped head, and a baby-face. He sang in the evening for the entertainment of the company. His brother is a handsome little fellow of about ten years of age, who takes all the prizes given in his school. He has magnificent black eyes, and promises to be something wonderful. Francine, who repeats to us all the events that occur at her school, and reports to Monsieur Levasseur everything that happens at home, informed me that in recounting the dispute the other evening of "Levasseur vs. Chapoteau" to her professor, he inquired, "Which side of the question was taken by "Mademoiselle Très-Belle Nell." She told him *his* side, — "there is nothing more untrue in this world!" and he said that was right, and he should have his hair cut especially for me, before coming to dine here Sunday.

Monday, January 18

Very cold. Started with Ellie for the "Collège de France" at a quarter before eleven. To-day is the occasion of the "Ouverture des Chambres des Députés," and the streets in the vicinity of the Rue de Rivoli were crowded with carriages. Horsemen were stationed at the heads of all the streets communicating with the Rue de Rivoli, to prevent omnibuses and other public conveyances from passing along that street until after the ceremony was concluded. The street was devoted entirely to private carriages going to and from the Louvre.

On returning from the lecture, we saw the paper-carriers out with the journals containing the speech of the Emperor, in less than an hour after its delivery! On the *Champs Elysées,* bought a paper for ten sous. We were beset as usual by the woman with violets, who always drops down or starts up from

somewhere, when we arrive at a certain point on that avenue, and thrusts a bunch into our faces. She is not old enough to excite our pity, nor young enough to call forth our sympathy; is tall, bony, gaunt and awkward, not at all a model of what a flower-girl should be, especially one who sells violets, and we always pass her in the most stoical manner. Besides, the flowers are not half so sweet and delicate as their little American namesakes; having a bold, hardy air and a strong odor which is not agreeable.

Tuesday, January 19

Went again to the Collège de France to hear Monsieur Philarète Chasles. Madame Ducrot accompanied us as far as the Luxembourg.

To-day a black-eyed lady, very nicely dressed, accompanied by a little black-eyed girl of about four years, entered the omnibus. Soon after, another lady entered, with a nurse in a white cap and apron, who carried in her arms a little fair-haired girl, also about the same age, who, in her turn, held by the arm a large wax doll with staring eyes and a mouth expressive of conscious beauty. The owner of the doll took no notice of the toy, seeming to hold it mechanically. But the little black-eyed girl regarded with the most intense interest, first the doll, then its mistress, gradually pressing up nearer and nearer until she could stealthily touch the foot of the doll with her finger. I don't know but she might even have ventured so far in her admiration as to take it altogether, if just then they had not arrived at their destination, and her mamma had not pulled her away. The little girl walked with her face backwards, regarding the doll until the last moment. They were succeeded by a lady and a pretty little boy dressed in a light-gray suit. He had a blue

ribbon on his hat and wore a pair of blue gloves of the same shade. He carried a small cane and seemed quite a little man. There was not a vacant seat beside his mamma, and when she told him to take a seat *là-bas,* he seemed quite distressed and wanted to sit in her lap, saying, "Non, Maman," but when his mother said, "Non, mon enfant, tu es trop grand maintenant," he recovered his dignity immediately, and sat down, hardly daring to move at first or lift his eyes, finding himself surrounded by strangers. It is quite entertaining, this traveling by omnibus, and I prefer it to being shut up in a cab, where there is so much less variety.

Monsieur Chasles is a perfect type of Frenchman; has iron-gray beard and moustache, the latter waxed into two very long thorns on each side. He talks with his eyes tightly closed, as if his notes were written internally; shrugs his shoulders to perfection, and pantomimes most expressively. He said the most flattering things of America, the North, for he seemed to think it was that part that gave character to all the rest. His lectures begin at three o'clock, but to-day he was five minutes behind time. It was rather cold, and his audience had waited very patiently and quietly for three-quarters of an hour, as of course they should do if they chose to assemble so long before the time, but the moment the hands of the clock in the hall pointed to three, the students and others began stamping and making a great noise. In the midst of it, Monsieur Chasles entered and took his chair on the platform, having first made an extraordinarily low bow, and during the first fifteen minutes kept his auditors in a roar of laughter at his impromptu remarks. He pretended that he took all the stamping and noise as a personal compliment to his popularity, and cited the names of several great men who had before him been flattered and applauded by the

public. He was aware that such applause was dangerous, that when one seemed to stand on the pinnacle of public favor, he had reason to feel the most uncertain of his position, and he himself was aware that when the thunders of applause rang the loudest, there was danger that it would reach its climax in a *coup de sifflet*.

In the evening Francine showed us her engravings, copies from the paintings at the Louvre, which she receives every month as a present from her sister. I liked best the two entitled "L'Arracheur des Dents" and Mars et Vénus."

Wednesday, January 20

Mademoiselle Francine is at home to-day with a weak eye. Went out to walk, and on my way home called on Madame Chevalier. She was out, but Monsieur was at home. He has been ill, but is convalescent at present. In the evening, Hélène and Francine having gone out, with the "petit Emile," and Ellie having gone to bed, Madame Ducrot and I were left alone. The physician says that the petit Emile cannot live long. It is nearly time for drafting in Paris, or, as it is called, *"tirer au sort,"* and as Emile is twenty years of age, he is liable to be drafted, if his health will permit him to serve in the army. They do not wish him to know the opinion of the physician, who wisely withheld it from him, lest it might shorten his days. That he may remain in ignorance of his condition, it will be necessary that he either run his chance of being drafted or pay 1500 francs beforehand to the Insurance Company, who, in case he is drafted, will provide a substitute and take all the responsibility. If, after paying the money, he is not drafted, or should die, so much the better for the company. If, on the contrary, he runs the risk and is drafted, he will be obliged

to go or to pay from 2500 to 3000 francs, or perhaps more, for a substitute for whom he must be responsible in case of desertion.

Madame told me of some things in her religion that did not please her; the frequent calls for money, the convents, and the celibacy of the priests. She says some time ago there was a convention of priests to take a vote that should decide whether they could marry. All the old priests voted for it, and the young ones against it, and the latter, being in the majority, ruled. Madame Ducrot seems to be rather an independent thinker for a Roman Catholic, as regards her religion, other matters as well. She reads books notwithstanding they are prohibited, and one day said, "You don't think Mademoiselle Stanton, that I believe the Eucharist is the real body of Christ, do you?" I told her that I supposed it was a fundamental belief in the Catholic religion, which separated it widely from Protestantism as protestants believe it is simply a symbol. "That is what I believe" responded Madame Ducrot. "Well Madame Ducrot I think you are a Protestant;" such an idea seemed rather startling to her and she exclaimed — "Oh, no! I am not a Protestant. I am a Catholic." Very well Madame then I am a Catholic! I think it would be a good thing for you to go to your priest about it, for I do not believe he would think you a Catholic.

Thursday, January 21

Went to walk with Mademoiselle Hélène this morning a little after nine o'clock. The air was sharp and cold and the fog so thick that the sun looked like a little ball of red fire hanging over the city, but in spite of the fog it was exhilarating, and we ran and scampered like two children, pitied

all who were so unconsciously unhappy as to be asleep in their beds, especially whoever occupied the chamber with the rose curtains that were yet closely drawn on the *Champs Elysées.* On the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Rue de Rivoli, bought some photographs by "Goupil" of pictures at the Louvre.

Paris, in the morning, is like a house being put in order. The streets have to be swept and arranged for the afternoon, and everybody has an air of busy distraction.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. The Emperor and Empress for this reason withdrew from the ball at the Tuileries five minutes before midnight.

At dinner I deliberately called Francine a "stupid ass," having said *"bourrique"* instead of *"borreau,"* much to the amusement of the company, who laid down their forks and indulged in a paroxysm of laughter. Hélène had been suffering with tooth-ache, and the dentist had put a small piece of india-rubber between her teeth to obviate the necessity of having to cut and file them away before filling them. She had endured the pain for two days, declaring at times that she would not bear it any longer. At such times her sister tried to encourage her, by promising that if she would bear it as long as the dentist thought it was necessary, she would give her a present. This evening Hélène was complaining, when Francine in a manner quite solemn said, "Listen, Hélène, listen! You are to bear that, and I shall give you a present; and you are to bear it without complaining; and what is more, listen well, you are not only not to complain, but when I ask you if it hurts you, you are to tell me 'No'!" It was at this point that I attempted to call her a *bourreau* and made the unfortunate mistake. This reminds me of a little anecdote that Hélène told me the other day of one of her American

acquaintances, a Mrs. Stewart, who was presented to the Empress by Gen. Dix, and to the gracious inquiries of her Majesty, *"Combien, Madame, y a-t-il de temps que vous-êtes à Paris?"* responded *"Je suis une ane,"* intending to say, *"Je suis ici depuis une année."*

Friday, January 22

Cold and clear. Read with Hélène a poem entitled "Les Mérites des Femmes" by Jean Baptiste Gabriel Legouvé. This afternoon was left *maîtresse de la maison.* Received five calls during Madame's absence; three English ladies called to inquire about obtaining board here. I set forth the beauties of the establishment to the best of my ability. They expressed their gratitude in humble terms and departed, much to my joy, as I feared the letter I was writing would be too late for the mail. The milkman, who is deaf, next called at the kitchen door, and I hunted about for some time in Louise's domain to find a bowl. After him, came the celebrated Curé de Toulon, who is the Confessor of the Empress and has been decorated. I responded, *"Madame est sortie"* to his question, *"Est-ce que Madame Ducrot est chez elle?"* He expressed his disappointment and presented his card, having first taken the precaution to turn down one end of it to show that he had left it in person, instead of sending it by a servant.

Saturday, January 23

Very cold. Read, wrote, and studied. Francine is out of sorts this evening, doesn't love anybody, not even the *cocotte.* Talked about the Quakers and the Shakers. Francine admires the latter sect and thinks she would like to join them. Gave a lesson in English this evening to Hélène and the petit Emile.

Sunday, January 24

Bright and cold. The subject of Dr. Robinson's sermon was a continuation of his text of last Sunday morning, Acts 7:59, "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." This is the verse upon which there have been so many theological discussions. He compared the prayer of Stephen to the prayer of Christ. The prayer of Stephen turned a Saul into a Paul.

Dr. Robinson mentioned the fact that he was about to send the report of the establishment of the church on the Rue de Berri with a list of its members, which at present number sixty, to be printed, and he suggested that as it will not be ready till after the first of next month, any who had the intention of becoming a member would do well to present himself at the next communion, that the names also might appear with the others in this first list. In the afternoon a stranger preached who sacrificed his remarks to the correct pronunciation of his words.

Monsieur Emile Lafouge spent the evening at Madame Ducrot's, and Mademoiselle Francine, who is at present much exercised on the point of "dress" for the coming distribution of prizes, which will occur one week from to-day, dressed herself in the costume she intends to wear, that we might see how beautiful she would look; the petit Emile Chapoteau officiating as *femme de chambre*. She is a queer contradiction, a combination of childishness and dignity, vanity and good sense. The more I see of her the less I feel acquainted with her.

Monday, January 25

Was a few minutes later than usual at the lecture of M. Laboulaye, but although there nearly half an hour before the time, I found the hall filled to overflowing. We were obliged

to sit just at the entrance in the antechamber where we could hear pretty well, but could not keep the thread of the discourse. The antechamber was filled as far out as it was possible to hear his voice, those standing who were not fortunate enough to find chairs.

Monsieur Legouvé, the son of the poet, lectures here occasionally and draws larger audiences than even M. Laboulaye.

The air was bright and invigorating, so that we were not tired on arriving home, although we walked rapidly for an hour and ten minutes. The *Champs Elysées* was full of dust and people. It always suggests a fairy-land with its myriads of children, so gaily dressed and skipping about so full of life. Upon our arrival we found that Louise had *café* and toast ready, and we took it from the little round table in the salon. The Chapoteaus spent the evening here and brought with them a niece of Madame Chapoteau, who has just buried her mother. Her sisters are nuns, and she, the youngest, is alone with her father and three little brothers. Her father is not kind to her, and, although very wealthy, she is not happy. She wishes to become a nun so that she may be with her sisters, poor child!

Tuesday, January 26

There is a proverb in France in reference to the weather to-day:

"St. Paul la claire journée
Nous annonce une bonne année;
S'il fait des brouillards,
Mortalité de toutes parts;
S'il pleut ou s'il neige,
Cherté sur la terre;
S'il fait du vent,
Nous aurons la guerre."

It is freezing cold, but bright and clear. Had to break the ice in my washbowl before I could take a bath. Sat by the fire but could not keep warm. Madame Ducrot has been singing for our edification some of the popular songs of the country; one, "Le Juif Errant," three verses of which I will copy, as they contain the whole legend:

"Un jour près du Calvaire
Jésus portant sa croix
Me dit tout de bon air,
Passant devant chez-moi
'Veux-tu bien, mon ami
Que je repose ici?'

"Moi, brutal et rebel,
Je lui dis sans raison,
'Ote-toi, criminel,
De devant ma maison!
Avance et marche donc!
Car tu me fais affront.'

"Jésus, la bonté même,
Me dit en soupirant,
'Tu marcheras toi-même,
Pendant plus de mille ans;
Le dernier jugement
Finira ton tourment.' "

Wednesday, January 27

Freezing cold. In the evening we had a dinner party of *demoiselles* only, Madame Ducrot going to dine with Madame Chapoteau. In addition to our own number were Mesdemoi-

selles Pigot, Juliette Chapoteau, and her cousin, Emilie Rochu. Hélène tried to induce her mother to allow her to invite the petit Emile, assuring her she would go to the *enfers* if she was so unkind as to refuse, but without avail. Madame was unflinching in her denial. The dinner-party passed off gaily; Hélène, making the most of her moustache for the occasion, offered me her arm to conduct me to the salle-à-manger, while the others, following our example, came in "two by two in couples, etc." Disposed of a bottle of rare wine sent by Madame Pigot in honor of the occasion. Mademoiselle Francine was possessed with a mania for proposing the health of her *parrain*. I came very near inquiring of her if he was the gentleman she had spoken of as having the same shape as a tumbler; but she made eyes at me in time for me to abridge my remarks before any mischief was done, and informed me afterwards that he is a near relative of Mademoiselle Rochu.

After the sweet wine had been passed around, Mademoiselle Hélène, in her capacity of gentleman, called for cigars, when Louise, who is not behindhand in wit and originality, immediately, and to the surprise of the company, set a little plate full, of what seemed to be the articles demanded, in front of Hélène. Upon a closer inspection, they proved to be the ends of salisfy, which were most excellent counterfeits of cigars. The evening passed in charades which were remarkably fine, considering that they were impromptu. The most distinguished actors were Mademoiselle Hélène and Monsieur Henri Pigot, for the gentlemen had made their appearance after dinner. Both showed really remarkable talents. One of the words was *Militariment*.

Thursday, January 28

The weather has moderated. Walked down the Avenue

Joséphine with Ellie, who took the omnibus Chateau d'Eau to call for Francine at the *École de Dessin.* The petit Emile dined here. Hélène was much distressed that her mother had not ordered a chicken or something else besides beef, which he does not eat. She assured her mother that she was more convinced than ever that she would go to the *enfers.* Emile is a great favorites of Hélène's, but her mother does not like him much. He is ill now, and Francine is gracious, as she fears he will not live long.

Later in the evening, we were joined by Madame Chapoteau and Juliette. Hélène received a call from a young lady whom she has recommended to some English ladies for a governess. She came to express her thanks. This young lady is an orphan with no near relatives; she has a fine education and is a superior pianist, but is very poor, having been left with only a small fortune which is now all gone. She has been here before, and my sympathies were excited in her behalf, as she was trying to get pupils but had had no success. She had been obliged to sell some articles of furniture left her by her parents, in order to raise money to pay her board.

After her departure, Hélène made some tea for the petit Emile, and while he was drinking it, sitting on a little tabouret at her feet, she watched him with sad eyes. Presently she turned to me and said in English, that the others might not understand "I am very unhappy." I asked "Why?" and she said, "Because Emile will die," and after a moment added, "I love him better than he loves me; tell him so." I did as I was bade. At first he did not understand. and repeated the words very slowly, and when he at last comprehended, he smiled and said, "O petite tante!" the name by which he always addresses her.

Friday, January 29

Rainy in the morning. Mild and sunny in the afternoon. Hélène informed me at breakfast that we had no word in our language that expressed the idea of the French word, *"Patrie,"* as I was bemoaning the want of a word to express "home." Francine breakfasted at home and amused herself and the rest of us by sporting several English words. With spoon in hand ready to officiate, she looked up inquiringly and said, "Tatoes, mees? Tatoes, dear?" The Cocotte delights to get into the dining-room at meal time. He climbs up on Madame Ducrot's dress and perches himself on her back-hair comb and overlooks the table. If Louise is not visible he calls "Louise! Louise!" as he seems to think her place is in the dining-room, waiting on us while at table.

Saturday, January 30

Père Bouton called this morning in response to a letter written him by Hélène, in reference to some poor people who are suffering with cold this winter. Madame Ducrot received his visit and after his departure pronounced him a *bavard.* Mademoiselle Michel called and gave me a *carte d'entrée* for two to the concert of Monsieur Eugène Ketterer, the celebrated musical composer and pianist, next Saturday evening. Monsieur Ketterer receives pupils at twenty-five francs the lesson. Juliette has had a present of a beautiful basket-satchel lined with blue satin, to hold her squares of embroidery, and she is delighted with it.

Sunday, January 31

A superb day, so warm that a fire would be superfluous. Dr. Robinson continued his discourse upon Stephen, the

martyr. Saw Mr. Griswold at the close of the service, who informed us there was a package at his house for us. He came from London last night in company with Dr. Robinson and had a very rough passage.. Dr. Robinson gave us in the afternoon a view of Egypt from the top of the great Pyramid, where he left us in his last discourse on this subject. Egypt from this point is like a narrow green ribbon designed on a sand-plain. His text was from Hosea 9:6 "Egypt shall gather them up; Memphis shall bury them." Memphis is a great burying-ground. History was born on the night when the Israelites escaped from Egyptian rule. The people are idle, lazy, and degraded. There is no inducement for them to be anything else, for there is no law, no justice. Should they be thrifty and lay up money it would do them no good; it would only increase their taxes. The government claims nine-tenths of all they possess, and the remaining tenth is not much; besides, an Egyptian with money is sure to be arrested on suspicion, and falsely accused if a just accusation is wanting. They are little better than slaves. He has seen an English boy strike with a whip a grown man, who annoyed him by holding out his hand for "bucksheesh," and the Egyptian would slink off like a dog without offering the least resistance. After an adieu to the Sphinx, he left Egypt with no regrets. There was in his heart a feeling of sadness and desolation during all his stay there, and he could not throw it off. The songs of the country seem like wails of grief; it is impossible to catch the air; the minor tones occur much more frequently than in our music. The only national hymn, written in a minor key, is the "Welcome to the Sultan" — a wail from beginning to end. It was rejected from an opera into which it had been introduced by a great composer, because it was too sad. In spite of its mutilated appearance, the Sphinx still

inspires us with a feeling of, — not exactly reverence; but there is something in the human mind that cannot regard with a feeling of indifference what has once been worshipped as a god by a human soul. One is lost in contemplating it solely as a relic of antiquity. The Jews were accustomed to allude to "the days of our Father, Abraham" as a period of most remote antiquity, and they took up stones to cast at our Saviour because he said "Before Abraham was I AM," and this god was made by hands that had mouldered to dust long before Abraham was heard of!

On returning home we found the family just arrived from witnessing the Prize Distribution at Monsieur Levasseur's *École de Dessin.* Francine was agreeably surprised just before the close of the exercises at receiving the prize of honor! The prizes are given by the "Ville de Paris," and one of the mayors of the city officiates at the awarding.

Monday, February 1

Very windy. After an early breakfast we started for the *Collège de France.* The wind blew furiously as we walked down the *Champs Elysées,* and just as we reached the Rue de Berri it began to rain; when we arrived at the omnibus-station, Mademoiselle Francine's courage failed her, and she decided to return home. I concluded that such a disagreeable experience of weather demanded some compensation; so we left poor Francine in the office, smoothing her ruffled plumage, and continued on our way rejoicing, as the rain ceased and the sun came out before we left the omnibus. Arrived before noon and found a professor in the chair. He finished in about five minutes, and we were fortunate enough to find our favorite seats. The lecture-room was crowded

as usual. When Monsieur Laboulaye entered, he was received with cheers, but they were immediately succeeded by hisses and audible whispers of "Salle numéro 7!" Monsieur said there were two very strong reasons why "salle numéro 7" was not used. First, it was very *sourde* and difficult for the professor to speak in, and second, there was no *entrée* especially for ladies. These reasons seemed to be satisfactory, and the lecture went on uninterrupted excepting now and then by the usual manifestations of applause. Monsieur Laboulaye seems to ignore the presence of the ladies, always opening his remarks with "Messieurs," unless to indulge in a little sarcasm at their expense, at which time he accompanies his remarks with a glance of the eye, that the appreciation may fall in the right direction. We decided not to walk home, as it was too windy. Louise had gone to Mr. Griswold's for our package and Madame Ducrot prepared our lunch for us.

Tuesday, February 2

Père Bouton called again and said several persons were killed yesterday by things blowing on them; workmen were blown from the stagings of buildings where they were employed, and some large trees were broken off. This afternoon Mrs. Gleason called; said she indulged in a good cry yesterday on my account. She thought I came myself in a carriage for the package and would not come in. She feared I must be offended at something but did not know what it could be. She did not know about the package being given to Louise, until she had gone, and their servant-girl, who is very stupid, gave her the card I had given to Louise with Mr. Griswold's address on one side, that she might have no difficulty in finding the way. I had not intended to have her leave the card.

When Mrs. Gleason took her leave, I put on my hat to accompany her, as the day was very beautiful, but met Madame Chevalier as we were walking up the avenue, coming to call on me. I was about to return, but she suggested that we all walk along together. So we accompanied Mrs. Gleason as far as the *Place des Ternes* on the Ave. Wagram, and then Madame Chevalier returned with me, but said she must not go in as it was more than half-past five, and she had a new girl, Anna having become so very impudent that she was obliged to send her away. I was so "hung on" to Madame that I retraced my steps and walked with her as far as the turn of the avenue, where we finally said good-bye.

Wednesday, February 3

Hélène came home laden with compliments for her sister, in reference to the grace with which she conducted herself at the prize distribution. Judge "Perkings" says she was like a "*cygne parmi les oies.*" They say the Judge is "fou," and that he admires and compliments Francine, for the express purpose of making Evelyn Bailey feel bad. He and Mademoiselle Hélène are always saying sharp things and do not like each other very well. Hélène always takes sides against him when a difference of opinion occurs in company, especially when he appeals to her. To-day when she went to give Miss Eva her lesson, he congratulated her upon having a sister so talented, graceful and beautiful, all of which was very agreeable to Hélène. In the course of his remarks, he asked what was the difference in their ages; to which Hélène answered, "Treize mois." When he remarked, "Treize ans! I did not think there was so much difference as that," and Hélène is not quite certain whether he really misunderstood her or

whether he intended to be malicious and retaliate for some of her impertinences.

Wrote all day. Practised gymnastics in the evening with Hélène and Francine.

Thursday, February 4

Fine day. Went out with Ellie to buy trimmings for her dress. With difficulty succeeded in making our purchases. Have received an invitation to a soirée at the Pigoton's next Thursday. Gymnastics in the evening.

Friday, February 5

Lovely day. At *déjeuner,* Madame Ducrot told us of some of her adventures with a little *bourrique* that her husband gave her. The animal as a general thing was well-behaved, but once or twice she was brought to grief by reason of its obstinacy. She was living in the country at this time and was in the habit of riding to church on the back of the little beast, as the distance was too long to walk. She always rode past the church door to the stable, where the curé's servant stood ready to "put up" the animal during the service, always giving it a piece of bread. One Sunday she started for Mass as usual, her servant Jeannette accompanying her on foot. She was late; the Mass had commenced. As she attempted to pass the door of the church which was open, the little beast spied the servant of the curé who was standing in the aisle listening to the service, and in spite of Jeannette's efforts behind pulling him back, and her own to dismount, the animal persisted in entering the church and running up the aisle, much to the amusement of the assembled company and her own chagrin, to obtain the accustomed morsel of bread!

At another time, she was accompanied by her husband

on horseback and a man-servant, when they came to a small stream which it was necessary for them to ford. The *bourrique* was unwilling to go on and paused at the brink, but by dint of coaxing, driving, and pushing, he was at last induced to proceed. On arriving in the middle of the stream, as if in deliberate retaliation, he threw her into the water, where she was completely soaked up to the chin.

After *déjeuner* went out for a promenade. We noticed on the *Champs Elysées* that a panic had seized the promenaders. Some of the gentlemen suddenly ran to the edge of the sidewalk and took off their hats. The carriage of the Emperor containing the Emperor, the Empress and two gentlemen, was the occasion of the sudden panic. The Empress was gently waving in the breeze in graceful undulations, first towards one side of the carriage and then towards the other.

"Polichinelle" was in "full blast," there being five in different stages of progression just below the Rond Point, performing before as many different audiences. Called at Madame Chevalier's on our return home to engage the services of Angelina for next Tuesday.

Saturday, February 6

The weather-wises say that the winter is over, and we shall have no more cold weather this season. It is warm and spring-like; the birds sing, and the grass is fresh and green; the fishes in the garden have been released from their ice-house and swim about gaily; the trees on this avenue are in blossom, and I hope the weather-wises are right.

Attended this evening the concert, or rather, the "Audition" given by Monsieur Eugène Ketterer in the salons of Monsieurs Pleyel, Wouff & Co., Rue Rochechouart, 22, in company with Monsieur Henri Pigot, and his sister Marie, Hélène

Ducrot, and Juliette Chapoteau. Francine dined at Judge Perkins' and went with the family. The salons were brilliantly lighted. An elegant chandelier with gas-burners resembling wax candles hung from the center of the ceiling, while small candelabra were arranged on both sides along the wall.

The instrumental pieces were compositions of Monsieur Ketterer, sometimes performed by himself and sometimes by his pupils. One of his pupils, Mademoiselle Cantin, whose name was on the program, did not appear, having burned her fingers, and Monsieur Jules Lefort was suffering from a cold, but in spite of it "brought down the house" with his fine voice and graceful rendering of three songs. Mademoiselle Gaillard performed two pieces on the piano with much taste and skill. She was dressed in white lace, a long skirt puffed from top to bottom and an overskirt looped up and trimmed with a spray of green leaves and white chrysanthemums. Her hair, which was dark, was simply dressed, and she had in it several white chrysanthemums on the left side, which might have been taken from the bouquet she held, which she placed on the piano, and seated herself at the keyboard. It was an exceedingly graceful scene, truly French, the concert-room with its crimson-cushioned seats, the gay *toilettes* of the ladies, the brilliant lights of the chandelier, under the full blaze of which was seated the young performer enveloped in a cloud of white, her fingers gliding over the ivory keys. She arose amid the enthusiastic cheers of the listeners, which she acknowledged with a slight inclination of the head, accompanied by a smile and a blush, which made her look doubly charming. She was conducted from the stage by Monsieur Ketterer, who had been sitting beside her during the performance.

After various instrumental pieces, duets on the piano and

violin, Madame Anna Fabre appeared and sang, *"Ce que je suis sans toi"* in a piquant and sprightly manner. She was dressed in black silk, *décolleté,* with a black-lace corsage. She had a bouquet of scarlet flowers with "greens," flowers to match in her hair, a scarlet ribbon at her throat and a scarlet sash tied behind.

Monsieur Oliveres, a Spaniard, sang two songs in his native language, and the entertainment closed with a brilliant "Caprice Militaire" by Monsieur Ketterer.

We talk at home of French politeness as a model to be imitated, but I think, after all, the Americans excel, and as far as my observation has gone, it is at home that the ladies are treated, as a class, with the most deference and respect. While waiting for the concert to begin, I was startled to hear a man, dressed like a gentleman, say in a rough, rude voice, "Par exemple, Madame." On looking around, I witnessed an impromptu scene which reflected no credit as far as politeness is concerned upon any of the actors. It seemed that two young ladies had been occupying seats which they vacated for a few moments, and during their absence one of the seats was taken by a lady who was not probably aware that it was engaged. The young ladies returning and finding but one place, asked the woman to get up. She refused. A man in the same row of seats took the part of the young ladies, and it was his exclamation that had attracted my attention. After refusing for some time to give up the seat, the woman, finding herself the center of quite a little audience that had collected, suddenly rose, and in high indignation, went out of the hall. The young lady, who had been standing, seated herself with an air of triumphant satisfaction, and the gentlemanly-dressed man became tranquil. If such a circumstance had happened at home, I think the gentleman, instead of ordering a lady

out of her seat, would have offered her his own, and the young lady would have sought another place rather than to make herself so conspicuous in demanding even what rightly belonged to her; and no lady would have insisted upon retaining a seat under such circumstances.

We were seated in the front row too near the grand piano for the music to be perfectly agreeable, but had an excellent place for seeing. Mademoiselle Francine came in, followed by Evelyn Bailey and her mother, and soon after they were seated, Judge Perkins arrived. The rest of our party, that is to say, Hélène, Juliette, and Marie Pigot changed their places for seats on the platform with them; but I preferred to remain where I was, and as Monsieur Henri was of the same mind, we sat together and had a pleasant conversation before the music began.

Upon leaving the concert-hall, Miss Bailey was by some accident of vision separated from her mother and the Judge; so when we arrived at the cab-stand, they were nowhere to be seen. Miss Bailey expressed her opinion that papa had done it purposely, though she exhibited no uneasiness at being left. When we returned to search for them, it was decided that Hélène and Juliette should take a carriage and accompany Miss Bailey home, and the rest of us, Monsieur and Mademoiselle Pigot, Francine and I, should take another and go directly home. We arrived safely. Francine and I were deposited on the *Rue de Ville Juste* where we rang the bell at the *"grande porte"* many times and waited at least ten minutes before the *concierge* opened it for us. When we had traversed about half the garden, we heard another ring and the voices of Hélène and Juliette. They found Judge and Mrs. Perkins just descending from their carriage when they arrived at Miss Bailey's residence, Mrs. Perkins in tears with

fright at having to return without her daughter, for the Judge was very unkind, and when she had objected to getting into the carriage until Evelyn was found, said, "Very well, you may stay and hunt alone, but I shall go home!" It was after one o'clock when I retired with *mal à la tête* and *mal au coeur* with weariness and excitement.

Sunday, February 7

Superb day. The commencement of the Carnival. Awoke with a sick headache, but went to church in spite of it. The avenues were filled with people who had assembled to witness the procession of the *Boeufs Gras.* On our return the procession was just resting on the *Champs Elysées.* In a carriage trimmed in brilliant colors was the center of attraction in the shape of a fat ox. This was followed by another, filled with musicians in carnival costume. Met several harlequins in masks promenading at large, and the street was crowded with soldiers and various vehicles containing men, women, and children "bedecked and bedizened" in fancy costumes, the most showy that could be invented. We were detained several minutes by the crowd, but after a while the procession continued to move, the crowd became less dense, and we made the best of our way home.

Communion in the afternoon. The services were exceedingly interesting. Dr. Robinson seemed almost inspired. He always has an illustration at hand right to the point. Explained the word "Communion" by this illustration: He had seen a mother and child, both intelligent, sitting together in the twilight, or by the firelight, each happy in the society of the other, neither speaking a word, each feeling the presence of the other and enjoying it silently. They were communing with each other. Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to speak

of the moments in the morning on awaking, when his mind was free from the more profound thought that came with the day, as his "simmering season." The word "comfort" can be translated into no other language. After service, stopped to speak with Mrs. Gleason and Mr. Griswold.

Manday, February 8

Windy. Did not go out. The Abbé Simon dined here. It is his farewell visit before leaving for his missionary labors in Cochin China. He had on his long black frock, the livery of his office, and before sitting down to the table crossed himself with much fervor, repeating the ceremony on rising.

While we were at table, Juliette and the petit Emile came in. The Abbé Simon gave to his friends some of his photographs which had been recently taken. To-day there are two *boeufs gras* paraded about the streets, it being the second day of the carnival.

Tuesday, February 9

Very windy. The *boeufs gras,* which are increased to the number of three, are received at one o'clock at the Palace of the Tuileries; this is the crowning ceremony. To-morrow they are to be killed. In the killing of animals in France, a prize is awarded to the one who can kill them by causing the least suffering.

We are all invited to a soirée at the Pigots' this evening. The petit Emile has bought a new suit of clothes for the occasion, even to a pair of kid gloves, for the Pigots are very ceremonious. He came in for a few minutes quite metamorphosed in his blue cravat and "new fixin's" and looked, if possible, handsomer than usual. "Angelina," Madame Chevalier's sewing-girl, came this afternoon to work for us. I did not

go to the Pigots', as I felt rather "pindling," but had a quiet evening with Madame Ducrot, who told us about the good times that Lulu and Nora and the rest of them had in the country last summer. Examined the shells and other curiosities on the what-not, where there is an interesting collection. Madame Ducrot finished the cushion-covering which she has been embroidering. The cushion is of rose-colored satin trimmed with a border of wide, scalloped lace, and after the embroidered top was laid on, finished with a ruching of wide satin ribbon the same shade as the satin covering. It is very elegant. They say the Empress has one like it.

Wednesday, February 10

Accompanied Madame Ducrot and Francine to church. We were joined by Madame Chapoteau on the Rue de Ville Juste, who walked along with us.

The church is small, and as we entered, the odor of incense was quite overpowering. There were the usual ceremonies, the jingling of the little bell, risings up and kneelings, sittings down and crossings, while the priest recited the Mass at the altar. In the meantime, a woman went round collecting the rent for the chairs, two sous each, and after that a priest, preceded by the "suisse" with his bâton, went up and down the aisles with a velvet bag, which he presented for contributions, saying at the same time "Pour l'église, s'il vous plaît." The last ceremony was performed by the same priest, who wore glasses and had a very benevolent countenance. This ceremony consisted in marking a cross upon the foreheads of the people as they went forward and knelt before him, saying, in Latin as he did so, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." He was attended by an assistant who carried a dish of ashes for him to dip his finger in. The cross on Francine's

forehead was scarcely visible, as she chanced to be the last of one series of dippings, but it was made up on Madame, who was the first recipient of the next dip, and who retired with a very smutty face.

As we arrived home and had accomplished the four flights of stairs, we saw the petit Emile flying up three steps at a time. He came to tell us that he had drawn a *bon numéro* and consequently would not have to be a soldier or buy a substitute. Madame Ducrot bestowed upon him a congratulatory kiss, and he shook hands all around.

Madame Topin came with her baby, a droll-looking little red-faced thing in a cap, and dressed and done up so stiffly that it resembled a stick of wood, or an old-fashioned bed-wrench. Mademoiselle Hélène took entire charge of it when she came in from her lessons, hardly taking time to eat her dinner, and begged her mother to allow her to adopt it, as Madame Topin said she would give it to her. Francine amused us all with her scientific experiments. Practiced gymnastics in the evening, Francine improvising several new gestures, to the amusement of the company.

Thursday, February 11

Sombre and chilly. After *déjeuner,* started with Ellie and Madame Ducrot to visit the Hôtel de Ville. Took the omnibus at St. Philippe du Roule. Was much amused before the omnibus started, at the conversation of a woman accompanied by a girl and a small boy, of whom she seemed to have the charge. She was inclined to let everybody know her affairs, talking in a loud voice to the little boy, who might have been five years old, and was evidently not accustomed to Paris sights, which she busied herself in pointing out and explaining to him as he sat in the lap of the girl, who occupied

the seat nearest the door. He was a pretty boy with a bright, earnest face, and he spoke in a low tone when he asked or answered questions, but the woman always repeated what he said as if to keep the company interested in the conversation. Suddenly she exclaimed, "C'était un mot anglais, n'est-ce pas? Avec qui parlez-vous anglais à present, eh?" and she looked around playfully at us as if she had discovered the persons. The omnibus started, and the conversation was lost in the rumbling of the wheels.

At one of the bureaux, a good-natured-looking fat woman presented herself at the door of our omnibus, which was full, and humorously inquired if there was not "encore une petite place." She turned away smilingly to wait for the next conveyance. As we passed by the palace of the Tuileries, noticed a collection of people who were peering through the iron railings, watching the Prince Imperial and another youth of about the same age, who were amusing themselves on the broad graveled walk with their velocipedes. On arriving at the Hôtel de Ville, Madame Ducrot inquired of the *concierge* for Monsieur Montcharmont, a friend of hers, who has an office in the building, and who, she said, would give us tickets of admission. Ran up and down several flights of stairs in vain search for him, and finally found oursevles at the entrée of the grand salon, where we met a guide who informed us that the public had been admitted free for a few days past. We went through the suites of rooms, destitute of all ornaments, where the chandeliers and furniture were muffled up in gray linen. Madame said it was very strange; it was never arranged so before when she had visited it, and there had always been guides to explain whatever was interesting. She made one more attempt at finding Monsieur Montcharmont, which was successful. He explained that, this being the Carnival week,

it was the annual season for admitting the public without tickets, and as last year a great deal of damage had been done, the ornaments broken, and the draperies cut and otherwise injured by mischievous and malicious persons, this year the government had taken precautions against the repetition of such acts, by removing or covering all articles likely to be injured. He advised us to come again the last of the month, when we could see it in all its beauty. While Madame was talking with Monsieur Montcharmont, Ellie and I walked about the courtyard, which is roofed with glass. We admired from different points of view the graceful stairway and the fountain. The basin of this fountain was adorned with fat little marble cupids sporting in the water. One just outside was astride the back of a turtle, which he seemed to be urging into the water.

Went to *La Sainte Chapelle,* but were too late to enter, as we thought we should probably be. On passing the Palais de Justice, our attention was directed to an ancient clock in the wall. During the Revolution, this clock had been walled up to preserve it from injury, and was discovered about eighteen years ago on tearing down the walls to make some repairs. The background on which it is placed is blue covered with gilt *fleurs de lis.*

In the evening Madame Chapoteau, Juliette, and Mademoiselle Montagis came in. Madame Ducrot and I "embroidered" some stockings, Francine read Byron, while Juliette and Mademoiselle Montagis were engaged in fancy work. Madame Chapoteau had a handkerchief tied over one of her eyes and sat in her accustomed seat with her hands folded. Juliette, in spite of all her precautions in bundling herself up in furs and woolen scarfs in order to preserve her

voice from all roughness, has a severe cold. Francine predicts that her fine voice will be the death of her yet.

Friday, February 12

Very windy. Read and wrote. In the afternoon Ellie took my letters to the "bureau de poste" on the Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe. She said she thought there must be a funeral. The post-office was hung in black, which seemed a very strange circumstance, until it occurred to us that some of the "dead letters" were being carried out!

This afternoon a young lady dressed in deep mourning called to invite Madame Ducrot to attend an anniversary service in remembrance of the funeral of her mother, which would be celebrated in the little church near here to-morrow. The young lady lives in the house across the garden with only her dog and her domestics. They say she is out of her head at times, poor girl! She asked Madame Ducrot if she would permit her to come in here sometimes of an evening, for she is so lonely.

Saturday, February 13

Lovely day. Spent the afternoon at the Louvre. First visited the new gallery of sculpture and spent a half-hour with the Venus de Milo who was as beautiful as ever. There were three artists present engaged in copying her. The gallery adjoining the one devoted to this beautiful statue, from which it is separated by heavy red curtains, is presided over at one end by a huge statue of Melpomene, the Muse of tragedy, who holds in one hand a mask. The portion of floor at her feet is of exquisite mosaic, highly polished and separated from the rest by an iron railing. It is an allegorical representation of four great rivers, the Nile, the Po, the Danube, and the

Dneiper, all of which except the Nile have their source in a large earthen pot, which is overturned and serves as an arm-rest to the river-god, who in the form of an old man sits on the bank holding in his hand a cornucopia filled with the fruits and flowers of the surrounding country, while a solitary tree and a few animals, to represent the natural history of the region, complete the picture. The god of the Nile rests his arm upon a Sphinx, who looks as if the source of this mysterious river would never be revealed by him.

Saw Miss Cameron in the picture-gallery, seated behind the iron railing put up to preserve the paintings from injury, having obtained special permission to occupy this position, in order to copy a little picture of a "cuisinière allemande," who is in her kitchen preserving some fowls.

On returning home, was informed that Madame Chevalier had called. Madame Ducrot attended the anniversary service, which she said was quite imposing. Hélène inquired if there was a "cataplasm," meaning to say a "catafalque," in the church. Francine's engravings came to-day, and among them is the one that Miss Cameron is copying at the Louvre.

Francine is out of sorts with the petit Emile, and as Hélène says, "makes the mouths impossible" when he addresses her. She responds with a freezing politeness, and Emile turns to his "petite tante" and is quite oblivious of the presence of Mademoiselle Francine for the rest of the evening.

Sunday, February 14

Lovely day. Hélène gave her sister a severe reprimand at the breakfast-table; to which Francine listened good-naturedly, only telling her sister that she looked *affreuse* in that *robe de chambre,* with her black hair streaking down her

back like a wild Indian. They went to walk in the Bois accompanied by Juliette and her brother, and while they were there, the indignation of Emile and Francine reached its climax; since then there has been a reaction, and they are now the best of friends.

Attended church all day. In the afternoon Dr. Robinson gave an account of his journey from Egypt to Joppa.

Monday, February 15

Cloudy and sombre. After an early breakfast, Ellie and I started on foot for the Collège de France, calling on our way at Bowles and Brothers, bankers. One of the gentlemen of the firm informed us that they had a beautiful painting of Mr. Bierstadt's, and if we would take the trouble to walk upstairs into their picture-gallery, he was sure we should enjoy looking at it as well as at other paintings there. We availed ourselves of his kind permission, though at the risk of being late at the lecture, and spent more than twenty minutes admiring the Bierstadt picture and another of Faust's "Marguerita." I inquired the name of one of Bierstadt's of a lady who was copying it, but she she did not know exactly, saying it was a cascade in California, she believed. One would know, if familiar with the paintings of Bierstadt, that no one but himself could give that peculiar coloring to the sky and the water. It was the Falls of the Yosemite. You feel as if the sun were about to shine out in full splendor and dazzle you. In the foreground is a lake and at the left a cascade that seems almost to fall from the clouds; while in the background is another smaller and more noisy-looking. At the right are some forest trees out from among which several deer are starting as if to drink from the lake, pausing just as they quit the shadows with that sort of

startled air as if listening to make sure they are safe before proceeding farther. Faust's "Marguerita" is almost the size of life. It is the scene where Martha is examining with Marguerita the contents of the jewel-box left in the latter's room by Faust. Marguerita has put on the necklace, but pauses with a sudden thought, as if half-frightened at what she has done, and does not notice the earrings that Martha holds suspended just over the jewel-box, with an expression which seems to say, "And these, too, just look! How can you resist?" The face of Martha is wonderfully good-natured, and Marguerita is beautiful, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. She seems to have just risen from the chair, over the back of which Mephistopheles is leaning watching the scene with a face "devilish cunning." You can hardly decide whether he has hands, or claws. On a careful examination, you would say they were hands, but an after-glance makes you think that after all, they are claws.

Found "*salle numéro* 8 filled when we arrived at the Collège with the exception of the little circular place in which the platform terminates, where we entered with others, when the guard opened the door, and found very good seats. This place was crowded in a twinkling, notwithstanding the expostulations of the guard, who seemed to be in very *mauvaise humeur*. One lady told him to *restez tranquil* when he asked her how she supposed Monsieur Laboulaye was going to get in through such a crowd.

Monsieur Laboulaye, in speaking of the English, said they had settled down upon two ideas: one was that England is the only land of freedom, and the other, which would be the natural consequence of the first, that only Englishmen understood how to make laws which would insure liberty to man. In speaking of the laws of France, he says, "If you

find a law is not good, at least do not canonize it. Always seek for the truth of a matter. She is more ancient than error which hides her."

Returned home, lunched, and dressed ourselves to make some calls. It being reception day at Dr. Robinson's, we concluded to take advantage of the occasion to thank him for his Egyptian discourses. He was not at home, but we saw his wife and sister, whom we found very pleasant and agreeable. Mrs. Robinson is a very pretty lady, refined and distinguished appearing. She was dressed in black, with such a pretty little matronly dress-cap, with pink trimmings to match the bow at her throat. Miss Robinson is charming, just as simple and interesting as her brother, who is the only minister I have found who is worthy to be compared with our good Dr. Wallace. Miss Robinson is going to Italy soon. They live in beautiful apartments on the Avenue de la Reine Hortense. Called also on Madame Chevalier to thank her for lending Angelina. While I was there, Monsieur came in, and it being almost dinner-time we took our leave, after first inviting them to attend the exhibition of pictures by means of the stereopticon, at the Rue de Berri chapel next Thursday evening.

Tuesday, February 16

Lovely day. Clear and cold. This afternoon Ellie went with Madame Ducrot to witness the ceremony of the "Adieux of the Roman Catholic Priests," who leave for foreign lands with the expectation of never returning. One of them, Monsieur l'Abbe Seymour, goes to China. Ellie returned before the ceremony was over, accompanied by Hélène and Francine, as they were unable to see the ceremonies, owing to the crowd.

Received a paper to-day directed to "A. E. Stanton, Esq.," which proved to be the "American Register." It no doubt came from the bankers, Bowles & Co., as they asked permission to register my name yesterday on their book. It contains a list of Americans who are at present in Europe, with their temporary residences. It mentions that Mr. Albert Bierstadt gave a brilliant reception last Thursday evening in his rooms at the Grand Hotel, where Mrs. Bierstadt did the honors with much grace. Also that Mr. Cyrus Field passed through the city last week on his way to Nice, where his family have been spending the winter.

Wednesday, February 17

Lovely day. In the afternoon Monsieur Alourez called to inquire for Mademoiselle Francine, who had been absent from the "Cours" this week in order to get rested and refreshed. Monsieur Alourez is an unclce of Madame Levasseur and a writer and author quite famous, who has been decorated by the Emperor for literary talent. This reminds me of a little incident related by Francine some time ago as having occurred at the "Cours" about the time of the Prize Distribution. A few days before that event, his Honor, the Mayor of Paris, who presided on that occasion, called to visit Monsieur Levasseur's *Ecole de Dessin.* He is a man whose principal asset is his money, and who fawns around his superiors and lords it over those whom he considers his inferiors. While at the school, Monsieur Levasseur began showing him some *dessins,* but as he was called away, Madame Levasseur was left to finish. The Mayor very patronizingly allowed her to entertain him, never offering to assist her when they became disarranged, but looking on with an air as if he would say, "I am doing you great honor, Madame,"

evidently considering it quite a condescension on his part to notice her at all. Madame Levasseur remarked his want of politeness, but, being a perfect lady, kept on in the even tenor of her way without seeming to notice it. The day of the prizes, — as Madame Levasseur who had an address to deliver, was sitting upon the platform in company with the different professors, his Honor the *Mayor* at her side, Monsieur Alourez entered and took his seat with other distinguished persons on the platform, and began talking with Monsieur Levasseur. The Mayor had, until then, considered himself the greatest man present, but spying the decoration upon the coat of M. Alourez, he turned to Madame Levasseur and pompously inquired who the gentleman was who had just entered, wearing the decoration. Madame Levasseur quietly responded, "Monsieur Alourez, mon oncle." The Mayor gave a start of astonishment at the well-known name and exclaimeed, "Votre oncle, Madame!" and with a new interest and visible change in his manner towards Madame Levasseur, who, he began to think, might be somebody of account, respectfully asked, "And were you Mademoiselle Alourez before your marriage, Madame?" Madame Levasseur informed him that M. Alourez was the brother of her mother, and after this, the Mayor did "his possible" to make up for his previous neglect, his attentions making as little impression upon Madame Levasseur as his want of them had upon the niece of Monsieur Alourez.

Thursday, February 18

Cloudy and somber. About half-past one Madame Chevalier called and spent nearly three hours. In the evening went to the stereopticon exhibition, accompanied by Madame Ducrot. Just after we had taken our seats, we spied

Monsieur Chevalier coming down the aisle. When he saw us, he took the seat just behind, so I could interpret the remarks of Dr. Robinson both to him and to Madame Ducrot. He said Madame Chevalier was tired and decided not to come. The exhibition was a failure, the moisture in the atmosphere collecting upon the glass so that many of the pictures appeared to be in a dense fog. Dr. Robinson had warned us beforehand that although it had worked well at home, it might prove to be like those infants whose mammas had taught them a great many cunning little ways, but who refused to repeat them in the presence of strangers when their mammas wished them to do so. He was obliged to give up trying to show his pictures of Egypt, as everything seemed to be in a fog. Some of them, however, were very good. Dr. Robinson remarked to the amusement of all, "It is trying hard to please you; it is all in a perspiration," alluding to the stereopticon when the pictures began to grow indistinct.

As we were leaving the church, we encountered Madame Chevalier much to our surprise, who said she was induced to change her mind, as one of the gentlemen who was boarding with them urged her so earnestly to accompany him. Monsieur Chevalier and Madame walked home with us, as Monsieur said Madame needed to take the air.

Friday, February 19

Lovely day. Dined and spent the evening at the Griswold's and enjoyed our visit very much. The baby has grown astonishingly since we saw her, and is now so large that the clothes of Annie's doll fit her very well.

Saturday, February 20

Went to the Louvre, and, after staying as long as I wished, returned. On my way home went to the Parc de Monceau. While I was sitting on one of the settees, watching the little children at play, an old woman quite well-dressed came along and told me a pitiful story. Her friends were all dead and she had been for some time past in the hospital hoping to be cured of paralysis, but without receiving any benefit. Had sold everything for bread, and expected every day to be turned out of her room for want of money to pay her rent. I pitied the poor woman, as one hand and arm seemed to be completely paralyzed, but her breath smelled very strong of vin extra-ordinaire. After her departure, an old gentleman with an air of being *bien conservé* sat down on the settee and began talking by remarking interrogatively that I must have found that old woman *très-ennuyeuse?* I responded respectfully, but finding him too inquisitive and withal very impertinent, as he informed me I was *très-charmante,* I told him I was accustomed to treat with respect old gentlemen — here he began to gather himself up; — but it was not my habit to talk with strangers. He took his departure immediately not seeming to relish the allusion to his age.

Sunday, February 21

Dr. Robinson preached from Rev. 22:20, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." The Bible ends in a prayer and benediction. Speaking of the appropriateness of such an ending, he said, "I have been told of a church in Canada whose foundations rose into Gothic walls, whose Gothic walls were surmounted by towers, whose towers contracted into steeples, whose steeples narrowed into spires upon whose summits stood an angel whose slender finger still pointed upward."

Sunday School concert in the afternoon. Dr. Robinson gave an account to the children of his visit to the parish of Monsieur Sanglier who is laboring at St. Denis, and who addressed them several weeks ago. Among other things, he said he made a speech to the children there, though it took two to make it, Monsieur Sanglier standing at his side as interpreter. He explained to them the peculiarities of the number 9 and astonished them by asserting that he had seen a man with one-half of his face entirely black! When he had amused himself sufficiently by watching the effect of this, and eliciting from them the opinion that it was one of the strangest sights in the world, he informed them that it would have been, only the other side was just as black!

Dr. Milburn, known as the "blind preacher," will give a course of five lectures at the Rue de Berri Chapel commencing Friday evening. He is trying to have his eyesight restored, at least partially, by a celebrated doctor in Berlin. Found the family at table on arriving home, as I was later than usual.

Monday, February 22

Walked to the *Collège de France* by the quays and found the distance shorter than by the Rue de Rivoli. One of the professors was about concluding his lecture as we arrived. He must have been much disturbed by the new arrivals coming in to secure places for the lecture of Monsieur Laboulaye, but he did not manifest any annoyance and persevered to the end when he was enthusiastically cheered and took his departure. Was much entertained in watching the people as they took their seats, and not a little indignant to see so much impoliteness by ladies who insisted upon keeping places for friends. One refused for some time to remove her

chair to allow another to pass to a vacant seat. When at last she decided to move, the other nearly pushed her over, chair and all, in passing, looking daggers at her in the meantime and even after the lecture had begun.

According to agreement waited at the omnibus-station of *Sainte Philippe du Roule* on returning, for Madame Ducrot, who was so late that we concluded she was not coming, and started for home when we met her just turning the corner of the Rue de Berri. Called at a "jeweler's" establishment and then returned home. Had lunch, read aloud to Madame Ducrot until dinner-time and retired early. Francine, as usual, had an adventure to relate. This time, the hero was a young *"crèvé,"* who had followed her home all the way from the *Ecole de Dessin.*

Tuesday, February 23

Instead of taking a *dictée,* read with Mademoiselle Hélène a little comedy entitled "Le saint François," which is to be performed one of these evenings by *dramatis personae* composed of Hélène, the petit Emile, Francine, Monsieur Henri, and Mademoiselle Pigot. This afternoon Monsieur Chevalier called to bring me "Les Mystères de Paris" and as I shall not probably have time to finish the book before leaving town, he wishes me to keep it as a souvenir.

Francine had a new history to relate to-night of her adventures. This time it was a *billet-doux poètique* which she found on her cloak in the ante-chamber where she had left it for a minute to say "good-night" to Monsieur Levasseur's father and mother.

Wednesday, February 24

Called at Mr. Griswold's to inquire about the tickets to

the lectures of Rev. Mr. Milburn. Little Annie was on her bad behavior, "cutting up" in the most impossible manner. She was finally banished to the bedroom from which she emerged upon hearing us taking our adieux, but was speedily returned by her mamma, who had forbidden her to appear without permission.

Thursday, February 25

A lovely day. Took a walk in the Bois. Found some yellow flowers in blossom. In the evening Ellie and I went to see the "Views in Palestine" at the Rue de Berri Chapel. Just after we were seated, Monsieur Chevalier came in and took a seat with us. The exhibition opened with the portraits of the Imperial family, which were excellent, but, unfortunately, the bag containing the gas leaked, and after a few views, much to the chagrin of Dr. Robinson, he was obliged to announce the close of the exhibition for that evening, "For," said he, "what can a minister be expected to do when he has expended all his gas?" He closed by giving notice of the course of lectures by Rev. Mr. Milburn, commencing to-morrow evening and continuing Tuesdays and Fridays until finished. In the course of his remarks, he used the expression "minister of the Gospel," when Monsieur Chevalier turned to me and asked what it was he was saying about "velocipeded." Just before the assembly was dismissed a vote of thanks to Dr. Robinson was proposed, which terminated in a hearty chorus of "ayes." Monsieur Chevalier asked what that meant, why we were all screaming "aie" as if we were hurt! As it was not nine o'clock, we decided to return by the Madeleine. Stopped before one of the little Kiosks in front of the Grand Hôtel on the Boulevard des Capucins, which are erected at short

intervals all along the boulevards, to get a glimpse of the "Jolie Marchande de journeaux," so famous for her beauty. Her kiosk seemed to be the greatest attraction, and many buy her papers solely to get an opportunity to speak to her. She was chatting with some of her admirers, resting her cheek upon her hand, a position favorable to the display of a rather ponderous bracelet which encircled her arm. They say she "is as wise and good as she is fair." We lingered on the boulevards, looking in at the shop-windows until nearly half-past ten, when we returned by *chemin de fer,* taking the train which arrives in about ten minutes at the foot of the Avenue de l'Impératrice.

There arose a difference of opinion in reference to the Hippodrome; so Monsieur took us up another street just before we arrived at No. 23 to give us a convincing view, which did not shorten the distance home.

Monsieur says the *gamins* at his house are going to leave, and he will not be sorry when they are gone; suggests that we prolong our stay in Paris another month and come to his house.

Friday, February 26

Cloudy and dull. Finished reading "L'Archiprête" by Eugene Sue in the "Echo des Feuilletons."

Saturday, February 27

Went to the Louvre, where I met Miss Cameron who was sketching Murillo's Madonna, having received an order from New York to copy it. We walked across the courtyard of the Louvre together, after which our routes lay in different directions. Called at 35 Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe

but received the information, "Madame est sortie et Monsieur aussi." In passing along the street saw a little French maiden of scarcely three years, coming out of one of the long, paved vestibules which conduct to the courtyards of the houses. She was dressed like the little girls in her class of society, in a closely-fitting white cap and long-sleeved white apron of coarse cotton cloth, gathered into a yoke and completely enveloping her, from neck to heels. Her feet were enclosed in wooden shoes or *sabots,* the clattering of which had attracted my attention. By means of strings clasped tightly in her little fat hands, she was drawing after her a small white lamb on green wheels, looking as innocent as herself, and a small establishment which might have been a "Noah's Ark." She was such a contrast in her simplicity to the little children I had just left on the *Champs Elysées,* dressed in their silks and gay ribbons, velvets, and furs, with their wax dolls and costly playthings, though not a whit less happy, that I enjoyed watching her.

On our way home met, on the Avenue Prince Jerome, Madame, who expressed her sorrow at being out, and as a compensation, accompanied us home. We extended our walk nearly to the Bois de Boulogne, and at last separated at the corner of the avenue. Madame told Ellie not to say *embêtant,* as it was not an elegant expression.

Sunday, February 28

Windy. Text in the morning in Acts 7:55. Afternoon, Acts 8:36. In going to church in the morning, took the small streets to avoid the wind, and progressed very comfortably. In the afternoon to shorten the distance, traversed the Place d'Etoile and passed through the *Arc de Triomphe*

on my way to the *Champs Elysées.* On arriving at the center under the four arches, I felt myself a living personification of the compass being boxed. Such a rush as the wind made, not from any particular quarter but from all points at once, was something fearful! For a moment there seemed to be no way of escape excepting by an upward leap; but after a desperate effort I succeeded in extricating myself from the three winds, but the fourth pursued me all the way down the *Champs Elysées;* and not until I had reached the protecting shelter of the Rue de Berri was I able to walk with any degree of leisure or dignity. "No one ever arrived at any greatness in the world who was afraid of being laughed at," but to be made sport of by the breeze is quite another thing, and I have felt taller and slimmer ever since.

Met the petit Emile and his brother, "le gros Paul" on returning. They looked like faithful disciples of Jean Jacques Rousseau in point of toilet, but Emile touched his hat with the grace of a Chesterfield, though the hat itself was of the style denominated "impossible" by the good Madame Chevalier.

Monday, March 1

Very windy. Received a letter from London which decides that we shall remain in Paris a month longer than we intended, provided we can go to Madame Chevalier's. Did not attend the lecture of M. Laboulaye. Called in the afternoon to see if Madame Chevalier would take us for the next month. She seemed quite as pleased with the idea as we were. There are four chambers free just now, and she says we can have our choice of them, and that Monsieur was talking this very morning about our coming there, and

would be delighted to-night when she told him we were coming.

Lamartine died to-day.

Tuesday, March 2

Suunshine, clouds, wind, hail and snow; a day when the French say "Le diable bat sa femme." Wrote, and read in "Les Mystères de Paris." A furious hailstorm attracted me to the window, where Madame Ducrot soon joined me. In a few minutes the roofs of the concierge's lodge and the other buildings in the vicinity, that were not grown-up were covered with snow, and the garden looked beautiful, the green grass contrasting with the white snow and hail. The fire spluttered and "fumed" as when "fire is with water commixed and commingled," as the hail and sleet came rattling down the chimney. Madame Ducrot, after expressing the hope that neither of her daughters was out in the tempest, added with a sigh, "Les pauvres petits oiseaux sont bien malheureux dehors dans ce temps-ci." I never saw anyone who seemed to love birds as she does. She is quite a naturalist in this department, and can tell you of the different birds, their habits and their plumage. She has a glass case full of eggs which she collected in her childhood, and shells that would grace a museum.

Wednesday, March 3

Winter seems to be rousing up to a realizing sense that "the velvet foot of Spring" is encroaching upon his realm, and is making up for lost time by an unusual display of severity.

Francine has taken her first lesson in shell-designing and finds the work so *difficile* that she is almost discouraged.

Showed us to-night how the reverse side of the shell is made after the opening is sketched.

Thursday, March 4

Mi-Carême. The Fête day of the blanchisseuses. Did not go out. The Chapoteaus dined here. The "Gros Paul" and the petit Emile do not resemble each other in the slightest. In the evening the company was increased by Mademoiselle Marie Pigot, her two brothers and Mademoiselle Montagis. The "Comédie" was rehearsed, to the infinite amusement of all spectators, the feather duster flourishing conspicuously, not only in its proper capacity but very gracefully holding itself inverted in a perpendicular position in the rôle of a bouquet of flowers. Francine gave me one of her studies, a copy of "Diane et la Biche," a piece of statuary at the Louvre. The body of Lamartine, which has been lying in state, was interred to-day.

Friday, March 5

Windy and rainy. Francine remained at home copying an engraving, arranging the white flowers in the hair of the principal figure; an afternoon's work, but done so beautifully that the copy is handsomer than the original. At *déjeuner* Francine related a little incident to illustrate her faithfulness as an instructor. It happened in England during her sojourn in the capacity of companion and teacher of French, in the family of a Mr. Fields, who, by the way, trace their line of descent directly from Oliver Cromwell. One evening, just before the gas was lighted, she and Mary Fields were chasing each other about the house for exercise. As Mary was running with all her speed towards her chamber to elude Francine, who followed in full chase, she

was suddenly arrested in her wild career by encountering the door, which in the uncertain light she thought to be open, and giving her nose so severe a blow that it began to bleed profusely. Francine ran for a washbowl while her unfortunate companion, almost fainting from the pain, sank upon the floor exclaiming, "O, ma pauvre nez!" Francine, faithful to the last, turned and said, "*Mon* nez, Mary, nez est masculin;" at which poor Mary, in spite of her sufferings, could not help laughing and at the same time reproaching her with being *sans coeur*.

The *concierge* of the house at the other end of the garden died very suddenly of gout. She was sitting in her chair, as well as usual, and in ten minutes was dead. The attack was so sudden that she died before the doctor could arrive.

Madame Chapoteau and Juliette came in this afternoon to sit awhile. Juliette sang several pieces. Practised gymnastics just before going to bed, with Hélène and Francine. Hélène had on a little red petticoat and gray sack, and looked exactly like a wild Indian as she danced about. She gave us a lesson in "natation" which was exceedingly amusing.

Saturday, March 6

Francine at home, busy on her picture. Wrote my *dictée*, read and studied. Had for breakfast artichokes which Hélène gave me a lesson in eating. They look like the green ends of pineapples as they are brought on the table, and are served with a white sauce.

Hélène said Evelyn Bailey had told her that it was customary for young ladies in America to throw kisses and bouquets to the soldiers; a thing that in France is so *peu con-*

venable that she wished to know if it was true, as Miss Bailey recounts so much that is extraordinary and fabulous.

Hélène gave me an account of the Triumphal reception of the French soldiers in Paris in 1858, on their return from their victorious campaign in Italy. Temporary *Arcs de Triomphe* were erected on the principal boulevards and one of them arranged by means of strings and pulleys in such a manner that when the Emperor passed under on horseback, an eagle flew down, holding in its talons a laurel-wreath which it deposited upon his head where it rested for an instant, when the bird with its symbol of victory flew up again and the Emperor passed on. She finished her description with a *petite histoire* at her mother's expense, to which Madame Ducrot listened, sometimes shaking with laughter and saying, "C'est vrai," and again exclaiming "Quelle bêtise!"

As we sat at the table after dinner discussing whether one could have an air *distingué* and be at the same time *laid,* the door-bell rang, and Monsieur Chevalier was announced. He came to ask us which of the chambers at his house we preferred, and in order to decide the question, Ellie and I went with him for a walk down the *Champs Elysées* and the boulevards, returning, as we did the other evening, by *chemin de fer* to the foot of the Avenue de l'Impératrice. He says the recent interment of Lamartine was *triste.* The Emperor wished to have him buried with state honors, and had he been, the ceremonies would have been imposing; but before his death the poet expressed his wish to be buried simply and unostentatiously. So he was taken quietly to his estate at St. Point. Lamartine was an intimate friend of the mother of Monsieur Montcharmont, to whom I have before alluded.

On emerging from the station of the *chemin de fer,* on our way home, we went a short distance down one of the avenues in the Bois, but it looked so dark and somber that we retraced our steps and walked up the broad part of the Avenue de l'Impératrice until we arrived home. Found the petit Emile just taking his leave. Broke the news of our coming departure gently to Madame Ducrot and her daughters and retired.

Sunday, March 7

Communion Sabbath. Dr. Robinson took occasion to inform the people that the church was not Presbyterian, as many seemed to have the idea it was, but Union in every sense of the word, the members being made up of all the religious denominations, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and Episcopalians as well as Presbyterians. His sermon in the morning and discourse in the afternoon were, as usual, excellent. Gethsemane means wine-press. "He trod the wine-press alone." He tried to impress on the members of the church the necessity of cultivating the grace of liberality.

It was difficult traversing the *Champs Elysées,* for the horses and carriages were innumerable. As I stood upon the curbstone, not so much for the purpose of "curbing my emotions" as to wait for an "opening," a young man in a blue blouse came along, and seeing that I was waiting, exclaimed, "Attendez, Mamselle!" and rushing before me cleared the way so effectually by waving his arms and shouting that I passed over in triumph and my *avant-coureur,* not waiting to be thanked for his good-natured act, disappeared in the crowd.

Monday, March 8

Cold. Breakfasted early, as usual on Monday morning, to

be in season at the "Cours." On arriving at the Collège and looking in at the door of Salle No. 8, saw no vacant places but found several on going to the other door. My indignation was excited anew before the lecture began, on witnessing the impoliteness of the ladies present. I was never in my life in a company who made any pretentions to being well-bred, so rude and even insolent as are the feminine portion of Monsieur Laboulaye's audience. Some of them will occupy and conceal two or three seats, never making the slightest movement for the accommodation of a new-comer unless it chances to be one of their friends, and the selfishness they exhibit is really shocking. The lecture to-day was on the formation of the Constitution, commencing in 1789, just before the taking of the Bastille, and extending to 1791. The great question was whether the Government should consist of two chambers or only one. If of one, the danger was that this body, constituted for the benefit of the people, should usurp too much power, until it would seem that the people were made for the benefit of the Chamber; and here came another *coupe de griffes* for the benefit of the ladies, in the way of an illustration to the effect that, as formerly dresses were made for the ladies; now it would seem the ladies were made for the dresses! He related an anecdote of Washington and Jefferson apropos of this. One day Washington invited Jefferson to breakfast with him for the purpose of discussing this question. As they were drinking their tea, Washington without ceremony deliberately poured his out into a saucer to cool; but Jefferson, in the heat of the discussion, without regarding the temperature of the beverage, swallowed the contents of his cup all at once and then called out that he was scalded. Washington in reply exclaimed, "Hold there! the argument for one Cham-

ber is finished. My saucer is the second Chamber which cools off the heat of the first!''

Francine says that Monsieur Laboulaye does not approve of ladies attending his lectures, and she is sure if he had his way about it, there would be no seats reserved for them. Whether she is right or not, he certainly ignores their presence, always opening his remarks with the single word, ''Messieurs.''

Returned by omnibus, stopping on the Faubourg St. Honoré to do a little shopping. Hélène dined at the Chapoteau's, and at half-past eight Francine went to spend the evening there.

Tuesday, March 9

Found it snowing fast this morning and quite a little bank piled up against my window. The astronomers predict very cold weather from now to the end of April. Finished ''Marion Delorme'' from the ''Théâtre de Victor Hugo'' and spent the day indoors reading, writing and studying. Hélène was in a very theatrical mood when she came in to dinner, uttering all her remarks in a highly declamatory style, much to the grief of her mother, who regarded her unusual gaiety as a certain forerunner of illness for the morrow. The war between France and Russia was the result of the refusal of the Emperor Alexander to address Napoleon III. as ''Mon Cousin,'' so says Hélène.

Wednesday, March 10

Clear and cold. A quiet day. Francine busy on her picture. She spent more than five hours on the face of the little girl who is drawing a lamb about the room, but she has improved on the original and is satisfied with everything except

ing the nose, which is rather too square. The Père Berchot came with the incense I had ordered, but it did not prove to be the right kind. Ellie and Madame Ducrot went out to walk and ordered some *petites tournures* to be sent up for me to select from. While they were out, read aloud to Francine from "Les Mystères de Paris" the account of the "famille Morel." Madame Topin called to see if they were needing her services. Says that Madame Sarroco is afraid she will die suddenly, as the *concierge* did, and so goes to walk every day instead of riding.

Thursday, March 11

This morning on entering the *salon* found Francine at her drawing and Hélène sitting before the fire writing a letter. She asked me if I wished to hear some news about my *élève* and proceeded to inform me that the petit Emile was *gris* last evening, having breakfasted with one of his friends. Such a circumstance seems to be regarded in quite a different light from what it is at home. Instead of feeling bad, they seemed highly amused, and when I asked if his mother was *contente* when he was so excited and said such out-of-the-way things, they said, "Yes, she laughed." The petit Emile came in this evening to see about the "Comédie" and was prevailed upon to stay to dinner. He had rather a serious air, quite becoming to a young man the day after being *gris*. We discussed character. Francine doesn't like people who change their minds.

In the evening the young ladies went to Monsieur Pigot's to rehearse the Comédie. Madame Ducrot told me the legend of "Le Pont du Diable" at Toulon. This bridge was constructed by the Romans and was a work of great difficulty, the *Arroux* being very rapid at this point. The legend is this:

The inhabitants of Toulon, feeling the need of a bridge, set about its construction, and after surmounting many difficulties, had the satisfaction of seeing it completed; but the morning after, to their chagrin and astonishment, they found it in ruins. Nothing daunted, they repaired it, and the second time the morning revealed it in the same extraordinary state of demolition. Repairs were again made, but with no better results. The "bailli" with the principal men of the town met to talk the matter over, and it was unanimously agreed that further efforts would be useless, as evidently there was some supernatural power working against them. Just at this point a stranger appeared, and said he would promise them a solid bridge and one that would last forever, which should be completed that same night on one condition, viz., that the *bailli* should give him the first soul that should pass over it after its completion. This proposal, so extraordinary, was not accepted without much deliberation, but it was finally decided that to get along without the bridge was an impossibility, and the proposition was accepted. The morning-light revealed to the delighted gaze of the beholders a bridge with an air of solidity which promised to be everlasting. Now came the question of who was willing to go to the Devil, for there was not the shade of a doubt as to who the stranger-architect was, and he was already on the other side waiting for his prize. The victim was decided upon, and amidst the triumphant shouts of the assembled multitude, which drowned his cries of terror, was placed at the commencement of his fatal journey, and, finding all attempts at resistance useless, rushed madly and distractedly to the end. The unfortunate victim was a dog with a saucepan tied to his tail!

Sat up till nearly midnight to listen to Francine's account of her reception at the Chapoteau's, where she and her

sister went according to agreement to call for the petit Emile. She was in a state of indignation quite excusable under the circumstances.

Friday, March 12

Very cold. A quiet day, passed in the salon with Madame Ducrot, the *cocotte* and Francine, who is still engaged on her picture. She became quite disgusted with it this afternoon and declared that she would never finish it; she was tired of it. So now she has consigned it to her large portfolio of *dessins* and placed it behind the piano, wishing she may never see it again. Received letters from London and America, the former containing the delightful news of the Warners' safe arrival and Georgie Warner's return.

The concierge came up to-day on the part of the *propriétaire,* as she said, to complain that there was too much noise here. Madame Ducrot is quite indignant, as the noise proceeded from the *cuisine* where Louise is chopping meat. This is the second complaint, the other being in reference to so much practice on the piano, which disturbed a nervous gentleman in the apartment below. To-morrow we go to board at Madame Chevalier's.

Saturday, March 13

Spent most of the day until four o'clock in packing. When we were all ready we sent Louise to tell the concierge to call a cab and then went to the salon to say good-bye to Madame Ducrot and Francine. Hélène had been to our room before going out, to say "au revoir," "bientôt," etc. Found Mademoiselle Michel in the salon and Francine in quite a high state of excitement over a Greek Prince, a friend of Mademoiselle Michel, who had taken a great fancy to Francine's

photograph, and to whom Mademoiselle Michel had promised to introduce her. It is supposed to be the opening of most brilliant prospects for the future, not altogether surprising, as Francine's mamma always said her daughter had the "air of a Princess." Mademoiselle Michel is very interesting in conversation. Francine says she talks like a book, her words are so well chosen. She is a *belle femme,* and though over eighty years of age, would not be taken for more than sixty.

After we had waited more than half an hour, the carriage was at last announced, and in a short time we found ourselves at our old home, 35 Rue de l'Arc de Triomphe, where we were warmly received by Madame Chevalier, who conducted us to the room occupied last winter by Mrs. Hubbard. It looked pretty and inviting with its fresh *mousseline* curtains and dark blue hangings. In one of the windows was Mr. Lampman's pet easy-chair, a perfect "sleepy-hollow," and in the other, a fauteuil that used to be in our room last winter, which looked very natural in its blue-chintz covering. Over the table between the windows, is a small engraving of a lady with a covered dish in her hands, approaching a table upon which stands a carafe of water. Over the toilet-table is a crayon portrait that used to hang in the salon, which reminds me very much of Celenda Morgan. An *armoire à glace,* two chairs and two tables, a large mirror over the chimney, a handsome little clock with marble ornaments to match, two handsome brass candlesticks with claw feet, and a Brussels carpet, complete the furniture.

Just as I had my hands daubed with ink from a bottle which, unlike George Washington, had been guilty of "slopping over," Monsieur Chevalier came in to welcome us. He was just about to escort to the train for Marseilles his sister and her little girl who have been visiting them. One of the

domestics had the little girl in her arms as we came up the stairs. We had finished unpacking and arranging our effects in the closet, the wardrobe, and the drawers, enjoying the extra conveniences all the more from our life of deprivation at Madame Ducrot's, when dear Madame Chevalier came to announce *dîner*.

As we entered the dining-room, which was so nice and warm and looked in every way so homelike, Madame gave us our old places on either side of Monsieur's chair, that gentleman being absent. My napkin was in a silver ring marked "A. S."; they forgot to put in the "E.," and everything seemed so natural and delightful that I could hardly contain myself for joy. Even the tabouret which I found placed for my feet, spoke of the thoughtfulness and attention of dear Madame Chevalier.

The family at present consists of three gentleman-boarders, all Americans; two doctors, one from Philadelphia, the other from Brookline, who have arrived quite recently. The one opposite me, who sits in Mr. Lampman's place, is a friend of that gentleman and reminds me of him. His name is Raymond. Dr. Bernette sits in Mrs. Hubbard's place at my right hand, and Mr. Bingham, a friend of Mr. Farnham's, who has been here for the past two months, occupies Dr. Dodd's place at Madame's right.

After dinner we all adjourned to the salon, where coffee was served, as in times agone, and where Dr. Bernette joined me in not drinking any. After coffee the gentlemen went out, and we spent a pleasant evening with Madame Chevalier. She showed me a little writing-case furnished with all the necessaries, among which were four small blank books nicely bound for accounts, addresses, etc. After this was duly ad-

mired, she brought along a German book of the seasons, elegantly bound and beautifully illustrated. There were flowers for each month, and an accompanying landscape. Monsieur Chevalier had not returned when I bade Madame good-night.

Sunday, March 14

Awoke this morning to find it snowing in good earnest. Rose at half-past eight, and was nearly dressed when *café* was announced. Found only Madame and Dr. Bernette at table. Monsieur did not return from the station until half-past twelve and preferred sleep to *café*. Dr. Raymond, Mr. Lampman's friend, appeared just as we finished, and Mr. Bingham not at all. Dr. Bernette has the room adjoining ours, formerly occupied by Mr. Lampman, Mr. Bingham, Robert's room just opposite, and Dr. Raymond has our old room of last winter in the apartment below.

After *café* dressed for church, breakfasted at half-past ten, and went to service in spite of the snow. Dr. Robinson preached from Judges 9:8-15. There were comparatively few present, but they were well repaid. The singing was very fine, especially the Doxology. Did not go out in the afternoon. Madame Chevalier came in to expostulate with me for sitting in my room. Dined at six. A Mr. Elliott was here at dinner. He has boarded here during the winter and is tutor of the terrible Parker infants, whose pranks kept the household in a state of continual expectation and trepidation. He was unfortunately ill all the time, and is now in Versailles where his health has much improved, but not his French, so says Monsieur. He speaks very loudly and when at a loss for a word, fills up the interval with a long-drawn-out "Ah-h-h," which occurs quite frequently. He has been invited to dine here every Sunday and will doubtless accept.

Monday, March 15

Started at half-past ten for the Collège de France, calling on our way at the banker's. The clerk said interrogatively, "I think, Miss Stanton, we have your address on our books?" I assented, but said that I had since changed it, when he asked if I would have the goodness to write it again, which I did accordingly by means of two wretched pens, which were just twice as bad as one. So I suppose for some time to come I shall be deluged with newspapers and magazine advertisements. Walked on rapidly to the omnibus-bureau, Place de Châtelaine.

In passing along the Rue de Rivoli saw a poor little musician with his harp under his arm, crouching down in one of the *porte-cocheres* shivering with cold and looking too forlorn and discouraged even to ask for a *sou*. We were walking with such speed that my steps ran faster than my impressions, and we had left him some distance behind, when his poor little sad face becoming more and more vivid and appealing, I retraced my steps and put some sous in his hand, which he received with an expression of grateful surprise.

The places were all taken when we arrived at the Collège excepting those on the speaker's platform. One lady was seated in a chair close to the door waiting to pop in when it should open, and as I placed myself beside her, we entered into a very pleasant conversation. Presently the *gardien*, not an *ange gardien*, for I think he was from the opposite direction, passed, looking as if he were searching for some pretext to say something terrible, for he is one of the "barking dogs" that never bite. On seeing him, the lady turned to me and said, "Cet homme est très-malhonnête," a remark which I think was not lost on him, for just as I was agreeing with

her, he came along, and with his black eyes flashing fire and fury, said, "Pourquoi restez-vous ici, Madame? Pensez-vous que vous pourriez entrer? Il faut vous éloigner! Comment pensez-vous qu'on puisse passer avec le passage barricadé?" and he looked at me at the same time. I told him that we were not at all in the passage, at which he added with increased fury, "Oui! vous êtes, et si vous restez ici, je vous assure, je ne vous laisserai pas entrer aujourd'hui du tout; vous allez voir!" and as if to add force to his words, he took off the door-knob and putting it into his pocket, started off to get a glass of water to place upon the speaker's table, while we remained in our seats, stoically indifferent to his threats. On returning and seeing us still there he added, "Je suppose que vous croyez que je vous laisserai entrer, mais je vous résponds que non!" and he disappeared through the door, where he presently reappeared driving in front of him a gentleman who had smuggled himself in and had been listening to the remarks of the "Professeur" then occupying the chair. The "guardian" was scolding furiously and saying, "Jamais y entrer!" The gentleman only responded laughingly, "Vous êtes méchant!" an assertion which was flatly contradicted by the person accused. Just then cheers of applause announced that the lecturer had finished, and directly after he had departed, the *gardien* appeared, and opening the door, turned to us in the politest manner possible and said, "Entrez, mesdames, mais vous ne trouverez point de place!" Of course there was room enough, as we were the first who entered.

Made the acquaintance of a young Polish lady who is very pretty but delicate-looking, very fair with light blue eyes, who reminded me much of Susie Moore. She invited me to remain to the lecture of Monsieur Philarête Chasles, which took place at three o'clock, but I had other plans,

La Sainte Chappelle

and we parted with the mutual wish that we should meet again.

Mirabeau flourished most conspicuously in the lecture Monsieur Laboulaye reading largely from his works. The ladies escaped to-day with only a slight sarcasm relative to crinoline, which he used as an illustration. After the lecture visited La Sainte Chapelle, belonging to the Palais de Justice when that building served as a residence of the Kings of France. The sides of the structure are almost entirely of colored glass. Unfortunately, the day was somber, and we did not see it in the full splendor of sunshine, when it must be gorgeous beyond description.

Went out through the *Palais de Justice* where we stopped to admire the statue of Malesherbes, Counsellor of Louis XVI. Visited the treasures of Notre Dame where we saw the coronation robes of Napoleon I. and the cushion upon which rested the crown before he placed it upon his head. These cushions are of crimson velvet upon which the Arms of France are elegantly embroidered in gold. The wax taper held by the Duchess d'Albe, sister of the Empress, during the baptism of the present Prince Imperial was kept in the same cupboard with various other articles of less interest. In another cupboard were the robes of Pope Pius VII., worn by him at the Coronation of Napoleon I. There were also various vessels of gold inlaid with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones, gifts from priests, sovereigns and private individuals. Here was the largest ivory crucifix in the world, a large image of the *Sainte Vièrge* and *l'Enfant Jésu;* a golden shrine in which is the real crown of thorns!(?); a large piece of the real cross and one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. The crown of thorns

was purchased by Saint Louis of one of the Kings of Jerusalem, who was in great need of money and was therefore induced to part with the sacred relic. It was placed by Saint Louis in the Sainte Chapelle from whence it was afterwards taken and added to the treasures of Notre Dame.

When the high dignitaries in the Roman Catholic church die, they bequeathe their official robes to Notre Dame, where they are kept in large, semi-circular drawers, which were turned out and their contents exposed to our astonished gaze. Such marvels of embroidery! Pictures in colored silk and gold-thread on velvet grounds! We left Notre Dame, pausing a minute on the *parvis* to regard the curious device which forms a part of the carved stone-work of the façade. It is a pair of scales in which is placed on one side the Infant Jesus and on the other a little imp. This weighing is superintended by an Angel and the Devil. Notwithstanding the combined efforts of numerous little imps underneath, assisted by the great Devil to make their little relative weigh down, the scale falls on the other side.

Our next visit was to *Le Temple,* one of the most amusing and entertaining places in this city of sights. It is a large sort of market, the pavilions covering a space of 45,000 feet, and containing over 2000 shops — quite a city of itself with streets and avenues. All the shops of any account in Paris are represented here on a smaller scale. All sorts of merchandise are sold, from old shoes to hats, including all the intermediate articles of dress, from spick and span new to first, second, thirdhand, everything that can be thought of for use or ornament in all lines, housekeeping and otherwise, may be found here. Ball-dresses of silk and satin trimmed with lace, which have been worn once or twice, are sent here to be sold. This miniature city is covered with

glass, and its streets and avenues, which cross each other at right angles, are lined on either side with tiny shops, each furnished with its own special articles for sale; one with hats, caps, bonnets and ribbons, another with dresses, another with shoes, another with housekeeping-articles and so one, each one guarded and superintended by a girl or a woman. On entering we were assailed on all sides as we passed along, sometimes by the merchants in their doors, who would even follow us for a short distance along the street, and again by those in their windows, who would pop their heads out, having caught a glimpse of us as they sat within their little shops. "Que voulez-vous, Madame?" "Mais demandez donc, Madame!" "Que cherchez-vous, Madame?" "Dites donc, Madame!" "Que désirez-vous, Madame?" "Parlez Madame!" "Entrez chez nous Madame!" "Ne vous faut-il pas un joli chapeau, Madame?" "Mais vous n'achetez donc rien, Madame!" We responded but were soon tired of that and walked stoically along through the different streets, when, having seen this establishment to our satisfaction, we left and emerged into the Rue du Temple. We were reminded of the description in "Les Mystères de Paris" of the visit of Rodolphe and Rigolette to the same place on a commission for the benefit of the Morel family.

We next went to Monsieur Levasseur's *Ecole de Dessin* on the Rue Ste. Elizabeth, where we had engaged to call for Francine Ducrot. Found her in company with a dozen or more young ladies, copying a statue of a Venus de Milo. The room was filled with various statues, busts, and models for designing. The seats are circular, in three rows, rising one above the other. Francine occupied one in the center of the middle row and looked quite queenly in the midst of her companions. Miss Cameron had just left; so we did not have

the pleasure of seeinig her. At four o'clock, — it was nearly four when we arrived, — the young ladies put up their drawings and went home. Madame Levasseur entered just before with some friends, and after speaking with her an instant we followed Francine who led the way to the different rooms. This is the largest establishment of the kind in Paris and has about four hundred pupils, young ladies in the day-time and young gentlemen in the evening. In the sculpture department, we saw busts in different stages of progress, made from a clay which is soft and pliable when moist but which becomes harder than stone on exposure to the air. These unfinished busts were covered with wet towels while awaiting the labors of the next day. In the hall met Madame Levasseur, who invited us into her husband's studio, where we were presented to the "Père" and "Mère Mauran," the parents of Monsieur Levasseur, of whom I had often heard Francine speak. The "Père Mauran" in a dressing-gown and smoking-cap was entertaining some of his friends, but rose as we entered, and after making *une petite observation* to Francine, adjourned with them and "Mère Mauran" to another room. We made the tour of the studio, which is adorned with various drawings in crayon and lithographs, by Monsieur Levasseur. One in crayon copied from a picture in the Louvre, was so exquisitely done that I could scarcely believe it was not a fine steel-engraving, for which I mistook it, even on a close examination. Some shells, drawn and lithographed, hung upon the walls, all perfect copies from Nature, some of them with a delicate transparent look, some with their pearly interiors so truly represented that they seemed to glisten as the light fell upon them. On the easel was an unfinished portrait of an Italian lady in a blue head-dress, beside which a box of paints stood open. A portrait of

Mr. Bingham

Madame Levasseur and another in crayon of their youngest son, Albert, hung upon the wall. As we stood admiring a little picture, we were startled by the notes of a cuckoo that popped out from a little house in the clock to announce half-past four. So, thanking Madame Levasseur for her kindness, we bade her adieu and started for home. Found it raining, or rather, "spitting," so instead of walking, as we had intended, we concluded to take an omnibus. Fortunately, on arriving at the bureau, we found one with just three places left, and took it at once. On the way home Francine gave me an account of the manner in which she had been treated at the Chapoteaus', Paul's rudeness etc., which she thinks will put an end to the intercourse between the two families. Arrived home in season to dress for dinner.

Directly after dinner, Mr. Bingham took the train for London, where he is going to witness the Cambridge and Oxford Regatta and expects to be absent several days. He politely offered to perform any commission I might have for him. I thanked him for his kindness, of which I had no need to avail myself. Monsieur Chevalier accompanied him to the station. Retired early, being very weary after my adventurous day.

Tuesday, March 16

Did not go out to-day. Took a *dictée* from the "Hôtel de Ville" and read from "Un Voyage autour de mon Jardin" by Alphonse Karr. In the evening attended Dr. Milburn's lecture on "What a blind man saw in England." Made arrangements with Madame to send some one for us at the close of the lecture, but Dr. Raymond was going; so we went together. The lecture was excellent, exceedingly entertaining, and one of the most peculiar mental productions I

ever listened to; a combination of blank verse, poetry and wit. One could get no idea whatever of the whole from any of its parts. He says it is a pilgrimage to enter into an Englishman's heart. First you must gain his attention; then his interest, his respect, his esteem, his confidence, his regard, his friendship; and once a friend, he is a firm one upon whom you can rely. He will, if one may be allowed the expression, hold on to you till the last button gives way, and when that is gone, he will throw his arms about your neck and hold on still. A letter of introduction to an Englishman always insures you one dinner at least, where you may be sure of the best wine, the best company, and the best entertainment that it is in his power to provide. He said while in London he received a call from a gentleman to whom he had delivered a letter of introduction. As he was about to take his leave the Englishman asked, "Will you dine with me next Saturday?" — "Yes, with pleasure. I have no engagement for next Saturday;" but the acceptation was premature, for he had not yet finished, and continued, "next Saturday five weeks!" "Why, my dear sir, in five weeks I expect to be in — Jerusalem." At first thought, such an invitation would seem rather strange, but he knew, as I did not, that his friends whom he would invite to be present on the occasion to do me honor, were engaged for at least five weeks ahead, and he could not in less time than that bring everything about to provide for me such an entertainment as he intended.

The lecturer gave an interesting account of one of the many pleasant evenings he spent with Thomas Carlyle, giving a specimen of the conversation of that celebrated man, who was the one person above all others that he wished to see. After tea, as they sat in the garden with a little round

table drawn up between them upon which were placed the tobacco and other appurtenances for smoking, Dr. Milburn remarked, "You seem to be a sufferer from dyspepsia." To which his host responded, "Unhappily, I am often reminded that I am the possessor of that troublesome organ known as the stomach. My father and my grandfather before him, arrived at their three-score years and ten without experiencing the slightest difficulty from being the proprietors of that infernal organ, the stomach, and I had lived for five and twenty years without being aware that my physical construction included a stomach." He continued in this strain for over five minutes, his voice sometimes attaining an exceedingly high upward inflection and then suddenly falling to a lower pitch until it seemed to proceed from his very boots, when it would rise gradually only to be precipitated again into the depths profound.

The lecturer's description of English character was remarkably correct and just, rather raising his subjects in the estimation of those who listened, not passing over their peculiarities, but when his remarks reached the dangerous line that separated pleasantry from ridicule, he would finish his sentence so adroitly that the English auditors could not take offence, even if their vanity and self esteem were not positively flattered. At home in reading the Parliamentary debates he was always at a loss in what manner to interpret the "Hear! Hear! Hear!" which occurred every now and then. He always supposed it to be a mark of applause, and that what went before was probably something beyond his ability to comprehend, the brilliancy of which was perfectly clear and comprehensible to those upon the spot, who thus expressed their appreciation. But, since listening for himself, he had come to the conclusion that it was uttered upon

the mutual-assistance principle, as he always remarked that when a member was particularly troubled for a word, hesitating and stammering more than usual, the others would cry out "Hear! Hear! Hear!" as if to encourage him to persevere; as sometimes at home in the spring of the year, when the roads are difficult to travel, the wheel of a heavy team creaks and turns with difficulty until finally it is completely stuck in the mud, and the laborers, coming to the rescue and putting their shoulders to the wheel shout out encouragingly, "Yo! Heave ho!"

Arrived home just before ten and retired immediately. Dr. Raymond thumped once or twice upon the door leading to Dr. Bernette's chamber, but receiving no response, that gentleman being asleep, he went downstairs to his own room.

Wednesday, March 17

Snowy and cold. Read, recited and wrote a *dictée* from the "Hôtel de Ville." In the salon coffee was served as usual, after which the gentlemen went out; but just before going, Dr. Raymond proposed a conundrum: "Why is a United States greenback more valuable than gold?" Because you double it on putting it into your pocket and on taking it out you find it *in creases.*

Sat up until nearly midnight talking with Madame. She told me about the boarders she had this winter. They have been accustomed to play cards for money, and Madame sees nothing wrong in it, as it was not the money they cared for, the highest sum never exceeding ten sous. A young Mr. Warren that was here, often suggested playing for a larger sum, but the others would not agree to it. Monsieur Chevalier came in just before midnight; so we said "Bonne nuit" and retired.

Thursday, March 18

Learned the fable of "Le cerf se voyant dans l'eau," besides nearly two pages of grammar, and after reciting my lesson and writing a *dictée,* started with Ellie to visit the Eglise St. Augustine. Dr. Raymond thinks it the handsomest church he was ever in. I was rather disappointed in it. It reminds me of Dr. Milburn's lecture, being decidedly peculiar. It had a fresh, clean, new look, having been recently finished, and the architecture is stiffly graceful, if such a thing is possible. Along the sides are thirty-two alcoves, sixteen on each side, eight above and eight below. Most of the lower ones are occupied as confessionals. The dome is magnificent, and you seem lost in immensity as you stand under it. The choir is at one end, as in Protestant churches and contains an immense organ. A smaller organ stands just behind the "Maître Autel" under the dome, and beyond the dome is a chapel hung with blue and dedicated to the Virgin, who is represented in marble with the Infant in her arms. The image occupies a niche behind the altar. There was to be a sermon, and the people were entering as we left. The little organ seemed to be undergoing a tuning process. Here and there were little taper-stands tended by women. The tapers are provided by individuals in accordance with certain vows which they have made and are given in charge to the woman, who keeps them lighted until they are burned out.

As we were walking along the Boulevard Haussmann, we saw a small crowd collected about something. Thinking it was some sort of a magical exhibition, I approached and took a glance, and found that a glance was enough. It proved to be a poor old cab-horse in the last stages of existence. A

broken cab stood near "with the air of remorse a cab would naturally have at the death of its horse."

Started to call on Madame Ducrot, but met Hélène on the Avenue de l'Impératrice, who said there was no one at home, her mother having gone to call for Francine; so we accompanied Hélène as far as the Rond Point des Ternes, whence we returned home. Just before dinner the troupe of singers to which belongs the woman with the wonderful voice, who used to enchant us last winter, came into the neighboring court and performed several pieces, one of the men playing the accompaniments on a harp. The *sous* rained down from all sides, and if they are as well received everywhere they go as they are here, they will soon accumulate a fortune.

To-day Madame brought in a letter which she asked me to translate into French for her, as it contained some commissions which she did not understand very well. It ran as follows: "Please send the envelope; put a stamp on it; with the white lace to Miss D. and give the one with the black lace to Miss E. The little cloak take yourself to Mlle. A. 61 Rue des Ecuries d'Artois. Tell her to take out the lining and return it and have the merino colored a handsome scarlet; then line it with a pretty white silk and arrange it the way it now is, with a little capote and put a white silk cord with tassels on the neck. Tell her it is for Sarah to throw over her shoulders on a warm evening; Sarah thought she should like it and I can get it done better and cheaper by sending it to you than I can here. Tell her to bring it to you when finished, and you bring it when you come. Pay, of course. Mother."

"Envoyez, s'il vous plaît l'enveloppe; mettez-y un timbre poste avec la dentelle blanche, à Miss D. et donnez l'une avec la dentelle noire à Miss E. Portez vous-même le petit manteau à Mlle. A. 61 Rue des Ecuries d'Artois. Dîtes-lui d'ôter la

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doublure et de la rendre, et de faire teindre le merinos d'une belle écarlate, et puis de le doubler d'une jolie soie blanche et de l'arranger de la même façon qu'à présent, avec une petite capote, et de mettre un cordon à glands de soie blanche au cou. Dîtes-lui qu'il est pour Sarah de mettre sur ses épaules les soirées quand il fait chaud. Sarah pensait qu'elle l'aimerait, et je puis le faire faire mieux et à meilleur marché en vous l'envoyant qu'ici. Dîtes-lui de vous l'apporter quand il sera fini, et apportez-le quand vous viendrez. Payez, bien entendu. Mère."

I have discovered that Dr. Raymond very much resembles Louis in his manner of speaking. He has the same dry way. In serving the coffee Madame let fall the sugar-tongs which he hastened to pick up. He performed the act without bending his knee, merely bending his body and reaching out his hand, while one of his legs flew up sternly behind as a balancing power. The tongs in his hand, he knelt on one knee, the other leg stretching far out behind, and presented them to Madame in the most courtly manner, while the spectators of the little impromptu laughed most immoderately. Played a game of whist, my partner being Monsieur Chevalier, while Madame and Dr. Raymond officiated as opposition. Our side beat every time. Poor Madame was, as usual, much distressed in looking over her cards, between the deals exclaiming, "Quelle horreur!" or "Ce n'est pas permis!" "Je suis desolée!" Louise and la Mère Topin called to deliver a message from the Ducrots. Madame Chevalier remarked in alluding to Madame Ducrot, "What you tell me of Madame Ducrot gives me much pain. You did well to advise her to go to the priest, he will set her right in a few minutes." What sort of a character is that Madame that can have a belief changed by some one else in a few minutes and a belief so important? This was àpropos

of a conversation one evening, with Madame Chevalier about Roman Catholicism versus Protestantism. Madame had said: "You protestants have so many different beliefs — there are Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and others — but our church, the Roman Catholic, has but one belief and is the only true church." I suggested that the Protestant sects differed only in non-essentials, the essential belief being the same, and the differences are not so great as in Madame Ducrot's case. Perhaps if the Roman Catholic Church were as careful in their investigations they might find more cases of dissension, leading to what practically could be regarded as different sects in the "one true Church."

Friday, March 19

Rainy. Rose as usual at a quarter before eight. After *café* wrote letters until half-past eleven, the hour for *déjeuner*. Recited, wrote a *dictée,* and read in "Un Voyage autour de mon Jardin." Wrote until half-past four, when we dressed ourselves for a call at Madame Ducrot's. It was raining a little when we started, but before we had accomplished half the distance it began to pour in torrents, and the wind blew so hard that I could scarcely hold the umbrella; so we were quite wet on arriving at Madame Ducrot's. Found her and the *cocotte* in the little chamber we used to occupy, with a bright fire burning in the grate. *Cocotte* seemed delighted to see me to-day and hastened to perch himself on my finger where he bowed low two or three times, saying "Bon jour, bon jour" and holding up his bill for a kiss. Madame said he missed me very much the first two or three days after I went away, and would sit silent and dejected, perched on the outside of his cage. While I was here, Francine arrived drip-

ping wet. We were obliged to prolong our call on account of the rain and did not start for home until after six. Dinner was waiting; so hastily smoothing our hair, we entered the dining-room, where we met Madame, who told us to go and change our dresses or we should surely take cold, and as Dr. Bernette had not come in, she would wait dinner until we were ready, and in the meantime possibly Mr. Bingham would arrive from London. Neither of the gentlemen, however, appeared, and we adjourned after dinner as usual to the salon, where Monsieur, after doing the honors in the *café* line, offering me a cup which I always refused in my stereotyped speech of "Pas ce soir, je vous remercie," — sank into the depths of an easy-chair and called out, "Sho — Shosephine!" — he usually makes two attempts upon the first syllable of her name, which seems difficult for him to pronounce, — "apportez ma pipe."

Dr. Raymond descended to his chamber to study until eight o'clock, at which hour we arranged to have a whist party. Dr. Bernette came in soon after. He had dined with some friends and had been over the new Opera House in company with some celebrated architects. He says the building will not be completed for four years yet, and it has been already six years in building. He describes it as "Splendid! Magnificent!" Our whist party formed at eight. Dr. Raymond and Madame were jubilant over their victory, while Monsieur and I bore the reverses of fortune gracefully. It was my fault entirely that we did not beat, for I played continually against my partner, and for the other side, and poor Monsieur found that three against one was too much even for his skill to counteract. He expostulated with me but once, saying, "Il ne faut pas jouer à tort et à travers, Mademoiselle," and then left me to my own heedlessness.

Saturday, March 20

Rainy. Business affairs in the morning. Received calls from *le cordonnier, la blanchisseuse,* and *la teinturière,* the one to take our measure for several pairs of shoes, and the others to bring our clothes home from the wash, with some flannels that had been cleansed. Recited "Le Vieillard et l'Ane," two pages of grammar, a verb, and wrote a *dictée.* Had company to dinner, Col. and Madame Rogier. Madame Chevalier was more elaborately dressed than I ever saw her before. She wore a black silk with a sort of pelerine of black velvet over her shoulders, black velvet bracelets on her arms, numerous rings on her fingers, jet earrings and pin, and a black lace headdress with purple satin ribbons. Madame Rogier is a pretty little black-eyed lady perfectly *française* and much younger than her husband. Madame Chevalier says before the Colonel was married, he was in the habit of drinking to excess, and was often *gris,* so that it seemed to be a fixed habit, but since his marriage eight years ago, he has entirely changed, drinking only *le vin ordinaire,* excepting on state occasions, when he partakes of the stronger liquors very sparingly, always regarding his wife's wishes, when she expresses them to the effect that he has taken enough. Madame Rogier was only eighteen years old when he married her, taking her from school where she had been since she was four years old, utterly inexperienced, an orphan, but with an immense fortune. From his position as an army officer, she was obliged to go more or less into society, give grand dinners and now knows how to manage affairs remarkably well. She wore a black silk, and on her black hair a scarlet velvet ribbon, which was exceedingly becoming. They had breakfasted *en ville* and the tempting dishes that came from Madame's kitchen

seemed rather lost on them. For the first course there was soup *à la Julienne;* then a *pâté* composed of mushrooms and crabs, the crabs all in the shell, looking so lifelike and ferocious that I did not venture to attack one; third, chicken, with potatoes, *épinards,* followed by a *salade à St. Honoré,* a sort of *pâtisserie* which melts in the mouth, oranges and a variety of small confections of different shapes and colors. The Colonel partook very sparingly of the fine wines and champagne which Monsieur urged upon him with French hospitality. After dinner Col. Rogier, offering me his arm, escorted me to the *salon* where coffee was served for the ladies, Monsieur and the Colonel returning to the salle-à-manger to enjoy their pipes, cognac, and coffee together. After her guests had gone, Madame came into our room and stayed more than an hour, talking of a variety of things too numerous to mention. I put a spear of my hair into a little gold heart attached to one of Madame's rings; she, doubting the possibility of accomplishing the feat, promised to give me a *merle blanc* (a white blackbird), if I succeeded. When I demanded my reward, she said, "Since there is not in the world a *merle blanc,* that promise is never expected to be kept."

Sunday, March 21

Dr. Bernette accompanied us to church. He says he has many Quaker relatives. Dr. Robinson preached from Acts 1:11. He expressed his belief that there are at least three human bodies in heaven and probably many more. I saw Mrs. Gleason after the service, who says she expects to start for Marseilles to-morrow on her way to Italy, to be gone about three months. It rained, and while Dr. Bernette was gone for a carriage, Dr. Raymond came and offered us his umbrella, saying he was going to walk home with a friend and should not

need it. While we stood talking at the chapel door, Dr. Bernette drove up in the carriage, jumped out, and while he held the door open, Dr. Robinson politely escorted us down the steps. Just after we arrived at home, Madame came to invite us to take coffee with her in her chamber, an extra, as we do not usually have coffee after service. Attended the Sunday School concert in the afternoon. Met many persons carrying branches of palms, this being "Dimanche des Rameaux." The horses' heads were also trimmed. Madame had in her room a large vase of palms which had been blessed by the priest. She said she observed to-day in one part of the church service where all should kneel and kiss the ground, that the elegantly dressed ladies did not kneel very low, and she was sorry to see it.

The concert was very interesting. The first gentleman who addressed the children offered to give the little red book he held in his hand to the one who would tell him the reason why he liked to talk to children. Several reasons were thus drawn out, but the one who gained the prize said it was because he liked to be talked to when he was a child. Dr. Robinson interested them in his own peculiar, original and happy way, in which he cannot be excelled, by asking them questions on Bible history. They learned that the name Elijah signifies "The Lord is God," and every time "LORD" occurs in the Bible in small capitals it means "Jehovah." He had given them certain questions, the answers to which they were to find out, and he began by asking how many had found them out without assistance; then, hesitating a moment, said, "I've a good mind to ask how many have not tried at all, but I think I won't. We won't suppose there are any here that have not tried at all." He finished his remarks by introducing Dr. J. G. Holland, who has consented to officiate as superintendent

of the Sunday School while he remains in Paris, probably for three months or so.

Dr. Holland spoke for about half an hour, giving a little history of his travels in Italy during the past winter. He spoke of the wretchedness and poverty he met with, especially in Naples, notwithstanding there were eight thousand priests and three hundred churches. At Rome he saw the Pope, who was brought in on the shoulders of the people, preceded by soldiers with drums and trumpets, and looked like a great idol. Dr. Holland was very unhappy all the time he was in Rome and left the city without regret. Venice is a wonderful city, a city in the sea. Not a horse in the streets; the streets are all canals; one steps out of his front door into a boat.

Dr. Raymond sat in front of us with his friend, Dr. Storey, who took coffee with him between services. Dined at six, as usual. It is so nice to have the meals so regular and exact. *Café* at half-past eight, *déjeuner* at half-past eleven, and *dîner* at six. Madame Chevalier's housekeeping arrangements move like clock-work.

In the evening the conversation took a theological turn. Mr. Bingham said something about adoring images, which shocked Madame, who said, "Oh, they never do that! That cannot be!" I had at that time a Catholic prayer-book in my hand, and my eyes fell upon these words, *"L'adoration de la Croix,"* which I read aloud. Madame seemed to regard that as quite a different thing. Christ had suffered upon it, and it was right to adore it, and she said she always felt like falling upon her knees before one who had suffered a great deal. Here she was interrupted by Monsieur, who, in the depths of an easy-chair had been listening to the conversation behind his pipe, exclaimed, "Dis donc, Marianne, j'ai bien souffert depuis

mon marriage; mets-toi à genoux devant moi!'' The conversation was turned upon buckwheat cakes, and soon after, I said ''Good night'' and went to bed.

Monday, March 22

Did not recite my lesson, as Monsieur was engaged with Count Mniszech. Read and studied. Madame came in to show me the waist of her new black silk dress, which is very prettily trimmed with black lace and satin. Before dinner I went into the salon to sit with Madame, and presently Dr. Bernette came in to exhibit some of his purchases and afterwards sat down by the fire and talked until dinner was served. Dr. Raymond dined with some friends. After dinner Mr. Bingham served coffee; that seems to be his special duty.

The gentlemen have all had their pictures taken to-day at Levitsky's. Dr. Bernette showed us some photographs he had taken in Berlin, the finest specimens of the art that I have ever seen. He gave one to Madame. I wanted one but did not like to ask for it. Madame offered to officiate for me after he had left the room, but I was not enough acquainted with him to warrant such a request. Madame exclaimed, ''There is some difference between you and Miss Roberts, who asked all the gentlemen for their pictures!'' Miss Roberts, I should think, was a curious sort of individual. She told the gentlemen here to call her ''Bob,'' and Monsieur Chevalier, in speaking of her, has several times used that diminutive, though he is too much of a gentleman to call her so to her face, notwithstanding she has particularly requested it. He always called her ''Mees Roberts,'' but at last yielded to her objections sufficiently to say ''Mees Bob,'' and after that she said, ''Now without the Miss, call me Bob for short'' So now he calls her ''Bob-tout-court.'' She has

announced her intention to dine here to-morrow. She came from Jamaica to England when she was ten years old, and now she gives lessons in music in this city.

Worked on my worsted embroidery. The gentlemen are curious to know to what use it is to be put when it is finished, as they think it is too large for a toilet-cushion and too small for a chair-cushion. Mr. Bingham is astonished that I have no pattern to guide me, but Madame explained to him that, after the first row, there was nothing more to do but to put in the shades, which seemed to quiet relieve his mind.

Tuesday, March 23

It has been a lovely day. It is now half-past four, and I have recited my lesson, which consisted of two pages and a half of grammar, *mot pour mot,* and the fable of "Le Lièvre et la Tortue," besides a *dictée.* Ellie sits at the other window, alternately netting a bag of hemp-twine to boil eggs in, and knitting some moss trimmings for Madame's flower-pots, delighted to have something interesting to do which will not trouble her eyes.

Upon the table beside me is a little vase filled with violets and several other kinds of flowers, yellow and white, the names of which are unknown to me; Madame brought them in.

Prince Léon dined and spent the evening here. Madame sometimes makes mistakes in speaking, and Monsieur amuses himself in correcting her. She was expatiating upon the head of wine vs. water, and said, "I think that when water is pure, it is all that is necessary for the drink of man, and I shall never forget a glass of water I once drank when I was nine years old; I enjoyed it so much." "Mais quand l'eau est mauvais comme ("*ze*" interrupted Monsieur from his

side of the table). Madame smiled consciously and continued, "Comme à Paris, je trouve que le vin est beaucoup meilleur pour la santé. Je crois que si les choses compassées étaient nécessaires, Dieu les aurait fait"—*"tes,"* suggested Monsieur again, when Madame exclaimed laughingly as she rose from the table, "Il aime me corriger toujours."

In the salon after *café* the gentlemen engaged in a game of whist. Monsieur Léon enjoyed his cigar alone, as none of the others smoked. Madame Chevalier and I were busied with our embroideries and knitting, while Ellie arranged the moss for the flower-pots. Late in the evening, Madame brought in some *vin ordinaire* heated, spiced, and served in little glasses. Dr. Raymond and I cast deprecating glances at each other when we received it, as we were the only total (?) abstainers present. We Americans all agreed that it tasted exactly like mince-pies.

Wednesday, March 24

Bright and cold. The gentlemen took their coffee earlier than usual, the "Medical Faculty" wishing to be in season at the hospital. Ellie and I took ours alone later, Madame having gone to market. Studied and read until *déjeuner*. Miss Poulters, an English lady, governess to the Princess Sonlkoska came to-day to spend four days with Madame Chevalier. She is in Paris to perform some commissions for the Princess, who is at Cannes. She is very pretty, ladylike and accomplished, speaks French perfectly and German very well. While we were at *déjeuner* a woman called to show some specimens of lingerie to Mademoiselle Stanton. She was sent into Madame's chamber to wait, but as I knew I should not buy anything, I thought I would go at once and send her away;

but she kept me with her winning ways, until she had exhibited the contents of a large green box in her hand.

While I was reciting my lesson, I was interrupted by a call from Madame Ducrot, who stayed nearly an hour. After her departure, finished my lesson and dressed for dinner. Played whist in the evening, Mr. Bingham and I against Dr. Bernette with Miss Poulters, Monsieur Chevalier sitting at my elbow and making suggestions for my benefit. At the end of the first game, our little *cimetière* did not look very gay, but we gained all the time afterwards, which was the more remarkable, as Monsieur Chevalier went down into the *cave* to arrange his wines, leaving me to my own resources. Miss Poulters is doing a very handsome piece of worsted work. At about nine o'clock Dr. Raymond came up from his room, where he usually spends his evenings in study, and the conversation turned upon travels in Switzerland, the dangers in climbing mountains, etc. Retired at about eleven.

Thursday, March 25

Clear and very cold. This is Holy Week, and there are many ceremonies observed at this time in the Catholic Church. Madame Ducrot had invited us to accompany her to-day to witness some of them. After *déjeuner* Ellie went to Madame Ducrot's, and after my lesson Monsieur went with me to the Duchesse de Berghes', *Ave. Cours la Reine,* where I had arranged to call for Madame. On arriving, sent word to her by the concierge that I was waiting, after which Monsieur and I promenaded up and down the sidewalk until she made her appearance. We met in the meantime the two sons of the Duchesse, one of them, the young Prince de Berghes, a great favorite of Madame's who is very handsome. They stopped to shake hands and speak to Monsieur Chevalier, lifting

their hats in recognition of my presence, an act which they repeated a short time after, as Monsieur incidentally mentioned my name. Just after they entered the house, Madame appeared, and we all three walked to the *Église St. Philippe du Roule* on the Faubourg St. Honoré, Monsieur leaving us just before we arrived there, to go to Prince Léon.

To-day in all the churches there is what is called a "Tombeau," that is, a representation of the place where Christ was buried. It is usually in a chapel in a remote part of the church. We visited five others, St. Augustine, La Trinité, La Madeleine, and St. Roch, besides a less pretentious one whose name I have forgotten. We succeeded in obtaining a *coup d'oeil* of the Tombeau at St. Augustine, but with difficulty on account of the great crowd; this was rather provoking after our laborious descent of the stairs, for the chapel was in the basement of the church. The most beautiful one was at the Madeleine, though unlike the others it was not in the dark, but in one of the little side-chapels which form a part of the body of the church. I will describe only the one at St. Phillippe, as it was the first we entered and will serve as a model for the rest. We encountered, as usual, at the door, the man holding the brush wet with holy-water, after touching which, Madame devoutly crossed herself. We proceeded directly to the Tombeau, which was in a small chapel communicating with the church. It was darkened and at the farther extremity we could distinguish numerous candles. We passed down the aisle and found seats directly in front, where the view was unobstructed. Behind some curtains of red velvet, gracefully looped up, was a carpeted enclosure. In the background high above the altar was a large cross, over the arms of which was thrown a strip of white cloth market I. H. S., as we often see represented in pictures. The

altar and the steps leading to it, as well as the floor, were covered with shrubs and pots of flowers, while numerous lighted tapers were disposed in a manner to produce the most beautiful effect. Upon each side of the entrance to this enclosure was stationed a small boy in a white gown, who had in charge a large bronze crucifix lying in a horizontal position in front of him. These images were kissed upon the feet, hands and heart, by the different worshippers as they passed along, the boy wiping them with a cloth after each embrace. Some of the people hurried through the performance in anything but a devotional manner; while others, like Madame, performed the ceremony solemnly and devoutly.

At the Madeleine, to prevent confusion in the crowd, *sergeants de ville* were stationed at different places in the church, to direct the people in regard to the route to be taken, in order to see what was to be seen.

From here took a carriage *à l'heure* to St. Roch. Here we stopped for a few minutes at one of the side-chapels to witness a baptism, and after visiting the *Tombeau* returned home, where we arrived just before six o'clock. Ellie entered soon after, having visited the Panthéon, the churches St. Honoré, St. Etienne du Mont, and St. Sulpice with Madame Ducrot and Francine, besides making with them a call upon the Comtesse Marguerite de la Grangerie. I did not feel very tired until dinner was about half over when *tout à coup,* my strength departed and I had not force enough to eat or to speak. I was making my escape from the dining-room as quietly as possible, while the others were entering the *salon,* when Monsieur spied me and called out, "Mademoiselle, est-ce que vous n'entrez pas au salon?" I gave an evasive answer and went to my room, where I was sound asleep in five minutes.

Friday, March 26

I was so weary with my exertions of yesterday that I did not rise until just before *déjeuner*. Had no lesson to-day, as Monsieur has a *congé*. Looked over Mr. Bingham's stereopticon-views, which he has collected in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. Read in "Les Mystères de Paris" until dinner-time when Dr. Bernette came in with a new lot of views which he had just purchased.

After dinner started immediately for Notre Dame with Monsieur and Doctors Raymond and Bernette. We proceeded to the *Champs Elysées,* where, after some trouble, we succeeded in securing a *voiture à quatre places,* those with two places being much more numerous. Admired the brilliantly lighted avenues as we passed along, and all agreed that no city in the world (except Manchester, N. H.) could compare with Paris. We found the great Cathedral nearly full. The body of the building was reserved for men, while women were obliged to content themselves with seats in the side-aisles. We found seats commanding a fine view of one of the ponderous columns which hid the pulpit, Père Felix, and everything else not in our immediate vicinity. We sat directly in a draft of air, and the "Medical Faculty" took the precaution to put some white handkerchiefs around their necks. Dr. Bernette expressed his regret that he was not settled in Paris, in anticipation of the many persons who would probably catch cold and be sick. The eloquence of Père Felix was quite lost upon us, as we could hear only a word or two now and then, and Dr. Raymond on returning home declared that he had got more cold than ideas into his head. After the sermon the "Stabat Mater" was sung. The chorus of so many voices was grand. The services were concluded with

the procession of the holy relics. These relics consist of a piece of *la vraie Croix,* the *crown of thorns,* one of the nails used at the crucifixion, etc. They were carried by priests and other church dignitaries. Were not sorry when the ceremonies were over and we on our way home. Walked to the Place du Châtelet before we could find a carriage. In passing over the bridge, the doctors, who were in a lively mood, suddenly called out "Adieu, à la Morgue!" at the same time making an ominous gesture as if they were going to throw themselves into the river. They concluded, however, not to sacrifice themselves just then, as they had not seen all the interesting sights of Paris.

As we were passing the *Palais de Justice,* Monsieur suggested singing the *Marseillaise,* when forthwith Dr. Bernette began in a clear voice much to the terror of Monsieur, who tried to hush him up, as the *Marseillaise* is a prohibited song, and especially dangerous in that particular vicinity. After we had proceeded a little farther, Monsieur began singing it himself, urging us to join in, which we did, with the exception of Dr. Raymond, who said he was not going to "be taken up" if the rest of us were. Monsieur told him that he might as well join in, for when they came "to take us up" we would all three say it was Dr. Raymond *"chantant tout seul."* I remarked that I would not say so, to which Monsieur responded, "Eh, bien! nous dirons que c'est Mademoiselle Stanton et Dr. Raymond." However, Dr. Raymond at length joined in, and as each of the gentlemen had a remarkably fine voice, Monsieur singing the air, Dr. Bernette the bass, Dr. Raymond the tenor, and I the alto, our music was quite charming. Then Monsieur and I performed a duet, "L'Etoile qui file," with which the others were so delighted that they expressed their determination to buy the music and learn it them-

selves. The gentleman sang *"Les Gueux, les Gueux sont les gens heureux"* and various other airs, until we arrived at *trente-cinq*. Found Madame with her knitting and Miss Poulters with her embroidery in the *salon*. Some of the gentlemen having said they were very thirsty, Madame went out and prepared a punch composed of cognac, spice, and water. Just after it was passed around, I told them I would say good-night before it began to take effect, as I dared not remain in their company any longer; and notwithstanding the expostulations of Monsieur, who said they were going to sing etc. etc., I suited the action to the word.

Saturday, March 27

Madame and Miss Poulters were at church when the rest of us arrived in the *salle à manger* at half-past eight. After *café*, went to my room, which I found in the most dire confusion, presided over by "Sho — Shozephine" and Marie, who were engaged in putting it to rights; so I took my grammar to the dining-room where I found the two doctors and Mr. Bingham consulting over their photographs which they had just received from Levitsky's. All were excellent excepting Dr. Bernette's. Presently the gentlemen went away and Miss Poulters arrived and sat down to her coffee; soon after Madame came in, and without removing her bonnet or cloak sat and talked for at least an hour. She is decidedly one of the most fluent talkers I ever heard and one of the most intelligent and interesting.

No subject is introduced that seems new to her or upon which she is not competent to converse. Studied until *déjeuner*. Changed hours for recitation with Mr. Bingham for to-day, as it was more covenient for both. Recited "Le Charretier Embourbé," two pages of grammar, and the verb

"sortir," after which I read aloud in *"Un Voyage"* etc. Did not go out to walk. Miss Poulter has finished her visit here for the present. After dinner, came to my room to write until eight o'clock. Just after the clock had struck, Ellie came in, saying she had been sent for me. She had told them that she believed I was studying. On going into the salon I found Madame knitting, and she called me *sauvage* to run away in that way, while Monsieur commenced questioning in his usual style. Dr. Bernette informed me that he had purchased a stereoscopic view of the *Champs Elysées.* When I asked him if he had found one that did not look like a cemetery with the *Arc de Triomphe* like a great tomb in the distance, he said he thought he had, and went to his room to fetch it, when to the amusement of all, it proved to be a view of the "Hôtel de Ville!" The doctor laughed at his mistake as heartily as any of us, although he was a little bewildered at first. He brought also his views of Italy, which were very fine. Mr. Bingham coming in soon after, the conversation turned upon cathedrals in general and St. Peters in Rome in particular.

Monsieur had difficulty in lighting his pipe, being, as usual, beset by Ellie, who embraces like occasions to retaliate for various pinches and snaps she has received from time to time.

Madame, in speaking of an *église* used the pronoun, "il," when Monsieur suggested that *"Église"* was *"une femme."*

Madame informed us that the negro she admired so much she admires no longer. She met him to-day and inquired the news respecting his master's family, the terrible Parker infants, and he shocked her by chewing tobacco! She thinks it the most disgusting habit she ever knew. Then followed a long demi-conversation, demi-discussion of

American manners and customs, Mr. Bingham and I on one side and Dr. Bernette on the other. I think by this time Madame's ideas must be rather confused in regard to the customs of our country. There is a report to-day that Andrew Johnson is dead, which was contradicted in this evening's papers, though they say he is very ill.

Sunday, March 28

Accompanied Madame Chevalier and Monsieur to the church on the Rue Chaillot where we saw Queen Isabella of Spain and the rest of the Royal family. The Queen has purchased a hôtel on the Avenue du Roi de Rome, and consequently this is the church of the parish to which she belongs. It is quite large and pretentious. Over the arch which separates the altar from the body of the church, is a representation of God sitting upon the throne, with a lamb in front, and at the sides the four-and-twenty elders in white robes casting their crowns at his feet. It is a perfect daub and might have been designed and executed by a house-painter.

Arrived some time before the Mass commenced and took seats nearly in front, for which we paid each two *sous* to the man who came round to collect the rents. A priest appeared soon after, announced in a loud voice by the *suisse,* who, in a livery of black, trimmed with gold lace, and a two-cornered hat, preceded him, striking his bâton every now and then upon the floor and saying, "Pour les pauvres de la paroisse, s'il vous plaît." At the left of the altar were seats of crimson velvet arranged for the ex-royal family, and carefully dusted just before their entrance. Suddenly the people rose and stood for a moment, on the tiptoe of expectation, but seated themselves again as the rumbling of wheels, which were sup-

posed to be those of her Majesty's carriage, proved to belong to an omnibus which passed in front of the church. Shortly after, several carriages drove up, and there was another general uprising. This time it was not a false alarm, and the royal procession came marching down the aisle, preceded by the "suisse" striking his bâton and followed by one of the *dames d'honneur,* who led by the hand the *Prince des Asturias,* the Queen's eldest son, who was about ten years old. Then came the Queen with the King on her left. After these were seated another reinforcement entered; it consisted of three little princesses, who might have been of the respective ages of eight, six, and four years, all dressed in garnet-colored velvet, with white feathers in their hats and white scarfs around their necks. They were accompanied by three *dames d'honneur* and the Queen's favorite, Monsieur ———. The little princesses seated themselves with the first-comers, while the *dames d'honneur* took the seats reserved for them at the right of the altar, where they were joined by Monsieur "Le Favori," after he had presented the Queen with her prayer-book. She received this with a gracious smile and a slight inclination of the head. The Queen was dressed in a rich silk, the pattern being large bouquets of flowers upon a white ground, with a long train and an immense *petite tournure.* Instead of a bonnet she wore the Spanish mantilla, a sort of veil thrown over her head, very graceful and pretty.

Mass being over, the priest left, pausing to salute the Royal Family and passing out directly after. The Queen did not look in the least sad or unhappy, but walked as proudly as if the crown of Spain still rested in peace and quietness upon her brow. She bestowed a gracious smile and nod in our direction as she passed up the aisle, which Monsieur returned no less graciously.

On arriving home we had another clandestine coffee in Madame's room, and after Monsieur had smoked *une petite pipe,* he went with us to the Madeleine. It was a magnificent day, and the walk there was very agreeable. Found a large crowd but went in at a side-entrance which led directly into the choir, where fortunately we found near one of the pillars a low chair. We were in an excellent position for hearing the music, though too far away to hear the sermon, which continued at least an hour after our arrival. But we felt quite repaid for waiting, for the music was beautiful. The grand organ was played. It is said to be the finest in Europe.

On our way home we waited for Madame, who, with Mr. Bingham attended services at a little convent on the *Avenue de la Reine Hortense,* walking up and down on the opposite side of the street until the services were finished, when they joined us, and we walked home together. We had a cake at dinner called a *Mocha,* a sort of flaky pastry covered with frosted foam and flavored with coffee, from which it takes its name. It is a competitor with another cake of the same class known as the *St. Honoré,* which we had some time ago.

Found it snowing this morning and the ground quite white. The walking was so disagreeable that we did not attempt a promenade. Studied all the morning. Madame received by express from Nice a magnificent bouquet, which looked almost as fresh as if the flowers had just been gathered. As it was made up entirely for effect, the stems being too short to reach the water, we took it to pieces and arranged it in sand in two bouquets, each even handsomer than the original. Madame wishes now that all her friends would call before the flowers fade.

Monday, March 29

Monsieur has two days' vacation this week, only continuing our lessons. As we were in the midst of arranging the bouquets, he came to give me my lesson and as I could not leave them, he said he would go down into the *cave* to finish arranging his wines and come up at five o'clock, when I should be ready. Poor Madame is nearly ill with a cold, and stiff-neck, occasioned by her putting on her little new gray silk last evening, which was thinner than the one she had been wearing. She took a *transpiration* at about three o'clock, and called me into her room to see the fire that Joséphine had built. The grate was heaped up to its utmost capacity with burning coals and the heat therefrom was something fearful.

Tuesday, March 30

Rainy, dull and disagreeable. After *café* took "Les Mystères" etc. and went into the salon to read until our room should be in order, while Madame was giving Dr. Raymond his German lesson in the salle-à-manger. That finished, Angelina came to sew by the window. Presently I heard Monsieur's voice, "Mademoiselle Stanton, venez ici!" On entering the *salon* I found him seated in his corner by the *poële* smoking a *petite pipe*. After first drawing up a chair for me and talking in a general way for some time, he told me the story of "Monte Cristo," which occupied all the time until *déjeuner,* so I had only time to learn a fable, a verb, and about half a page of grammar before the hour for my lesson. If the day had been fine, we were intending to go to Malmaison, but the weather does not seem very promising and I fear we shall not go there for some time to come if at all. After dinner, the gentlemen all went out. Madame worked at

trimming a little opera-hood that she has been knitting, and I cut the tassels for her while she told me about "Miss Bob."

Wednesday, March 31

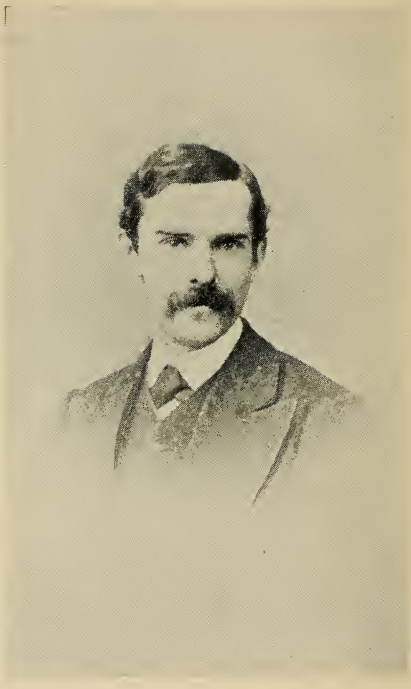
Studied and read. Monsieur gave me two hours of lesson to-day, as he was not obliged to go to Prince Léon's until four o'clock.

This evening "Miss Bob" came in. She talks French very rapidly, but makes a great many mistakes. Seems very sprightly and full of life, but is not possessed of too much dignity. She gave an amusing account of an adventure she met with in going from here to Versailles. She evidently thinks herself very fascinating and pretty. Dr. Bernette has taken to sneezing at table. Yesterday, just after going through the performance, he turned to me and asked if I had remarked this new habit of his, thus calling my attention to it; so that to-day when the same thing occurred, I could not help laughing, especially as he said immediately after, "Didn't I tell you so?" The doctor thinks the wine the best he ever tasted, and eulogizes it at almost every meal.

Thursday, April 1

The day passed with no *"Poisson d'Avril."* The two doctors and Mr. Bingham, accompanied by Madame, visited the Sewers this afternoon.

After reciting my lesson and finishing a letter, went to call on Mrs. Griswold. Met little Annie at the door with her waterproof on, and the hood drawn up over her head. She looks as fascinating as ever, notwithstanding the "barber"-ous operation which she performed the other day on her hair with the scissors. It has only changed the style of her beauty, for now she looks like a very handsome little boy. Mrs. Griswold



Dr. Bernette

read us some letters she had received from her mother who is now traveling in Italy, the last being dated at Genoa. She writes that the hotels in Rome are so full that it is almost impossible to find accommodations at any price, and persons so fortunate as to have carriages, sleep in them at night for want of better quarters. Annie insisted upon our going in to see her little sister, as we started for home. She was in the arms of a black nurse and crying at the top of her voice. She has grown wonderfully and is now quite a pretty baby. Hurried home lest we should be late for dinner, as it was already past six.

On going into the *salon* I found Dr. Bernette, who had returned from the Sewers, having left his companions at different places on the route, and none of them had yet appeared. Mr. Bingham and Dr. Raymond had stopped at the "Foire au pain d'épice" at *La Place du Trône,* and Madame had a few commissions to attend to before returning. Presently Monsieur came in and we sat down to dinner, where we were soon joined by Madame and Mr. Bingham, the latter bringing a long paper-roll containing some *nonettes de Dijons,* which were distributed as dessert. I recognized them at once, notwithstanding the new name, as belonging to the same family of sweets as the gingerbread we bought last year at St. Cloud, the day of our ride with Dr. Mong Shaw Loo, which we gave to our *cocher,* as we could not eat it ourselves. In the evening Dr. Burnette received a call from one of his friends, whom he took into the *salon.* Dr. Bernette leaves for London tomorrow morning at half-past six and sails for America in the *Russia* the tenth of this month.

Friday, April 2

Bright day. Was kept awake nearly all night by the

noise of workmen in the court, and this morning by the stir in the house attending Dr. Bernette's departure. While writing my *dictée,* I nearly fainted away, a performance quite uncommon for me. Monsieur looked so scared that I could not help laughing when I recovered myself a little. He assisted me to my room and presently came in with a sugar-bowl and a phial of essence of peppermint, judging from the taste. He saturated a lump of sugar which he administered, saying at the same time it would be good for me. Madame was out, and laughed on coming in when Monsieur told her of the peppermint, and said that it was Monsieur's sovereign remedy for all ills. Monsieur seemed discomposed at her mirth and anxiously asked if it did not do me good; he was quite triumphant when I said I thought it did. He recommends me to eat a great deal of beef almost raw, and to drink wine without adding water to it.

Prince Léon dined here and expressed his sorrow on shaking hands, that I had been *souffrante.* I was presently established in the big easy-chair with a cushion at my back and a tabouret at my feet. After *café* the four gentlemen engaged in a game of whist at one table, while Madame and I sat at the other. Monsieur Léon from time to time sang snatches from the Opera of Faust, in which the others would join. He has a remarkably fine voice, and the music was really excellent. Madame translated for me a little story from the German about "the three rings." Retired early.

Saturday, April 3

At *café* this morning Dr. Raymond had a little book, a dictionary of the languages of the different tribes of Indians in the Territories of the United States. It is called the "Chinook," and is a queer sort of jargon composed of French,

English, and Spanish, interspersed with Indian. I was amused on looking it over to find that the synonym for America was Boston. Madame's little *couturière* came to try on some dresses. Cashmere over-garments are very fashionable, and Madame is having a black one made. The flowers in the salon are still looking bright and fresh; the lilies blossom out every evening in the rays of the lamplight and look as if just culled. After dinner the gentlemen went out. Madame and I worked at trimming the little woolen *capeline*, nearly completing it. Much to my surprise and delight she informed me it was for me to take to America as a souvenir of Madame Chevalier and the pleasant evenings we had spent together working upon it. It was also agreed that she is to knit one for herself before I go away, that I may have the pleasure of making the tassels. Monsieur came in just at this time. I exhibited to him my beautiful present, which he insisted upon my trying on.

Sunday, April 4

It rained steadily all day long. Madame went to Mass, as it is a *"pêché mortel"* against the Church to be absent from Mass on Sunday, but Monsieur thought such a *temps de chien* would warrant his staying in the house. At *déjeuner* he informed us that Le Figaro had something in it in reference to our Chapel on the Rue de Berri, but we need not feel bad, as Le Figaro had no respect whatever for anything religious, although it was the most *spirituel* paper printed. Here he laid down his fork and called "Shozephine, cherchez Le Figaro. C'est dans ma chambre sur le bureau!" "Shozephine" disappeared, presently returning and handed it to Monsieur, who proceeded to read an item to the effect that last Thursday evening the minister of the Église Protestants de la Rue

de Berri gave a little exhibition of the *lantern magique,* illustrating his travels in Egypt.

The gentlemen told us about their visit yesterday to the Catacombs, and Monsieur read an account of some one who had been discovered robbing graveyards. Mr. Bingham, in alluding to a friend of his, recalled him to Monsieur's mind by saying, "the gentleman with whom you spoke English," when Monsieur turned to me and said: "I has spock Eenglish with the friend of Mees--ter Bing--ham!"

Had *café* in the *salon* after Madame returned from Mass. She read a story of Rhineland from an English newspaper; during this time Monsieur, who had finished smoking, fell asleep and began to snore, utterly oblivious for the first time of all French etiquette. In the evening Mr. Bingham brought in an article for Monsieur to read from "Molecules," written in English. Nothing daunted, he began the translation, which he rendered easily, notwithstanding it was very difficult. After an interesting conversation on molecules, the gentlemen took their leave.

Monday, April 5

Started to hear Monsieur Laboulaye for the last time. Arrived much earlier than usual at the Collège, where we found the professor who precedes M. Laboulaye expatiating to a very thin audience, which rapidly increased during the last fifteen minutes of his discourse, a fact which under the circumstances could not have been very flattering to his vanity. Met in the omnibus at the Place du Châtelet a lady who attends the lectures regularly and who has every appearance of being a "blue-stocking." She was accompanied by a young lady, tall, stout, and alert-looking, whom I always fancy

to be her niece, though I have no idea who she is. Monsieur Laboulaye was remarkably *spirituel* and said nothing more malicious than at the opening of his remarks the simple word, "Messieurs," as usual.

Met the Polish lady who greeted us with a nod and a smile as we were going out. Visited *La Sorbonne,* a church rebuilt in the sixteenth century, where we saw the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, Christ of the Pillar, and a cenotaph to the Duc de Richelieu.

Finding ourselves in the vicinity of the Panthéon and St. Etienne du Mont, we entered. To-day is the Féte of the *Annunciation,* and the altars were elaborately decorated with flowers, artificial and natural, in the various churches we visited. We passed the *École des Mines* which, next to the Polytechnic, is the highest civil school in France. On the Rue St. Jacques, passed the institution for the *Sourds Muets,* and a gin-shop with the remarkable sign, "Au port Salut." Apropos of signs there are some here as droll as those in London. For instance: a drygoods establishment on the Faubourg St. Honoré bears in large letters this questionable device: "A LA TENTATION," probably improvised by some infidel who never read the Lord's Prayer; "AU DIABLE A QUATRE" — "MYOSOTIS," an establishment of mourning goods; "A LA SAINTE VIERGE"; "A L'ENFANT JÉSUS," — millinery shops.

Went into a pastry-cook's and purchased some *brioches* and other cakes to satisfy the pangs of hunger, after eating which, we continued our church-visiting. *St. Jacques du Haut Pas* on the Rue St. Jacques is an unpretentious edifice exteriorly speaking, but it is nevertheless interesting. The chapels to the different saints are very pretty, and the representations

in bas-relief of what is called *Les Stations du Chemin de la Croix,* of which there are fourteen, are very fine. The Vesper service was in progress. The singing was beautiful, performed by a choir of boys and priests in white robes.

The *Val de Grace* is the church connected with the military hospital of the same name, which accounted for the presence of a guard of soldiers at the entrance-gate. We did not see the interior to advantage, as the columns under the dome were nearly concealed by a temporary staging, owing to some repairs that were being made.

Le Jardin du Luxembourg traversed, we entered *St. Sulpice,* and read in the chapel of the Virgin the account of several miracles which had been performed in answer to prayers offered there to the Virgin. Our last visit was to "St. Germain des Près" said to be the oldest church in Paris. It was built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries from the remains of an ancient convent in an adjoining street. In the choir are colums which were constructed in the sixth century by Childebert I. The effect of the colored columns and the ceiling was much like that at St. Denis. The nave and choir were beautifully frescoed, their subjects being taken from the Old and New Testaments, for instance, "The Burning Bush," "The Passage of the Red Sea," "Jonah leaving the Whale," "The Institution of the Lord's Supper."

Returned to St. Sulpice and took an omnibus with a *correspondance* for the bureau of the Madeleine, where we waited until five omnibuses of the Passy et Bourse line passed, all bound for *"COMPLET,"* when we wisely concluded that it would be unwise to wait any longer, and so made the best of our way home on foot, arriving just before dinner, after which I was so tired that I retired immediately.

Tuesday, April 6

Did not go out to-day. Read, studied, and played a game of chess in the evening with Mr. Bingham, who was not proof against the united efforts of Monsieur and myself.

Wednesday, April 7

Worked on the trimming of Madame's "capeline" until *déjeuner,* after which went in company with Ellie and Madame to visit *"La Maison des Petites Soeurs des Pauvres."* The poor woman to whom we gave the contributions of the little green *tirelire* last winter has been admitted to this institution through Madame's influence. After a long ride and some difficulty in finding the place, we at last arrived. The day was bright and beautiful, and the inmates were out walking in the garden. It was an odd sight, so many poor women together, some decrepit and lame, walking with canes; some arm in arm, and others alone, some in caps, some in calico hoods of queer patterns. We were directed by the *concierge* to the *parloir* opposite the lodge of the *concierge* to await the appearance of our protegée. She soon came, an intelligent-looking little old woman who had seen better days. She looked as neat as possible in her ruffled white cap, and seemed very grateful for Madame's kind attentions. It was not Visitors' day, and when Madame asked if we could go over the institution, she said she would ask "Notre bonne Mère." She left us and after a short absence returned with a pleasant-faced woman who greeted us politely, and unhesitatingly accorded the permission asked by Madame, saying she would send us a "petite soeur" for a guide. While waiting for her, we watched the old women, who finally went into the house. Madame Dessuie, Madame's protegée, said they were treated

kindly and made quite comfortable, had enough to eat, though she shrugged her shoulders quite expressively when the inquiries went beyond that, as to what they had to eat. However, she did not complain and said it was better to be there than to have no place. In the winter they had a fire in the room where they sat, only on reception days when visitors were expected, and consequently they sometimes suffered with the cold. They always have for their supper beans or lentils and are obliged to go to their rooms at six o'clock and to be in bed by seven, even in the summer. Our guide presently arrived with a large bunch of keys at her waist. She conducted us first to the chapel, where some of the sisters in black hoods and cloaks were engaged in the Vesper service. We remained until it was finished, and they passed out, each one dipping her finger in the *eau bénite* and crossing herself as she left the chapel. Our guide dipped her finger and offered it to us, bestowing a most severe look upon me as I passed out without accepting the proffered boon. She afterwards remarked to Madame that in the chapel she noticed that we were not Catholics; she "saw it in our faces" and expressed her horror. Madame apologized for her afterwards, saying they were all rather ignorant and looked upon Protestants as a sect of horrid monsters. We were taken into a large room, the family sitting-room, where the women were sitting by the tables engaged in patching, darning, making-over clothes, and sewing generally. The room was pleasantly lighted by several windows and looked quite cheerful, but the air was exceedingly close, and I was glad to leave. In another room a *petite soeur* was kneeling near the door and seemed to be conducting a service, the women saying words over after her, while at the same time they sewed or knit. She rose and bowed respectfully as we entered, but immedi-

ately resumed her kneeling posture and went on with the prayers. The dormitory was the perfection of neatness, with comfortable-looking single-beds, each furnished with two pillows. The beds were arranged along the sides of the room and made up with much care. The rooms were pleasant and airy, each one adorned with an image of the Sainte Vierge or some saint, and a crucifix. The *lingerie* was arranged in a most convenient manner, this being the place where all the linen of the establishment was kept. The shelves contained piles of white sheets, pillow-cases and towels, all folded carefully and numbered. The clean clothes of the inmates are also arranged on the shelves, each one having her own number. The beds in the Infirmary were covered with white spreads, and looked exquisitely neat. Two of them were occupied by sick persons. One part of the establishment is devoted to poor old men. We were taken into their sitting-room also. Here they seemed to be amusing themselves according to their tastes; some were playing cards, and some doing nothing. On either side of the house there is a large garden where they take their promenade, on one side the men, and on the other the women. The room for the aged and infirm women was remarkably cheerful-looking, and the occupants, some of them sitting in easy-chairs, some bolstered up in bed, were employed, if they were able, in some light sort of work, sewing or knitting, while they were listening to the Vesper service conducted by one of the *petites soeurs,* who was kneeling in their midst. This Institution has at present two hundred and thirty inmates who are in charge of twenty-one *petites soeurs.* There are four others of the same sort in Paris, all supported by voluntary contributions.

From here we went to the Blind Asylum, passing on our way one of the *puits artésiens.* We did not accept the invitation of the concierge at fifty *centimes* apiece to mount to the

top to obtain the fine view, but contented ourselves with descending from our carriage and casting our eyes up. We spent more than an hour in making the tour of the "Institution des Aveugles," where we were much interested in witnessing the various performances of the scholars. First visited the departments for the young men and boys. In one room, seated upon benches around a table, a dozen or more were engaged in netting *filets* of hemp; most of these occupants were intelligent and bright-looking. One of them especially attracted our attention, and Madame and I went into an enthusiastic admiration in English of his large and beautiful blue eyes, which he now and then raised from his work, and we could hardly realize that he was blind, though his face had that dreamy and listening expression peculiar to those who are deprived of the sense of sight. In another department they were engaged in type-setting and composition. One man, a proof-reader, we watched a long time, as he manipulated with skilful fingers, each one of which seemed possessed of a pair of eyes, the type, reading and correcting sentences with wonderful expedition. Everybody was busy and all seemed happy. After seeing them weave chair-bottoms, make various articles of wood such as napkin-rings, small cups, etc., we were taken into a music-room where a modern Beethoven performed on the organ to our delight and surprise. After thanking him for his music, Madame said to him,

"Vous aimez beaucoup la musique, n'est-ce pas?" while he responded with a smile of enthusiasm,

"Oh, oui, Madame!"

"Cela vous console-t-il un peu?"

"Je n'ai pas besoin d'être consolé, Madame."

We passed along several corridors lined on either side with small music-rooms, in which one was practicing on

a violin, another on a piano,, or a melodeon, or a small organ, and others upon the violoncello, flute, and other wind-instruments. They would feel the raised notes carefully and then take up their instruments to practice. In larger music-rooms a number of pupils were collected, while a professor gave them lessons in reading the notes. There is a handsome chapel, beautifully frescoed, which is separated from the concert-hall by heavy curtains gracefully arranged between stately double columns. On state occasions these are looped up, throwing the two chambers into one. In one of the small music-rooms a little girl was studying her grammar-lesson. Our guide opened the door for us to enter, which we did to hear her read her lesson aloud, though the matron suggested that we should all adjourn to a large room adjoining, where we could hear her to better advantage. She seemed a little embarrassed at first and could scarcely read, but soon recovered her composure. Her fingers glided rapidly over the raised lines of her book, which she read glibly. In a large hall nearby furnished with benches and tables, the girls were knitting, netting, etc., and Madame called my attention to one little girl with a face exactly resembling the pictures in *Les Mystères de Paris* of "le maître d'ecole." While we were in this room, the recreation-bell sounded, and the girls put up their work and went to amuse themselves. Through a glass door leading into the garden, I saw one little girl crying, while a whole bevy of companions had collected around to comfort her. Our final visit was to the exposition-room where the things made by the scholars are for sale. Madame purchased a pair of worsted socks, saying she should have an opportunity to give them to some poor child when winter came again. In the courtyard of the Asylum is a handsome statue in white marble of Valentine Hauy, the founder of the institution, teaching a blind person how to read.

In the evening we went to the Palais Royal with Monsieur Chevalier. We walked along admiring the "innumerable number" of all sorts of things displayed in the windows. One object peculiarly attractive was an oblong dish, its brim shaped obliquely, that is, with the circumference larger at the top. The bottom was an oblong porcelain medallion upon which was painted a large Arc de Triomphe. The sides were of gilt wire-work with every now and then a small medallion-painting of some view in Paris, for instance, La Place de la Concorde, Le Tour St. Jacques, La Place de la Bastille, La Place du Châtelet, etc. We went into a *café* of the Palais Royal, as Monsieur said it was a place rather amusing to see, and the entertainments, though perfectly *comme il faut,* were not of a remarkably high style. It is frequented by the *calicots* and the *grisettes.* We descended a flight of steps and found ourselves in a hall, not very high-posted and furnished with long marble tables and benches. At these were seated various couples, talking and seeming to enjoy themselves generally. At another end of the room was a stage upon which was an orchestra composed of blind men; small theatricals were performed here. We arrived during an interlude and seated ourselves outside the railing-barrier at the table near the desk, where a stout dame and a younger person, who might have been her daughter, kept the accounts of the establishment. Presently a *garçon* in a white apron and shirt-sleeves came along to see what we would take, when Monsieur ordered a glass of beer for himself and one of syrup for me. The interlude having ended, the orchestra struck up a dancing-air, and directly a man dressed like a wild Indian sprang out from behind the scenes and began playing alternately upon two drums, skipping from one to the other in a most agile manner. This was an introduction to a play which might have been either a tragedy or a comedy,

for we did not stay to see the end. The actors, an uncle, a niece, and a lover were dressed in their clothes of *tous les jours,* and performed their parts with much spirit and enthusiasm. We left at about half-past eleven and found the rain pouring. Waited some time, hoping to find a carriage, but were finally so fortunate as to secure the two places vacant in an omnibus, which left us within three minutes' walk of home.

Thursday, April 9

Instead of taking a lesson, I went to purchase some books, under the escort of good Monsieur Chevalier, who in his capacity of "professeur" can obtain them much cheaper. It was raining fast, but we started in defiance of the weather, it being the only leisure day that Monsieur could count on for some time to come. He was in his great overcoat and I in my waterproof and a fur collar, each with an umbrella. We walked to the extremity of the Avenue Joséphine where we took an omnibus for the Latin Quarter. Before we arrived, the sun came out "in torrents," and our umbrellas were only useful for the shade they afforded, while Monsieur's great-coat and my fur collar were superfluous, excepting so far as they kept the heat out. We visited several bookstores where Monsieur searched in vain for a program of a function at which the young students aspiring to the title of A. B. were to be examined the coming November, his pupil, Prince Léon, being one of the number. We found ourselves at last in the large wholesale establishment of Hachette et Cie. where we made our purchases. We were obliged to search elsewhere for "Le Mérite des Femmes" and "Paris en Amérique," the former of which we did not find at all. Purchased some photographs of Lamartine, and as it was nearly four o'clock, the hour for

Prince Léon's lesson, we took the omnibus home, Monsieur Chevalier descending at the point most convenient for him, while I rode on to the Rue des Acacias.

In the evening attended Dr. Robinson's lecture upon his travels in Egypt, illustrated by stereopticon views. They were very fine, for which I was glad, as Monsieur and Madame Chevalier accompanied me. It was a magnificent evening, and on arriving home Madame suggested that Monsieur and I should improve it by a walk, for she was so tired that she wished to go to bed immediately. I waited at the foot of the stairs until Monsieur saw her safely up, and then we started for the chemist's to order some sort of a mixture prescribed for Madame's rheumatism. Rheumatism is her *bête noire.* She can always tell when there is to be a change in the weather by the *douleur* she feels in her limbs. Monsieur thinks it quite convenient to have a barometer in the family.

Friday, April 9

Letter day. Spent all the time possible outside my lesson in writing and felt relieved at five o'clock to get my letters off. Went into Madame's chamber to sew with her, or rather to darn some stockings, she being engaged in the same kind of work. Just before dinner Madame de la Valette arrived. She is a pleasant little lady whom I met here several times last winter. Monsieur de la Valette was rather *en retard,* and we were already at the table when he appeared. Prince Lêon was also here, and it seemed quite like one of the companies of last winter. Monsieur de la Valette is a perfect specimen of a Frenchman, has *beaucoup d'esprit,* and consequently it is quite as agreeable not to be able to understand all that he says. However, he was rather sober and preoccupied this evening besides being afflicted with a sore throat and talked comparatively little.

Saturday, April 10

Beautiful day. Did not go out until evening. Read, studied and wrote. In the evening, accompanied by Monsieur, took another promenade down town. Ran all about for "Le Mérite des Femmes," which we at last found. Bought a photograph of Rev. Monsieur Bercier. Monsieur Chevalier told me a little of the history of his cousin, Monsieur de la Valette, who was here last evening. His father was a French nobleman, and he was the eldest son. He inherited a large fortune, and lived for several years in the most extravagant manner; had an elegant château, numerous servants, horses and carriages. One day he found that his millions had dwindled to thousands, and only a few at that; so, in his old age, for he must be near sixty, he is obliged to work for his money. He conducts a journal devoted to agriculture, and as he is very talented and possessed of energy and perseverance, he gains a good deal of money. He is now very much preoccupied and is using all his influence in trying to obtain for a friend of his a certain government office. As the Emperor favors his plans, he has great hopes of succeeding.

I was very thirsty and expressed a wish for a glass of nice cold water. Monsieur said that that simple beverage was the most difficult of all to obtain in Paris, and tried to induce me to take some wine or coffee or syrup, all of which I refused. Finally we entered a sort of restaurant where Monsieur called for some water, and a bowl of sugar, which the waiter brought with the addition of a tiny bottle of *eau de fleur d'orange* for each. On tasting the water, I found it warm, and Monsieur called the *garçon* back to order some ice-water. Monsieur prepared for himself a glass of sugar and water with a flavoring of orange-flower, but he did not tempt me in the least to spoil

my beverage in the same way. He advised me to put the sugar which remained into my pocket, and I followed his advice.

Sunday, April 11

Had a discussion at *déjeuner* about whether it is right to sacrifice principle to politeness, occasioned by my mentioning the severe look bestowed upon me by the "Petite Soeur de Charité" when I refused the "eau bénite" which she offered me. Madame Chevalier and Monsieur seemed to think it would have been polite to have accepted it, as it was not necessary for me to cross myself. But Mr. Bingham sustained us in the opinion that it was better to stop at the first step than to advance a little and then stop, and when Madame considered it in the light of a principle at stake, she quite approved of what we did. I was reminded of a conversation Mademoiselle Francine Ducrot and I had on this very subject when in reply to my opinion that if principle and politeness were at variance the former should rule, and she responded, "That is just the difference between an American and a French girl; a French girl would always sacrifice principle to politeness."

Attended the morning service. Text in Kings 14:9 the sixth and last of the Old Testament Parables. It seemed a continuation of this morning's conversation at the breakfast-table. Mr. Bingham joined us as we were walking home. Remained at home in the afternoon, for it was really uncomfortably hot for walking.

Monday, April 12

Went on a shopping expedition to the Petit St. Thomas accompanied by Madame Chevalier, and afterwards to the dressmaker's. Called at Madame's milliner's to see about

ordering some hats and bonnets. Was quite charmed with the "young person," who has beautiful large brown eyes, and is decidedly the handsomest French girl I have seen, notwithstanding Mademoiselle Francine.

In the evening finished the trimming for Madame's hood. Dr. Raymond was amusing as usual. He found pulses in the ends of our fingers, experimented in sleight of hand, and other hand performances which he wound up by a hand-illustration of a little ditty:

"Here's a church,
And here's a steeple;
Open the door,
And there's the people."

He went to his room, and the rest of us played whist, Monsieur and I against Madame and Mr. Bingham, whom we didn't beat! Mr. Bingham afterwards showed us some mysterious tricks with cards, which he had learned in college! We began to think him a real sorcerer until we were initiated into the mysteries.

Tuesday, April 13

Another lovely day, but rather hot. The promenaders on the *Champs Elysées* sought the shady side, and it was like running the gauntlet to pass down the long lines of people seated in chairs placed along the avenue. The trees are of that misty, dreamy green, where the limbs and branches are as yet very vague like the forms of nymphs in *mousseline* drapery. Walked to the dressmaker's in the *Rue de Verneuil,* where Ellie tried on her dress. The dressmaker lives on the cinquième étage in a house that in America we should call seven

stories high. Here it is only five. She is a little body, and all her surroundings seem little, — a little room with a little round table in the middle of the floor, a little sofa and little chairs. She has, however, quite a large collection of birds, which seemed all to be singing and talking at once. Took a cab, returning home by the *Champs Elysées,* which was filled with carriages.

Arrived at home and found Prince Léon, who dined with us. He has recently shown a decision of character which has delighted his friends and made him quite a hero amongst them. He received a very flattering invitation from the Empress to be present at a private Monday evening soirée at the Tuileries. The Empress had met him once at a hunting-party, at which time she was so much pleased with his appearance that she remembered him. Monsieur Léon was delighted with the invitation and imediately ordered a new suit for the occasion. Saturday he dined with a Princess, one of the *dames d'honneur* and in speaking of the prospective soirée, Prince Léon was convinced from some remark of the Princess that he could not accept the invitation of the Empress and then refuse invitations from persons whom he would meet on that occasion. Should he accept them all, he would find himself already a man of the world with his studies not yet completed. As he is hoping to pass the examinations next November, he heroically resolved to forego the pleasure he had anticipated with so much delight, until his studies should be completed. The Countess Mniszech therefore wrote a letter to the Empress, gracefully declining the honor in her son's name, giving the reasons for his decision, and expressing the hope that after his studies should be completed, and he should be at liberty to go into the world, her Majesty would extend to him her favor. If he passes his examinations, he will no longer have need of a Professor,

and Monsieur Chevalier will then be free to devote all his time to those who board with him. The Count Mniszech expressed his wish, in talking with Monsieur, that his son should give good attention to his studies, but if Monsieur Chevalier could possibly prevent him from passing his examinations, he hoped he would do so, as by that means he could keep him one year longer a boy at home, instead of his becoming so soon a man of the world and rushing into all its excitements and pleasures.

After dinner I went to bed at once, having begged Madame to excuse me, for I was too tired to sit up. I left her enjoying a cigarette with Mr. Bingham. Monsieur did not approve of my retiring so early and tried to tempt me to play a game of "whisk." Some musicians came into the court and played a long while, as they were rewarded pecuniarily for their efforts by the appreciative auditors in the salon and dining-room windows, who smoked and listened and shouted "Bravo!" between the scenes. After a long time I awoke and could hear through the open windows the whist party in the salon talking and laughing, and now and then singing snatches from *Les gueux, les gueux sont les gens heureux, qui s'aiment entre eux, Vive les gueux.*" "*Berger tu dis que notre étoile regle nos jours et brille aux cieux.*"

Wednesday, April 14

A lovely day. At *café* Dr. Raymond came up with his hands filled with various literature, among which was a "Harper," the "Broadway Magazine," and "Not wisely but too well," by the author of "Cometh up as a flower," the last of which he especially recommended as worthy of notice. He threw them all upon a side-table, saying, "There is some reading, Mademoiselle!" The pretty *modiste* came to try on

some hats and bonnets. While engaged with her we were summoned to *déjeuner*. I was expanding upon the beauty of the "young person" when Mr. Bingham inquired of Madame if she supposed the young person had been to breakfast; but Madame, not comprehending the significance of the question, innocently responded in so matter-of-fact a way as to make us all laugh. Dr. Raymond then said that he wanted some lace for handkerchiefs and inquired if she would be likely to have any. After *déjeuner* she came to finish her commissions. Monsieur Chevalier, having given Mr. Bingham his lesson, rapped, as usual, on my door to announce that he was ready for me. He is suffering from a stye on his eye, and had tied a white handkerchief over it; this he snapped off quickly as he popped his head in at the door, seeing there was some one here. Madame Chevalier carried a hat into Mr. Bingham's room to show him, leaving my door wide open. Mr. Bingham took the opportunity to cast a sly glance at the "young person" shortly after as he passed out for a walk. He called at the Doctor's room on his way down and informed him that that young person was about to take her leave; so he and the doctor started out, waiting at the concierge's lodge in order to get a glimpse of a sight somewhat rare, a handsome French girl. There are many handsome children, but their beauty fades before they are grown up.

Thursday, April 15

Had no lesson to-day. Monsieur went to Charenton immediately after *déjeuner*, having received word from his brother who resides there, that his little nephew was very ill. Monsieur's eye is very much swollen, pains him a great deal, and annoys him very much. Read aloud the story of *Gringalet et Coupe-en-deux* or the *"Moucheron d'Or"* to Madame. As

I sat in my room reading aloud in *Les Mystères* while Madame put the trimming on her hood, Dr. Raymond rapped at the door and came in to borrow *Paris en Amérique*.

In the evening went to the Rue de Berri Chapel to hear Dr. Robinson's lecture. The subject was his "Travels in Palestine and the Holy Land," and the stereopticon illustrations were very fine. I sat near the machine which was tended by Dr. Robinson's "colored gentleman," and had some fears lest it might blow up, but no such catastrophe happened. We had many different views of Jerusalem. The Garden of Gethsemane, and the Mosque of Omar. Madame could understand very well what was said and was much pleased with the exhibition. The evening was magnificent, the sky a deep, dark blue studded with stars, over which floated light fleecy clouds, and the week-old moon hung just in the center of one of the arches of the Arc de Triomphe. In going home we discussed the question whether great men were indebted to circumstances for their greatness, or whether they would be great just the same under different circumstances; General Grant for example.

Friday, April 16

Chilly. Samu arrived from London, having started yesterday at six o'clock P. M. by the New Haven & Dieppe route. He came in upon us just before twelve, while we were at *déjeuner*. The room adjoining ours, which has been ready for him ever since Dr. Bernette left, was taken to-day by a young gentleman, a Mr. Butler of Detroit, U. S. A., who preferred it to any of the others that are vacant. I am glad for Madame but sorry for us, as it would have been pleasanter to have Samu here instead of in the apartment below. However, he has the chamber we had last winter; it

has a natural air, though some changes have been made in the furniture. We have had premonitory symptoms of his arrival for some time, for instance, Mr. Bingham found himself using two knives, and to-day at *déjeuner,* the doctor was sporting two forks just before he came.

Started immediately after *déjeuner* to attend to our shopping affairs. We took an open carriage, and as it looked as if it might rain on the slightest provocation, we returned first to *trente-cinq* to get Samu's coat, Ellie's cloak, and my waterproof. I sat in the carriage, which stopped just opposite a *café* while Samu and Ellie went in for the things. It is not quite *convenable* for a lady to sit or ride in an open carriage alone, and I was rather annoyed to notice some of the inmates of the *café* slyly observing me from behind the window curtains. When Samu and Ellie finally appeared, Samu said that while we had been out, he had had a call from his two traveling-companions whose acquaintance he had formed last night on the boat: Professor Mitchel of Alton, Ill. and Mr. Converse of Boston, who leave Paris this evening for a trip to Palestine and the Holy Land. Samu was intending to call on them on our way to the Bon Marché, but fortunately, as we were passing down the Avenue Friedland, we met them driving up. The carriages stopped a moment and it was decided that we should continue on our way to the Bon Marché and they would follow after, as Professor Mitchell also had some shopping to do. We had taken our *cocher à l'heure,* as they had theirs, and ours, taking the lead, drove around the longest route possible, no doubt for his own benefit, as well as to do a good turn to the jockey who followed after; *"Les gueux, les gueux sont des gens heureux qui s'aiment entre eux!"* In addition to a long route he united a slow pace, and, despairing of ever arriving, we suggested to him that we

should be pleased to have him go a little faster, when he expressed his fears that in that case the other would not be able to keep up with him.

Arrived at last, we occupied the next two hours in following the lead of various *calicots* to whom we were successively consigned. I assisted in buying four flannel shirts for Prof. Mitchell, two *dessus* and two *dessous,* as he could not speak French. Our purchases made, we started for the banking-house of Munroe & Co., hoping to find a carriage on the way, but performed the distance on foot, as the carriages were all gone from that station when we arrived, and there were no wandering ones empty. While we were there, Dr. Robinson entered, — a very fortunnate circumstance for Rev. Dr. Mitchell who was intending to call on him, but was needing the time for something else. After a long conversation, Dr. Robinson took his leave, expressing his hope to see Mr. Mitchell again on his return to Paris "and Converse with him."

From here we took carriages home, Professor Mitchell, "Converse" and I in a four-seated one and Samu and Ellie in a cab. We arrived first and the gentlemen went to Samu's room to await his appearance. At the dinner-table met Mr. Butler, the new boarder, a handsome young man of about "eighteen summers." Poor Monsieur has a bandage over his eye, according to a prescription of Dr. Raymond. His nose is such a barrier that to see well he is obliged to turn squarely round, and, in attempting to serve me to some wine, he held the decanter over my plate instead of over the glass, I said something to him which he pretended to understand in another way; when Madame suggested that his hearing was affected on account of his eye, Monsieur responded with a sly look at the doctor in retaliation for something that

gentleman had said just before, he thought the doctor's prescription had had that effect. Adjourned, as usual, to the salon, and after a short time retired. Madame had finished her hood.

Saturday, April 17

Cold and rainy. Spent the day with my brother Samu in shopping. Poor Kit had taken a severe cold and was ill in bed all day. We took an open carriage *a l'heure* from the *Champs Elysées,* and we had the top and boot pulled up to protect us from the rain. All the morning until *déjeuner* was devoted to getting Samu fitted to a pair of boots. Two large *magasins* exhausted their treasures in vain; his feet was *trop petit,* but in a third, we were more successful. Our *cocher* waited for us at the door until after we had breakfasted when we started again. Went first to the office of *Le Journal des Demoiselle* to change the address, then to *La Compagnie des Indes* where we bought a shawl and some laces for Vina. Afterwards to the Bon Marché, then to the banker's and finally to an English chemists. Called on the Griswolds and arrived home at about four o'clock, finding Madame sitting with Ellie. Dear, good Madame! She is just as kind as she can be! The "Modiste" had brought the hats and bonnets. Louey's and mine look like frights on the head, but in the hand are pretty and elegant. The hats, however, do nicely, and they will try again on the bonnets. Was busy with various affairs, the washerwoman etc, until I found I had hardly time to dress for dinner. Monsieur de la Valette dined with us and spent the evening. Mr. Butler, the new boarder, seems well-bred and agreeable. Samu took his coffee in the salon with the rest, but returned to Ellie and me directly after. At about half-past eight I left them with Marie and Joséphine who

came in to make the bed, and went into the salon. Found everyone there except Mr. Butler, and they were talking about *concierges,* but the subject was soon dropped and we all joined in singing a variety of songs, among them a parody of the Marseillaise; as the real words of that song are prohibited:

"Allons, enfants! a la cuisine;
Le jour pour boire est arrivè!"

Monsieur de la Valette was not as talkative as usual, though when he did speak, his remarks had the effect of setting the company into a roar of laughter. He left at about ten o'clock, while the rest of us enjoyed the time until after eleven in playing "What is my thought like?" practising "Peter Piper" and "Theophilus Thistle," translating it into French, much to Madame's edification, and talking about the facilities of writing "shorthand." At Madame's request I read a few passages from my journal. Sat up with Madame after the gentlemen had gone to their rooms, until Monsieur came home.

Sunday, April 18

Ellie is still feverish and unable to sit up. Dressed for church, but when it was time to go, the rain was pouring; so Samu went alone. In the afternoon attended the Sunday School concert. Dr. Robinson delivered a short, extemporaneous sermon on three words beginning with the letter "S," given him by the children in the morning for a text. "Scriptures, Sin, Satan," exceedingly pointed, practical, and original. Dr. Holland officiated in his capacity as superintendent, reading the hymns from beginning to end. His daughter, a very pretty girl of eighteen, sat in front of us. Waited after the

service for Samu to speak with Dr. Holland, who expects to be in Paris for about two months, and then to go to Germany to spend the summer.

Monday, April 19

Samu went to the Bois after *café,* and brought home a beautiful bouquet of wild-flowers which are now in a vase over the fireplace. Spent the afternoon in shopping in company with my brother and Madame. Visited the Bon Marché, *Petit St. Thomas* and Bowles & Co., Bankers. Mr. Butler very kindly offered to give up his room to Samu. He is very gentlemanly and obliging. Went out in the evening with Samu, to a shop on the Avenue Wagram to see about getting his traveling-bag repaired. There was a man there who spoke English so drolly that we were much amused. Went down town in an omnibus to see about getting our return tickets for London. Visited several bookstores, in one of which we saw a beautiful illustrated edition of *Béranger* for eighty francs.

Tuesday, April 20

Started for Fontainebleau this morning at seven o'clock in company with Samu, Madame, and Mr. Bingham. The morning was rather cloudy, but as I took the precaution to carry my "imperméable," it did not rain. The carriage was at the door before we finished *café,* Monsieur having ordered it last evening. On our way to the station, Samu and Madame got into a discussion in German. Mr. Bingham and I listened, but as neither of us understood enough to follow the thread of the discourse, we talked English and amused ourselves by looking out the window. We passed the "Hôtel de l'Univers," a very unpretending sort of public-house, and

noticed a number of others of the same class; the smaller and more insignificant the building, the more sublime and imposing the name. Our route on the *chemin de fer* lay through pleasant fields hedged with green, with picturesque views of husbandmen guiding the plow and preparing the soil, of cows feeding in the distant meadows, while the clumps of trees in their fresh draperies of many-shaded green, looked like huge bouquets placed along the way by the hand of Dame Nature in honor of the festival of Spring. Our *wagon* seemed to be the "Hub of the Universe" around which all Nature was turning with more or less rapidity according to the distance, the circle in our immediate vicinity whirling with lightning speed, while far away, near the horizon, houses and trees marched with slow and stately dignity. Occasional glimpses of the Seine, sometimes beside us, and then winding away until it was lost to view, varied the beauty of the landscape. For some distance the scenery consisted only of a high embankment that hedged us in on either hand, the green sides seeming to ascend to the very skies. They were covered with yellow flowers which Madame called "coucou" in French, "himmelschlussenchen" in German, which latter, she said meant "Heaven's little keys," and then asked what they were called in English It seemed a rapid coming-down from "Heaven's little keys" to "cowslips," but cowslips they were, and on the whole I think that the best name for them. "Himmelschlussenchen" for a cowslip is as sublimely ridiculous as "Hotel of the Universe" for a little beer shop! After a ride of an hour and a half, the last ten minutes through the Forest, we arrived at the city of Fontainebleau, which is situated in the center and contains about ten thousand inhabitants. Engaged a carriage to take us to the Forest, where we spent

more than two hours. The ride was delightful. Mr. Bingham and Samu jumped in and out "ad libitum" as they from time to time spied violets and dandelions and various flowers with unknown names, and even Madame, in spite of her rheumatism, could not resist the temptation to follow their example. We looked for *champignons* but could find none. Went to "Napoleon's fort" to which we ascended by means of a flight of stone steps, and obtained a fine view of the surrounding country, especially of the Forest.

Descending, we again drove on, Samu occupying the footman's place in preference to riding backwards. A stag, the only one we saw, startled probably by the sound of the carriage wheels, sprang across our path and disappeared among the trees. Mr. Bingham found a curious sort of milk-weed plant, whose flowers seemed to be leaves of a darker green and of a peculiar form. Just as we were descending to inspect the flower, we were met by a genius of the Forest in the shape of a brown-faced, short, fat woman picturesquely dressed in a gay turban and Scotch-plaid gown. She served as guide to the visitors who wished for her services, and conducted them to different places of interest. Mr. Bingham asked her the name of the shrub and she said it was called *"Mal aux yeux."* It was so significant that we threw away the branches we had and wiped our hands carefully.

It is not easy to get lost in the Forest, as here and there the rocks and trees are marked, so that if one stands with his back against the mark, his face will be turned towards the city. However, we engaged the old woman leaving our *cocher* in the road. She took us first to a little basin of water under the shade of a rock, and we all drank from it. We then looked at some canes, paper-cutters and other articles in wood, all made from the trees of the Forest.

Mr. Bingham bought a paper-cutter, after which our guide conducted us to a huge rock which was suspended in the air, resting only upon three points. The genius climbed upon a rock and began jumping up and down to show us that the very rock would rock, and I felt it "shake unshocked," and could not help smiling to see how queer the little guide looked as she practiced her gymnastics for our edification. After visiting various other rocks whose names were suggestive of legendary lore, and climbing about until we were tired, we were glad to see our carriage waiting for us in the road. Dismissed the guide with a small fee, and she disappeared at a round trot, her elbows elevated like the wings of a chicken, and we were soon on the way to another part of the Forest, which we explored until the passing time warned us to stay no longer. From our last point of view we descried upon the summit of a rock the hat of a sergent-de-ville, or rather what Mr. Bingham announced to be the hat of the Little Corporal, in a remarkably good state of preservation considering its age.

Drove to the city to a restaurant, very plain in appearance, but where we were served to an excellent breakfast. Mr. Bingham supposed the room to be the same used by King Charles I. as a salle-à-manger. Some one suggested that the circle of bread in the center of the table was the one eaten by him, as there was no end to it. Poor Madame, who was almost perishing from hunger, begged Samu for a piece of bread, which he positively refused to cut, laughing and shaking his head at her plaintive, "S'il vous plaît un petit morceau de pain." Had she begged in German, he would have been less hard-hearted, but her French entreaties were lost on him. Mr. Bingham came at last to her aid, cutting the bread, and we were each glad of

a piece. Our excellent repast was finished with some delicious cream-cheese peculiar to Fontainebleau. Our next visit was to the Château, where we spent the first fifteen minutes in feeding the *carpe* which abound in the lake in the court-yard of the palace. One of them is an old blind fellow, yellow from age, that has to trust to the chance of having something fall into his mouth. It is amusing to watch them all struggling and crowding together for the pieces of bread we throw to them. Mr. Bingham purchased a gingerbread "Napoleon" of the woman who tends a little stall on the bridge. He threw this into the water, and there was for a few moments a desperate struggle. The gingrebread Emperor floated tranquilly upon the surface over the noses of the cannibal enemies, but finally disappeared, and when he again rose to view, he was minus both legs, and it was not long ere we saw him no more.

Our guide appearing at this time, we left the fishes, to follow him over the Château. It is a queer, rambling old pile, most of it having been constructed under Francis I. in 1547, but additions had been made from time to time by the different monarchs, Henry IV., Louis XV., Napoleon I. and finally by Louis Philippe. This is a favorite palace of the Empress Eugénie, who spends two or three months of every summer here. The spot abounds in interesting historical associations. It contains five courts. The first one was where Napoleon parted from his old guard after his abdication, April 20, 1814. It was in this palace that Louis XIV, in 1685, signed the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," by which, in 1598, Henry IV. had granted toleration to the Protestants. The dethroned monarch of Spain, Charles IV., was confined here several days by the order of Napoleon, and it was here the divorce of Napoleon from Josephine took place. In the

Salle d'Abdication is shown the table upon which Napoleon signed the document by which he resigned his imperial dignity. The sleeping-chamber adjoining is in the same condition as when occupied by him. The *Galerie des Assiettes* is so named from the porcelain plates that decorate the walls. These contain exquisite views of the scenery in and about Fontainebleau, as well as of other places of interest in the Empire.

The apartments of the present Empress are magnificent. In an ante-room leading to the grand salon, is a large oil painting of Eugénie surrounded by her *dames d'honneur,* which has been so extensively copied and engraved. Just under it is a most exquisite bronze statue of an Egyptian woman, bearing a pitcher upon her head. The drapery of the figure is in onyx-stone of the most beautiful colors. There were wonderful and curious Chinese ornaments which we had not time to examine, as we wished to return by the half-past three train to Paris. In one of the rooms, we encountered the *Régisseur* with eight or ten men, directors, to whom he was showing the reparations necessary to be made before the arrival of their Majesties for the summer.

Our ride home was remarkably quiet, as we had a *wagon* all to ourselves and went to sleep. The name *Fontainebleau* is derived from *Fontaine-belle-eau.*

Wednesday, April 21

Went out after *déjeuner* with Samu to buy books. We visited first the Luxembourg Gallery. The two pictures of Rosa Bonheur, "The Hay Making" and a farming scene were so true to nature that we stood before them in wonder and astonishment, admiration and delight, taking good care in the meantime to keep out from under the feet of the oxen. Rosa Bonheur received the decoration of the "Légion

d'Honneur'' in 1865. We had an amusing search after the works of Béranger, entering one bookstore after another and leaving with only a new address as a result, given us by the proprietors or clerks. We were fortunate in obtaining a nice open carriage with two places, conducted by an excellent *cocher* and drawn by a spirited horse. Were directed to 55 Boulevard St. Michel, to which place, after a long ride, we did not arrive, as there was no such address. Passed on our way some acrobats who were performing their balancing acts in the open air, dressed in rainbow colors, and surrounded by a crowd of spectators. Found at last the books we were in search of. They were beautifully bound in red with exquisite illustrations. They are designed as a present for Monsieur Chevalier, whose kindness has been unbounded from the first day of our arrival. We were rather late to dinner, but found them all at table, Prince Léon, Mr. Butler, Monsieur and Madame Chevalier, and Mr. Bingham, the doctor dining out. The last mentioned attends the ball this evening at Anson Burlinghame's on the *Champs Elysées.* Commenced a game of whist after dinner, Monsieur Chevalier and I against Prince Léon and Mr. Bingham. Had not time to finish the game, as Samu and I went to call on Madame Ducrot; so Madame Chevalier took my place. Found Madame Ducrot and Hélène with Madame Chapoteau and Juliette and la Mère Topin seated around the table in the dining-room, the salon being in a state of partial demolition, the chimney torn down, the carpet taken up, and the furniture covered over. Francine had retired; so we did not see her. The ''cocotte'' came to see me; he also looked very dilapidated, having pulled out most of his feathers. Madame Ducrot says he can say *''petit oiseau''* which I taught him.

Hélène talked English with Samu very successfully. They have promised to call on us to-morrow, as we shall not leave till Monday. Returned home and found Madame Chevalier alone. She came into our room and stayed till midnight, looking over *Béranger,* Monsieur having joined us in the meantime. He is not aware that the books are for him, and admired them exceedingly and was so absorbed in looking at them that Madame's warning in regard to the lateness of the hour fell unheeded upon him, and she turned to me and said, "That man is capable of sitting here till nine o'clock to-morrow morning with those books." Finally Monsieur started up as if the idea had just occurred to him and suggested to Madame that they were keeping us up, and that we no doubt by this time were thinking them very tiresome people. He added that he should like to look at the books a little more before we went away if we would be so kind as to lend them.

Thursday, April 22

My brother went with Mr. Butler after *café* to take a lesson in velocipede riding, and I spent the morning in receiving the calls of the milliner and dressmaker. After *déjeuner* went out with Samu, Ellie, and Madame to finish our shopping commissions. Purchased a French dictionary of synonyms. The day was lovely, and we took an open carriage. The Jardin des Tuileries was filled with people sitting under the trees or promenading. As we went up the Champs Elysées it seemed as if everybody was there, too. One of the Chinese ambassadors in native dress and long pigtail was slowly promenading in the shade of the trees and holding a parasol

over his head, while at a respectful distance behind, followed a domestic dressed in the same style but less richly.

At breakfast Dr. Raymond gave us an entertaining account of last evening's ball. He talked Chinese with the greatest presumption to illustrate the conversation between some of the ambassadors and the interpreter. In the evening, after dinner, we talked of the earthquake in San Francisco. Dr. Raymond was there during the last one. He says the sensation is exactly what we might imagine a fly to have on a horse when the animal shakes his hide to drive it off. The city was much damaged, the soil in some places sinking two feet. He says it is astonishing to see how quickly such an event is forgotten, real estate deteriorating scarcely at all. There have been already three shocks, and long before there was ever an earthquake at San Francisco, it was prophesied that the city would be destroyed by one, and when the first shock was felt, people began to think it might be true. The shock is preceded a few seconds by a heavy, rumbling sound. "One cannot imagine what a terror-stricken feeling that rumbling sound gives one," said the doctor. Just then Madame Ducrot and her daughters were announced, and I went into my room to receive them. They stayed about half an hour, after which we returned to the salon, where Monsieur and I sang some of the songs from Béranger, while Samu and Madame looked over an illustrated German book.

"Le Petit Homme Gris."

"Il est un petit homme tout habillé de gris
Dans Paris, joufflu comme une pomme,
Qui sans un sou comptant vit content
Et dit'moi je m'en ma foi moi je m'en ris
O qu'il est gai, le petit homme gris!"

Friday, April 23

This evening, after *café,* as we were all sitting in the salon, Madame suggested that we should have a game of "What is your thought like?" So some one thought of a spider, and among other resemblances, it was like a needle's eye because it "drew a thread after it." Mr. Bingham and the doctor who were leagued together, took the responsibility of making extemporaneous rules for the game, and amendments to those rules when it came their turn to put them in practice. This had the effect of demoralizing the company who decided to play something else. Mr. Bingham was called on to perform some of his sorceries with cards, and he kept us in a state of wonder for some time over one little trick, which consisted of giving an ace to someone, who put it in the center of the pack again; after which the pack was shuffled. The sorcerer then took the pack carefully in his fingers, and after a few mysterious manipulations raised it to his lips, blew on it, and then turning it to the eyes of the astonished beholders revealed the ace. Like all other things of the sort it is easy enough when you know how. In this instance, for example, if it is the ace of diamonds that has been "mixed up," the sorcerer takes the three-spot of diamonds and places it so that it is at the bottom of the pile face downwards, so that by placing his thumbs carefully over the two diamonds at the end before he "blows," the middle spot seems to be the ace. But it is needless to say, "Things are not always what they seem. "Then the doctor gave us some puzzles:

"J'ai traversé Paris sans souliers"

"Prove that one half of twelve is seven."

There were others but as it was nearly midnight, Mr. Bingham pretended that they were beyond his capacity, and saying "bon soir" left the room, and it was not long ere we followed his example.

Saturday, April 24

Spent the afternoon in shopping. Bought photographs and stereoscopic views, among them a view of the Avenue de l'Impératrice, in which figures the Ducrot Mansion. Saw the beautiful Angora cat that was a kitten when we were in the same shop a year ago. Were a little late home at dinner and found them all at the table, and in addition to the usual family, a friend of Dr. Raymond, whose father is so rich that he counts his money by millions. This gentleman has a sister in Paris, in a school under the charge of Rev. Monsieur Bercier. He talked with Mr. Butler about the military school at Sing Sing, U. S. A. where both he and the doctor had been educated. After dinner went out with Samu to see about getting some return-tickets to London. We took an open carriage and I tried to realize that I was taking my last ride in Paris. Drove to *l'Hotel de l'Athénée* where I sat in the carriage while Samu called at the residence of an English captain, whom he did not find at home. Went into two or three shoe-shops on the way to find some "pantoufles" but did not succeed.

Sunday, April 25

Lovely day. Attended church all day. At noon took *café* with Madame in her chamber. Monsieur Chevalier went to Chareton to see his brother. The doctor remarked that such an expedition for him incurred much risk, as there is an asylum there for mad folks. Held a consultation with

Madame as to whether her lace shawl or velvet mantle was the more appropriate for her to wear to-day. The mantle was finally decided upon. She accompanied us on our way to the services as far as the *Champs Elysées* and the last view I had of her at that time she was making her way across the avenue in the midst of myriads of carriages. Saw Mr. Butler at church with his father and mother. Mr. Cyrus W. Field was there, too, and stopped a minute to shake hands with Samu. We met him years ago in Washington at a military review just before our Civil War. As we went out, Mr. Thompson, the "hoop-skirt man" with his wife and daughter were just in front of us. Their carriage drove up and Mrs. Thompson with some friends got in, but Mr. Thompson and his daughter walked home. His daughter is about thirteen, and very handsome, with great black eyes and dark hair, just witchy enough looking to give a piquant air to her ladylike appearance. Mr. Thompson is at present inventing a promenade costume for ladies. It is of felt, all in one piece, that is to say, without seam, but is not yet perfected. One would have said that everybody was on the *Champs Elysées,* only they seemed to be everywhere else as well. On arriving at the *Place d'Etoile,* just as we were considering whether or not to cross over to the Arc de Triomphe where a large crowd was waiting, to see the Emperor pass on his way from the Bois, whom should we see but Madame Chevalier coming toward us. We met her halfway, and went with her to wait a few minutes to see if perchance we might have another view of His Majesty; but we were not so fortunate, though we saw many elegant carriages of modern Dukes, Counts, and Marquises, with now and then a sprinkling of old nobility of the aristocratic

Quartier de St. Germain of whom Madame highly approves, as decidedly *convenable.* On arriving home, we spied a lady at the salon-window bowing to Madame, who had no idea who she was. At the dinner-table met Madame de la Valette and her sister, who had been waiting in the salon for more than two hours. What made it rather provoking was that Monsieur Chevalier had been sitting quietly in his room all this time, quite unaware that the *deux dames* of whose arrival Sho — Shoséphine had informed him were his cousins. After dinner we had a pleasant conversation with Madame de la Valette who told me of French life in the country, the *patois,* etc.

Monday, April 26

Beautiful day. Rose at about six o'clock to get things ready for packing, and before *café* Samu had accomplished wonders in that line, only complaining of having "too much room!" I dressed myself for the journey and spent the rest of the time in mending gloves and attending to various little et ceteras in reference to our "coming departure." After *café* Samu went with Mr. Butler to take another lesson on the velocipede, and was gone until breakfast-time. He also agreed to go again with Mr. Bingham at half-past one, a "strategic movement" on the part of Mr. Bingham, who wishes to induce him to prolong his visit a few days. Received a most provoking piece of information from Monsieur Chevalier, namely, that Prince Léon and his father were going to Havre and consequently he would have three days' vacation. He said he could go all about with us if we could only stay, which of course we could not. Madame ordered dinner for us at half-past four, as we were to be at the station at six, and our last

Place d'Etoile
Arc de Triomphe

dinner in Paris was taken with Madame and Monsieur, consisting of an omelet with jelly poured over it, broiled steak with accompanying vegetables, a pudding, confitures and nuts. We rose from the table and put on our hats and gloves, left the "Béranger" done up in a package and directed to Monsieur, who would find it after we were gone, and a note begging him to accept it. Monsieur went with us to the station, Madame accompanying us as far as the door of the cab. Were at the station some little time before the train left, which we employed in promenading up and down a low passageway where an old woman was making bouquets of fresh roses and pansies. Monsieur stepped before her stall and bought for me the one she had just finished, for which she demanded two francs, and he ordered another made for Ellie. She was highly delighted at the patronage and in order to show her gratitude held up a beautiful *pensée,* which she offered Monsieur at the same time expatiating upon its uncommon beauty. But he told her to put it into the bouquet and be as expeditious as possible, or we should be obliged to go without it.

We were at last seated in the *wagon* and whirling off to Rouen. Long after I thought I had taken my last look at Paris and had settled down in one corner to realize the idea in retrospect, — thinking the dear old Arc de Triomphe would never serve me again in the capacity of umbrella in a sudden shower, that probably I had looked upon it for the last time, when lo! happening to raise my eyes, I suddenly beheld it there in dignified and stately grandeur, quite isolated as if it had just stepped outside the gates of the queenly city, like a faithful old friend to say "Adieu" to its tearful protégée.

After a pleasant ride of nearly three hours we found ourselves

AT ROUEN.

On descending from the *wagon,* whom should we meet but Prince Léon, who was in the same train on his way to Havre and had stepped out to reconnoitre, as the train stopped here for fifteen or twenty minutes. He recommended to us two hotels, the Victoria and the Hôtel d'Angleterre, both of which were very good. At last the warning whistle sounded, and as we shook hands all around, he said in his charming English accent, "I do not know Mademoiselle Stanton, when I shall see you again, perhaps at Manchester, N. H.," and with a graceful bow, he left us. Presently we saw him again at the window, lifting his hat as the train passed slowly out of the station. After waiting a little, we were conducted to our hotel, which was about five minutes' walk from the station. Here we were shown into a pretty room with red hangings, which was assigned to Ellie and me, while Samu was taken to one overlooking a most beautiful garden. After putting our bouquets into water to revive their drooping spirits, we set out for a promenade to see the city by gaslight, taking a cheerful, bright-looking street fronting our hotel, called "Rue de l'Impératrice." The shops were pleasant and spacious-looking. In one Samu purchased a cane; in another some figs; and in another, we inquired the price of a graceful little basket work-table, a facsimile of one in Madame's salon, a present to her from Prince Léon. We wanted to buy it for Louey, but concluded the price, twenty-five to thirty francs, was put on for our special benefit, as Americans are supposed to have no bottoms in their purses.

Descending on the right-hand side of the street, we came

to a large tower very much like the Tour St. Jacques in Paris. After walking until we were tired, we returned and, ordering *café* to be brought up at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, went to bed. The rumbling of cabs, and the various street noises to which I was unaccustomed, kept me in a state of consciousness all night, and I was not sorry to see daylight.

Tuesday, April 27

Spent a delightful day in visiting the many places of interest in this old city. Immediately after *café* pressed a pansy and a rose-bud as souvenirs of my departure from Paris, and then started for the church of *Le Bon Sécours,* which is picturesquely situated upon the green summit of a very high hill overlooking the city. We walked through a pretty little park leading from the Rue de l'Impératrice and found ourselves near *Saint Ouen,* a beautiful church very like York Minster. We went in, and a guide took us about and expatiated upon the paintings, the architecture, and the wonderful perspective from different points. He called our attention to two windows of stained glass, circular in shape, but of different designs, one the work of a celebrated artist, and the other made by his pupil. The work of the pupil was far more beautifully designed and executed, which so excited the jealousy of the master that he killed him. They are both buried in the church, and their monuments were afterwards shown to us.

Our walk to *Bon Sécours* was tedious in the extreme. We did not imagine it to be half so far away, and when we began to realize the distance, we had walked too far from the carriage-stations to find a conveyance; so there was nothing left for us but to climb perseveringly on. We should have been almost rewarded for our pains, if we had not been so very

tired, by the occasional views we obtained of the Seine winding along, here and there spanned by a picturesque bridge, its banks lined with Lombardy poplars, which are not in themselves remarkably beautiful, but taken in with the landscape as a whole, add to its character and beauty. The last quarter of a mile before reaching the chapel, we traversed a path bordered on either side by tall hedges, green and beautiful except in some places where caterpillars had made their nests. Samu destroyed several, beating them with his cane and scattering them thick and fast in all directions. Just before reaching the chapel we found ourselves in the midst of a flourishing little community of stalls and *boutiques* furnished with wreaths, images, pictures of saints and tapers, besides harmless little menageries of theological beasts and birds, lambs, asses, cocks, doves, etc., to say nothing of trinkets and toys of a secular nature. The prices (like the situation) were very high. *Bon Secours* is exceedingly like its Parisian sister, *La Sainte Chapelle.* The day was bright, and it is impossible to conceive of the effect of the sunlight streaming in through the windows of stained glass in all its gorgeous splendor. The morning Mass was over, and the altar was covered, but one of the priests politely told us that if we wished to see it, he would have the covering removed, which was presently done, revealing to our eyes a magnificent display of gold and gilt quite in keeping with the rest of the edifice. The speaker's desk or pulpit was a most elaborate and beautiful specimen of carved wood. The back of it seemed of the finest and most delicate lace-work carved so openly that the colored light from the window behind it was scarcely intercepted. As we stood admiring the altar, a priest came round for contributions and looked quite disgusted at Samu for giving only a franc.

Our return was accomplished in much less time than it

took us to walk up, from the fact that we found a shorter route, and besides, it was downhill. Samu destroyed several more caterpillars' nests in the hedges. We all stopped to admire a pretty Angora cat, sleeping in the sunshine upon the window-sill in one of the little shops. Our notice of the animal seemed highly to please the inmates, who were eating breakfast at a little table drawn up to the window. One of the women gave us quite a history of the cat's life, saying she had four kittens whose eyes were not yet open. Were escorted down the hill by a polite French dog, a handsome creature with a tail like a fox's brush. He trotted on just before, never leaving us until we had reached the city, though he frequently met friends and acquaintances upon the way. He left us without even asking for *pourboire,* which I am sure he would have refused had we offered it.

Finding ourselves in the vicinity of St. Paul, an old church of Roman architecture, we entered for the purpose of resting awhile and being sheltered from the hot rays of the sun. Looked in vain for a carriage until we arrived at the cab-stand, where we chose from a large number one with no vestige of a *cocher,* excepting a hat which was lying upon the floor. We entered and took possession, notwithstanding the assurances of the other Jehus of the profession that their carriages were just as good. They said, moreover, that the *cocher* had "gone to dinner;" some thought he would be back very soon, others thought he wouldn't. In the midst of the conflicting opinions, he made his appearance and we engaged him "by the hour" until we should have finished the rest of our sightseeing.

First, we drove to our hotel and ordered breakfast, which they said should be ready for us in half-an-hour, during which time we drove through the Boulevard *Jeanne D'Arc* to the

Place de la Pucelle to visit the monument erected on the spot where the Maid of Orleans was burned. Near it is the birth-plac of Corneille. A rambling old structure stands in the place of the original building, which long since went to decay. Passed under the Arch of the *Tour de la Grande Horloge* which reminded me of Temple Bar in London. We then went to the Palais de Justice visiting the *Salle des Assises,* the ceiling of which is most elaborately and beautifully carved, and finding we had exceeded our half-hour, returned to the Victoria to breakfast, our carriage waiting in the meantime at the door.

After consulting a guide-book lent us by our obliging hostess, we started for *St. Gervais,* and on arriving, believed at first that we had made a mistake, for we found ourselves in the midst of various débris and building materials. We concluded to explore the place before quitting, and descending from the carriage entered the graveyard. A large bell was resting upon the ground, waiting for the completion of the belfry. In the church we met a guide, who informed us that the present edifice, not yet completed, is the fourth church which has been built over the ancient crypt, dating back to the third century. It was here that the early Christians met in secret to perform their religious rites, and here was the altar where the first Mass was celebrated. The tombs of the first two Bishops sent to Gaul by the Christians at Rome are placed at the side of the chapel. It is lighted by means of a window comparatively modern, though several centuries old. In ancient times the crypt was totally dark, lighted by candles only during religious ceremonies. The early Christians entered by means of a subterranean passage, and we by a trap-door communicating with the interior of the church. The walls and arches are exactly as

they were in the third century, save in one little place where repairs were commenced but not continued, as the difficulty of demolishing the old wall was too great to be overcome; and then again it was wisely decided that the old wall was more interesting than the new one. We were taken to the rear of the building and shown a part of the old wall of the first church, which is still so strong as to serve in the present structure. It was left standing when the building was destroyed by William the Norman. Were shown the spot where the Conqueror died, now one of the chapels belonging to the church. We left *St. Gervais* feeling fully compensated for our exertions and proceeded to the Cathedral, passing on our way a market where we invested in some oranges. The Cathedral we found in no way different from other edifices of the same class, more ponderous and less graceful than St. Ouen. A large number of boys and girls had assembled and were rehearsing the exercises for their "Premiĕre Communion," which would occur two days later, when they would take a solemn oath to stand by the Catholic Church for all coming time. One of the priests directing them, seeing probably that we were strangers, explained the exercises to us, inviting us to be present next Thursday, as then the children would have on their fête dresses, and from what we saw to-day we could get no adequate idea of the fine effect of the real ceremony. We thanked him all the same for his courteous invitation, though it was impossible to be present.

Left Rouen at quarter to five, and had a first-class *wagon* all to ourselves, so large and spacious that it seemed quite like a little salon. There were eight windows, four on each side, three large sofas and three fauteuils, and an elegant carpet. We made ourselves quite at home. Samu substituted his slippers for his boots, and we all removed our

hats. I settled myself comfortably in one of the fauteuils with "Not Wisely but too Well" to beguile the time. Arrived at Dieppe after a delightful two hours' ride through a most romantic and charming country, which our guide-book pronounced a "miniature Switzerland." Proceeded directly to the steamer, where we secured berths, and then started for a walk on the *plage,* ordering dinner at a neat little restaurant opposite the pier, to be ready on our return. Entered the Cathedral on our way, and found some ladies busily engaged in decorating an altar in honor of the Sainte Vierge to be placed in one of the small chapels. We left them unmolested and proceeded down the old street, which seemed to me to be a dilapidated caricature of the beautiful Rue de Rivoli. It was delightful upon the beach; the evening was warm and bright, and we stood and watched the tide coming in, disputing inch by inch and foot by foot, surely and mightily the land, which hurled back in impotent and noisy wrath its rocky missiles. As I watched the progress of this mighty battle between "Old Nep" and "Mother Earth," I thought of one of the wise maxims of Monsieur's favorite La Fontaine:

"Patience et longeur de temps
Font plus que force ni que rage."

The steamer did not leave until half past two, the tide not serving. Dined and went on board at about ten; found several ladies and one little girl named Gracie in the cabin. The stewardess was busy and obliging, arranging cushions and trying to make us comfortable. She consented to let me have a clean towel to put over my bed cushion upon my promising to use it in the morning for my

toilet, as by some mismanagement for which she was not responsible the washing had not been sent back before the boat left New Haven in the morning. Some of the ladies thought having a clean towel to lay their heads on a capital idea, and she indulged them in the same way after exacting from them a similar promise. The night was beautiful with scarcely a ripple on the water, and the stewardess predicted a calm voyage, but advised us all to go to sleep before the boat should start. I followed her sage counsel, and the last sound I heard was the voice of the mamma of "Gracie," the little girl, saying, "Gracie, you make a noise just like a little pig eating your cake," which seemed to amuse Gracie mightily. I awoke at about seven and saw a great red sun just rolling up from the water and looking boldly in at the round porthole at the foot of my berth. The flickering shadows of the rippling water danced upon the ceiling, and the boat pitched gently over the waves. The stewardess said, "I shall not disturb you just yet, for there has a little swell come up." I peered over the side of my berth to see to whom she was talking and saw a very pale face with a washbowl for a companion! I turned away, for the sight was almost too much for me. Gracie was flitting about, first upon the deck and then down into the cabin to look after her mother and her grandmother. After trials upon which I will not expand, in the toilet line, we at last found ourselves on deck. The boat was delayed on account of the tide, and it was nine o'clock before we landed. Once again upon the shores of England, my regrets at leaving LA BELLE FRANCE vanished into air, and I thought only of the happiness of being at home again.

1919

HAMPTON, N. H.

August 26

As I have read over the pages of my Journal to prepare it for the press, the friends seem to spring into life and I have lived again the happy days of long ago. Some I know have passed away from this life. I am going to write a letter to "Monsieur Bobe" who was one of the youngest of the party, and he may yet be alive. If he should ever receive the "tramp" letter, after this interim of more than fifty years, I am sure he would respond to it at once. We shall see.

September 4

Mirabile dictu! The tramp letter reached its destination! And to-day comes a letter from Mr. Robert Olyphant, who of course was no little surprised at receiving mine. He writes that he is well, and also that his eldest grandchild is just about the same age that he himself was when I knew him in Paris.

Thus endeth my Paris Journal.

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